

Ulrich Middeldorf



THE LONDON ANECDOTES

LAW AND LAWYERS



LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET

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THE

LONDON ANECDOTES.

Law and Lawyers.

BIRTH OF SIR WILLIAM SCOTT (LORD STOWELL).

William, Lord Stowell, was the eldest son of Mr. John Scott, coal-fitter in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the former was born, under circumstances of some peculiarity, which had a remarkable effect on his fortune in after-life.

In 1745, the city of Edinburgh having surrendered to the Pretender's army, his road to London lay through Newcastle, the town walls of which bristled with cannon, and the place was otherwise prepared for a siege. Mrs. Scott was, at this time, in such a condition as made her anxious to be removed to a more quiet place. This, however, was a matter of some difficulty; for Mr. Scott's house was situated in one of the narrow lanes of Newcastle, between which and the river Tyne ran the town wall, the gates of which were closed and fortified. In this dilemma, Mrs. Scott was placed in a basket, and by aid of a rope hoisted

over the wall to the water-side,* whence a boat conveyed her to Heworth, a village about four miles from Newcastle, but on the southern bank of the Tyne, within the county palatine of Durham; and here, within two days after the above removal, Mrs. Scott gave birth to the twins, William and Barbara.

Lord Stowell having been thus born in the county of Durham, was eligible for a scholarship, which fell vacant for that diocese, in Corpus Christi College, Oxford: this he succeeded in obtaining; and thus laid the foundation, not only of his own, but of his still more successful brother's (Lord Eldon's) prosperity.

A STAR-CHAMBER STORY.

WILLS were particularly cognizable by the Star-chamber; in illustration of which we find this serio-comic story related by Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

"A friar coming to visit a great man in his sickness, and finding him past memory, took opportunity, according to the custom of the times, to make provision for the monastery whereof he was a member; and finding that the sick man could only speak some one syllable, which was for the most part 'Yea,' or 'Nay,' in an imperfect voice, forthwith took upon him to make his will, and demanding of him, 'Will you give such a piece of land to our house, to pray for your soul?" the dying man sounded 'Yea.' Then he asked him, 'Will you give such land to the maintenance of lights to our Lady?' The sound was again 'Yea.' Where-

* See the Illustration.

upon he boldly asked him many such questions. The son and heir standing by, and hearing his land going away so fast by his father's word 'Yea,' thought fit to ask one question, as well as the friar, which was—'Shall I take a cudgel, and beat this friar out of the chamber?' The sick man's answer was again 'Yea,' which the son quickly performed, and saved unto himself his father's lands."

STAR CHAMBER MORALITY.

The Court of Star Chamber seems to have been, or pretended to be, a careful guardian of private morals; for it desired the principals of the Inns of Court and Chancery not to suffer the gentlemen students to be out of their houses after six o'clock at night, "without very great and necessary causes, nor to wear any kind of weapon." And we read of the Earl of Surrey, Thomas Wyatt, and young Pickering, being summoned for breaking windows, and eating flesh in Lent; all were committed to the Tower, but soon discharged.

"A MERE NOVELTY."

Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) was the enemy of every change; and careless, and even distrustful of all improvement. As he could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for anything new; and with him it was quite enough to characterize a measure as "a mere novelty," to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr. Speaker Ab-

bott, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the Acts of a single session—"Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties!"—(*Lord Brougham.*)

Sir William Scott, however, possessed much pungent wit. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than beseemed the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician!" "Mayn't he be both, Doctor?" was the arch rejoinder,—with a most arch leer and an insinuating voice, half drawled out.

LORD ERSKINE'S HUMOUR.

When induced to make a personal observation on a witness, Erskine divested it of asperity, by a tone of jest and humour. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called of impenetrable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone, of different value, the long and the thick. The defence turned on the quality delivered; that an inferior article had been charged at the price of the best. A witness for the defence baffled every attempt at explanation by his dulness. He confounded thick whalebone with long, in such a manner that Erskine was forced to give it up. "Why, man, you don't seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference: you are a thick-headed fellow, and not a long-headed one."

AMBITIOUS QUESTION.

Whitelocke, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, accidentally meeting with Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in November, 1652, was requested by him to "walk aside, that they might have some private discourse together." In the colloquy that ensued, Cromwell put this short but pithy question—"What if a man should take upon him to be a king?"

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

Mr. Sergeant Davy, who lies buried in Newington Church, Surrey, was a most eccentric character. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; when a sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he very civilly asked him to drink some liquor. While the man was drinking, Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then asking what the parchment process was made of, and being answered, of sheepskin, he told the officer it must eat as well as mutton, and recommended him to try it. The bailiff said it was his business to serve processes, and not to eat them; upon which Davy told him that if he would not eat that, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, read him a serious lecture on contempt of their process, and locked him up in the Fleet prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, Davy

acquired that taste for the law which the eating of a process had not given the bailiff; and when he was discharged from the Fleet, he applied to the study of the law in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in considerable practice. He died in 1780.

RELIGION AND LAW.

When Sir E. Coke was made Solicitor-General, Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent him a Greek Testament, with a message, that "he had studied the common law long enough, and that he ought hereafter to study the law of God."

"SOLICITOR" AND "ATTORNEY."

The term "Solicitor" is often used as more grateful to the ear than plain "Attorney." Not so thought T. Lowton, who, being examined as a witness, when the soft-spoken counsel asked, "You are a solicitor, Sir, I believe?" would answer, somewhat gruffly, "No; I am an attorney." In fact, a Solicitor is in Chancery an Attorney in courts of law.—*Lord Brougham.*

ROMILLY'S IDEA OF A LAWYER.

The father of Sir Samuel Romilly endeavoured to give him, when a boy, a favourable opinion of a lawyer; but, unfortunately, the professional prototype did not succeed. This was a Mr. Liddel, of Threadneedle-street, described as a shortish, fat man, with a ruddy countenance, which always shone as if besmeared

with grease; a large wig sat loosely upon his head; his eyes were constantly half shut and drowsy; all his motions slow and deliberate; and his words slabbered out as if he had not exertion enough to articulate. His dark and gloomy house was filled with dirty papers and parchment deeds; and in his meagre library Romilly did not see a single volume which he was not deterred, by its external appearance, from opening. The idea of Mr. Liddel and a lawyer was so identified in Romilly's mind, that he was at once disgusted with the profession; and all thoughts of his being an attorney were, for some time, given up, as well by his father as himself.

FRENCH LAW.

A DISTRICT of about a dozen contiguous departments of Southern France (comprising Auvergne, Lyonnais, and Dauphine) would seem to be the *pays de cocagne* of lawyers,—a land where briefs drop, like ripe figs, into the mouth of the eater. In the beggarly little department of Cosere, on the southern declivity of the Cevennes, there is one lawsuit per annum for every sixty-nine inhabitants, men, women, and children!

SCIENTIFIC COMPARISON.

GRATTAN said of Hussey Burgh, who had been a violent Liberal, but on getting his silk gown became a Ministerialist, that all men knew silk to be a non-conducting body, and that since the honourable member had been enveloped in silk, no spark of patriotism had reached his heart.

BENEFIT OF A DINNER.

One day, when some one objected to the practice of having dinners for parish or public purposes, "Sir," said Lord Stowell, "I approve of the dining system: it puts people in a good humour, and makes them agree when they otherwise might not: a dinner *lubricates* business."

SIR THOMAS MORE IN THE TOWER.

When More was prisoner in the Tower, all his books were taken from him; whereupon he shut up his windows, and being asked why, he answered, "It was time to shut up shop when all the ware was gone."—*Diary of the Rev. John Ward.*

LORD ELDON'S LAW MAXIM.

We quote the following from Mr. Horace Twiss' very interesting "Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon:"—

"I have seen it remarked," says Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, "that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. When I left school, in 1766, to go to Oxford, I came up from Newcastle to London in a coach, then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words, '*Sat cito, si sat bene*,'—words which made a lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct

in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey, a quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?' 'No.' 'Then look at it: for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.' After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse, in Fetter-lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury-lane. Love played *Jobson* in the farce, and Miss Pope played *Nell*. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet-street, whether they should first pass Fleet-street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane. In the struggle, the sedan-chair was overset, with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and certainly it is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in my future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school—'*Sat cito, si sat bene*.' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative,—

and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking, *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected whether *sat bene, si sat cito* has had its due influence."

INDIVIDUAL RESPECT.

Mr. Blair, so long Solicitor-General of Scotland, and afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, possessed such earnestness, gravity, and sustained dignity, that his sway over the bench was supreme. And there are many now alive who may recollect, that when the court found themselves compelled to decide against him, they faltered, paused, would fain have avoided the hard necessity—seemed distrustful of their own opinion; and all but apologised for taking so extraordinary a liberty with such a great legal authority.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

It is well known, upon one of the English circuits, that a leading barrister once undertook to speak while an express went twenty miles to bring back a witness, whom it was necessary to produce on the trial. But what is this to the performance of an American counsellor, who, upon a like emergency, held the judge and the jury by their ears for three mortal days! He was, indeed, put to his wit's-end for words wherewith to fill up the time; and he introduced so many truisms, and argued at the utmost length so many indisputable points, and expatiated so profusely upon so many trite ones, that Judge Marshal, the most patient

of listeners, at last said, "Mr. Such-a-one, (addressing him by his name, in a deliberate tone of the mildest reprehension,) there are some things with which the court should be supposed to be acquainted."—*Sydney Smith.*

Lord Kenyon was once so indignant at the artifice of a party desiring to gain time, that he exclaimed—"This is the last hair to the tail of procrastination."

KENYON, DUNNING, AND HORNE TOOKE.

THESE three legal luminaries used generally to dine together, in vacation, at a mean little eating-house, near Chancery-lane, at sevenpence-halfpenny each. "As to Dunning and myself," Tooke would say, "we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited a penny a piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a half-penny, and sometimes with a promise."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S POWER OF SARCASM.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH had no mean power of ridicule—as playful as a mind more strong than refined, could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed, was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though perhaps more pungent than dignified: "Not

know money! Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?" On the bench, he had the very well-known, though not very eloquent, Henry Hunt before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some who "complained of his dangerous eloquence." "They do you great injustice, Sir," said the considerate and merciful Chief-Justice, kindly wanting to relieve him from all anxiety on this charge. After he had been listening to two conveyancers for a whole day of a long and most technical argument in silence, and with a wholesome fear of lengthening it by any interruption whatever, one of them, in reply to a remark from another judge, said, "If it is the pleasure of your lordship that I go into that matter." "We, Sir," said the Chief-Justice, "have no pleasure in it any way." When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—"An't we, Sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?"—*Lord Brougham, in the Edinburgh Review.*

MELTING DELAY.

Not very many years ago, the first cargo of ice was imported into England, from Norway. There not being such an article in the Custom-House schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade; and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry* goods;" but the whole cargo had melted before the cargo was cleared up!

MUSICAL COMPARISON.

The infamous Jefferies being retained in an action brought to recover the wages of some musicians, who had officiated at a wedding party, he annoyed one of the plaintiffs with exclaiming frequently: "I say, fiddler; here, you fiddler." Shortly afterwards, this person called himself a musicianer; on which Jefferies asked what difference there was between a musicianer and a fiddler. "As much, sir," replied the plaintiff, "as between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder."

A COOL HAND.

When Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin) was at the bar, he was remarkable for the *sang-froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was "surprised at such a decision." This was construed into a contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologise for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John Clerk rose, and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your honourable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that

it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised at anything you did."

RECOGNITION MAL-APROPOS.

Lord Chief Justice Holt, in early life, was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. One day, when his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the prisoner did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied: "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I!"

LORD BROUGHAM ON BREWING.

Shortly after Lord Brougham's appointment to the office of Lord High Chancellor, he visited, along with some other ministers of the cabinet of Earl Grey, one of the most extensive breweries in the metropolis, and there had what is colloquially called a "beef-steak dinner." After it was finished, a proposition was made that the party should inspect the brewery; and in order that they might understand the use of each and all of the works, the foreman, a cautious, but intelligent Scotch-

man, was desired to attend, and explain it. They had scarcely got into the first room before Lord Brougham, with a slight motion of the hand, put aside his Scotch *cicerone*, who was volunteering an explanation, and said, with his usual cool, good-natured *nonchalance*, "Young man, I will save you the trouble you are about to undertake: I understand all this perfectly well, and will explain it to my noble and distinguished friends." His lordship then proceeded without further preface to explain to Earl Grey, and the other members of the convivial party, every stage in the process of brewing; but, unfortunately, did not explain one of them right, even by accident. The Scotchman, who perceived, but was too prudent to expose, the ignorance of his countryman, was astounded at his unceasing volubility; and speaking of it in a mixed company, where our informant was present, observed, "Gude faith, sirs, but it made ma hair stand on end to hear the Lord High Chancellor o'Great Britain telling the Lord High Treasurer a laing tale about maut and the brewing o't, and nae word o'truth fra beginning to en'. It made a thinkin' man reflect what a terrible pass things must ha' come till when ae minister could jist tell, and anither minister jist believe, sic awfu cantrips. Eh, sirs! nae barrel can be gude that that blatherin' chiel has gat the brewin o'."—*The Times.*

CORPORATION LEARNING.

In 1828, at a meeting of a certain corporation in Derbyshire, for the nomination of a person to fill the office of mayor, a sufficient number of burgesses not being

in attendance, it was intimated that an application would be made for a *mandamus*, when one of the worthy electors innocently remarked: "I hope *he* will come, and then *he'll* put *un* all right, and make *un* elect one."

THE BEST KNOCK.

Lord Erskine always directed his servants to knock at the house where he intended to call with *a postman's knock;* his lordship remarking that he had long observed servants always more punctually answered knocks of that kind than any other.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

It is related of Mr. Justice Lawrence, a most excellent man, and able judge, that at a trial at York, he summed up decidedly in favour of the defendant; but having given the case further consideration, it appeared to him that he had altogether mistaken the law. A verdict having been recorded for the plaintiff, he had no redress: but it is generally understood that the judge, feeling the hardship of his situation, left him, in his will, a sum of money sufficient to indemnify him for the loss he had thus sustained.

A SMALL DISCOVERY.

Curran, after a debate which gave rise to high words, put his hand to his heart, and declared that he was the trusty guardian of his own honour: upon which Sir Boyle Roche congratulated his honourable friend on the snug little sinecure he had discovered for himself.

DUNNING ON A FIELD DAY.

Whilst Dunning was Solicitor-General, he diverted himself by making an excursion, in vacation time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor-General, the king supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor-General through the evolutions of the day, the "general" in every movement being in a most dreadful fright; and the *horse's duty* never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he would never go abroad again as a General of any sort.

RARE CANDOUR.

Sir John Holt, when offered the Lord Chancellorship, replied: "I never had but one cause in Chancery, and as I lost that, I cannot think myself qualified for so great a trust."

LEGAL COURTSHIP.

Mr. Chitty relates an anecdote of a young attorney who had been carrying on a correspondence with a young lady, in which he had always, as he thought, expressed himself with the greatest caution. Finding, however, that he did not perform what he had led the lady to believe that he would, she brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against him. When his letters were produced on the trial, it appeared that

he had always concluded—"this, *without prejudice*, yours faithfully, C.D." The judge facetiously left it to the jury to determine whether these concluding words, being from an attorney, did not mean that he did not intend any prejudice to the lady; and the jury found accordingly.

A MISTAKE.

Of the few defects of Lord Tenterden, the greatest was his different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes—even for different individuals. It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons; though his conduct in this matter was confined to mere accident of outward behaviour and manners—nothing beyond that. When on one occasion he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately concluded, "to hold up his head, and speak out like a man," it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the chairman of the Honourable East India Company!

CLASSICAL DEFERENCE.

Swift driving, one day, in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, met Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise, when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon!"

GOOD ADVICE.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to commend the advice of a plain man of Ruxton, who sold brooms. A proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom on trust, to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back and thy belly, they'll never ask thee for it—I should be dunning thee every day."

"FREE TRADE."

Hussey Burgh, at the opening of the Session of the Irish Parliament, in 1777, moved the address to the King, in which was the following sentence:—"It is not by temporary expedients, but by an extension of trade, that Ireland can be ameliorated." Flood, who was seated in the Vice-Treasurer's place, said audibly, "Why not a free trade?" The amendment electrified the House; the words were adopted by his friend, and the motion was carried unanimously.

POLITE CORRECTION.

Sir Robert Graham, upon one occasion, when passing sentence upon a batch of convicted criminals, is said, by accident, to have sentenced to be transported one who it was intended should be hanged. Shocked beyond measure when apprised of his mistake, he desired the culprit to be again placed in the dock, and, hastily putting on the black cap, he addressed him—"Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon!*" and then proceeded to pass on him the awful sentence of the law.

ROMILLY'S AFFECTION.

Sir Samuel Romilly, when a child, was entrusted to a female domestic, whom he thus tenderly refers to in his Diary:—"The servant whom I have mentioned was to me in the place of a mother. I loved her to adoration. I remember, when quite a child, kissing, unperceived by her, the clothes which she wore; and when she once entertained a design of quitting our family, and going to live with her own relations, receiving the news as that of the greatest misfortune that could befal me, and going up into my room in an agony of affliction, and imploring God, upon my knees, to avert so terrible a calamity."

SPECIAL PLEADING.

When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed in special pleading, he replied, "Pray, sir, can your son eat sawdust without butter?"

THE LAST TEMPLE REVEL.

In former times, our Inns of Court were the scenes of many a courtly revel, in which lawyers of every degree indulged in frolics by no means comporting with the habitual gravity of their profession. We believe the last celebration of this kind to have been held in the Inner Temple, in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, of which he was a Bencher, on having the Great Seal delivered to him.

This was on February 2, 1733, when the Lord

Chancellor came into the Inner Temple Hall, at about two o'clock, preceded by the Master of the Revels, (Mr. Wollaston,) and followed by the Master of the Temple, (Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of Bangor,) and by the judges and sergeants who had been members of the house. There was an elegant dinner provided for them and the Lord Chancellor's officers; but the barristers and students had the usual fare on *grand days;* each mess having a flask of claret, besides the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited at the bench table, among whom was Mr. Talbot, the Lord Chancellor's eldest son. A large gallery was built over the screen, and was filled with ladies; the music was placed in the little gallery, at the upper end of the hall, and played all dinner-time.

After dinner, was acted Congreve's play of *Love for Love*, followed by the farce of *The Devil to Pay.* The actors who performed in these pieces came from the Haymarket Theatre, in chairs, ready dressed; and they are said to have refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient.

After these performances, the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Temple, the Judges, and Benchers retired into their parliament chamber. In half-an-hour, they re-entered the hall, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place, but no fire or embers were on it: then the Master of the Revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand; and he, with his left, took Mr. J. Page, who joined to the other Judges, Sergeants, and Benchers present, and danced, or rather

walked, *round about the coal-fire*, according to the old ceremony, three times; during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the Prothonotary, then upwards of sixty; and all the time of the dance, the ancient song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown.

When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament chamber, and stayed there while the hall was putting in order. Then they went into the hall, and danced a few minuets. Country dances began at about ten o'clock, and at twelve a fine collation was provided for the company; after which dancing was resumed. The Prince of Wales honoured the revel with his company: he came into the music gallery, *incog.*, about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the ceremony of walking round the coal-fire was over.

This dance, by the way, is satirized in the old play of *The Rehearsal;* and the Revels have been ridiculed by Dr. Donne in his *Satires*, Prior in his *Alma*, and Pope in the *Dunciad*—

"The Judge to dance, his brother Sergeant calls."

CURRAN AND THE JUDGE.

Soon after Mr. Curran had been called to the bar, on some statement of Judge Robinson's, the young counsel observed, that "he had never met the law, as laid down by his Lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the Judge; "but I suspect that your library is very small." Mr. Curran replied, "I

find it more instructive, my Lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones.* My books may be few; but the title-pages give me the writer's names, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities, that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," said the Judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "My Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Strap, in *Roderick Random*, who having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale:—"So, my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain when he has been worsted in the encounter that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, I'll commit you," replied the angry Judge; to which Mr. C. retorted, "If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your Lordship has committed."

* Judge Robinson was the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets; and, by his demerits, raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced.—*Lord Brougham.*

CURRAN'S GRATITUDE.

Among the great number of anecdotes related of Curran, there is none that better bespeaks the excellence of his nature than the following—often printed, it is true, but admirable in its spirit and object—to keep in men's minds what they are too prone to forget, a due sense of gratitude to their friends in early life :—

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran, one evening, to a large party, "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball-alley, with a light heart, and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger, of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me, in the little Ball-alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery; thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare, after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a

school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from the Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. You are right, sir—you are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!"

VOLUMINOUS BAXTER.

In the reign of James II., Richard Baxter, the non-conformist, who had written a library, was committed prisoner to the King's Bench, by a warrant from that execrable Judge Jefferies, who treated this worthy man at his trial in the most brutal manner, and reproached him with having written *a cart-load of books*, "every one as full of sedition and treason as an egg is full of meat."

CURRAN AND THE FARMER.

A FARMER attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Next day he applied for the money, but the host affected to know nothing of the business. In this dilemma the farmer consulted Curran. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred, and then come to me.". The dupe doubted the advice; but, moved by the authority or rhetoric of the learned counsel, he at length followed it. "And now, sir," said he to Curran, "I don't see as I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'ze afraid, without my witness, at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said Curran; "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer did so, and came back with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. "Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." It need not be added, that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, whilst the farmer returned exultingly to thank his counsel, with both hundreds in his pocket.

"NO JUDGE."

A CERTAIN judge of our time, having somewhat hastily delivered judgment in a particular case, a king's counsel observed, in a tone loud enough to reach the bench, "Good heavens! every judgment of this court is a mere toss-up." "But heads seldom win," observed a learned barrister sitting behind him. On another occasion, this wit proposed the following riddle for solution:—"Why does —— (the Judge in question) commit an act of bankruptcy every day?" The answer was, "Because he daily gives a judgment without consideration."

ERSKINE'S TEMPER.

ERSKINE, the distinguished Scottish lawyer, is characterized by Lord Brougham as one "in all respects, the charms of whose social converse were unbounded, of a demeanour that every instant showed his noble birth; in manners, of perfect ease, polish, and grace; of a temper the most sweet, and of spirits the most joyous and gay, without ever being boisterous, turbulent, or obtrusive; of conversation the most various, never refusing a serious turn, though delighting in every species of mirth, from refined comedy to broad farce. He was the life and soul of every circle in which he mixed. Affable to those below him—full of firmness and independence to his superiors—altogether without a particle of envy, or jealousy, or gall, in his whole composition—no wonder that he was the darling of the age and the country in which he lived. He was most happily and most justly described, by one who knew

him well, as "the best beloved man in all Scotland." This was said by the late Lord Kinnaird, in the House of Commons, himself amongst the most quiet and delightful, as well as honourable, of men.

A READY ANSWER.

When Lord Ellenborough was chief justice, a labouring bricklayer was one day called as a witness in an action. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," replied the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean?" said the judge, angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "*you* come here in *your* working clothes, and *I'm* come in *mine*."

THE LONGEST LAWSUIT.

This is related to have been the famous "Berkeley suit," which lasted upwards of 190 years, having commenced shortly after the death of Thomas, fourth Lord Berkeley, in the reign of Henry V., (1416,) and terminated in the seventh of James I., (1609.) It arose out of the marriage of Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of the above baron, with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,—their descendants having continually sought to get possession of the castle and lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous lawsuit in question, but was often attended

with the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more. In the year 1469, (tenth of Edward IV.,) Thomas Talbot, second Viscount Lisle, great-grandson of the above Elizabeth, residing at Wotton-under-Edge, was killed at Nibley-green, in a furious skirmish between some 500 of his own retainers, and about as many of those of William, (then) Lord Berkeley, (whom he had challenged to the field,) who likewise headed his men; when, besides the brave but ill-fated young Lisle, (scarcely of age at that time,) about 150 of their followers were slain, and 300 wounded, chiefly of the Wotton party, who fled on the fall of their leader. Lord Lisle's sisters were his heirs, and their husbands (one of whom also got the title) followed up the suit, as their descendants did after them, till down to the time of the first James, when Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley, obtained a decree in favour of his claims, and got full and quiet possession of the lands and manors in dispute.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

THE RULING PASSION.

A Mr. ——, a Master in Chancery, was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other masters, whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. —— would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty

subscribed the paper. As he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace." "Sir?" "Your ear—lower: have you got the half-crown?" He was dead before morning.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

GOOD ADVICE.

A LAW-STUDENT one day called upon Lord Mansfield with a letter of introduction; and, after some inquiries, the veteran judge asked him if he were perfect in Coke upon Littleton. He replied that he was not altogether perfect, but intended reading it over again for the third time. "Take a little rest, sir—take a little rest," said his Lordship. "It is my advice that you should now take a turn with Enfield's *Speaker*."

A CONSCIENTIOUS FEE.

A GENERAL retainer of 1000 guineas was brought to Topping, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty on the ordinary terms known in the profession, (one guinea particular, or five guineas general retainer,) or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty, and therefore he must decline it. His clerk then accepted the usual sum of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants.—*Lord Brougham.*

THE CAP FITTING.

IN an action brought by a priest of the Church of Rome against Lord Donerailc, at the Cork Assizes, Mr. Curran had to cross-examine Mr. St. Leger,

brother to the defendant; and as it was his object to depreciate his evidence, he had described him in very gross and insulting language in his speech. In doing so, he had, however, not mentioned his name. When Mr. St. Leger came to the table, and took the Testament in his hand, the plaintiff's counsel, in a tone of affected respect, addressed him, saying, "Oh, Mr. St. Leger, the jury will, I am sure, believe you without the ceremony of swearing you; your character will justify us from insisting on your oath." The witness, deceived by this mild and complimentary language, (his irritation evidently diverted his attention from the very palpable trap laid for him,) replied, with mingled surprise and vexation, "I am happy, Sir, to see you have changed the opinion you entertained of me when you were describing me awhile ago." "What, Sir! Then you confess it was a description of yourself! Gentlemen, act as you please; but I leave it to you to say, whether a thousand oaths could bind the conscience of the man I have just described."

A duel followed, in which Mr. Curran evinced very great intrepidity.

LORD ELDON'S LIBERALITY.

At Dronfield, in Derbyshire, two anecdotes are related of Lord Eldon, which, as examples to lord chancellors and public-spirited parishioners, cannot be too widely known. Many years ago, the incumbent of Dronfield thought proper to propose an exchange with an incompetent clergyman, when a Mr. Butterman, as a friend to the church, and some of his respectable

neighbours, took alarm at the negotiation, and wrote to the Chancellor upon the matter. The other parties calculated upon the arrangement; but on applying to the Chancellor, he signified that he could consent to no exchange, and that if the parties were tired of their positions, they might respectively resign; and there were plenty of candidates. The determination was final, and the scheme of exchange was abandoned.

In another instance, a master had been regularly appointed to the grammar school at Dronfield, on liberal principles of education; but, within a few years, some prejudice was excited against him, and the churchwardens for the time thought proper to stop his salary. On this occasion, Mr. Butterman and some friends combined in an application to Lord Eldon, and his lordship instantly directed the churchwardens to render an account of the trust within a few days. They claimed time, and were allowed a month, when, without other form, the Chancellor directed the salary to be paid to the appointed master, with all expenses.

LAWYERS IN SOCIETY.

The late Lord Grenville once remarked, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner-party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRIMAND.

In the reign of George II., one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election-committee, which was considered to reflect on

the House itself. He was accordingly summoned to appear at their bar; and, on his knees, he received a reprimand from the Speaker. As he rose from the floor, with the utmost *nonchalance*, he took out his handkerchief, and wiping his knees, coolly observed, that "it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in, in his life."

THELWALL AND ERSKINE.

John Thelwall, when on his trial for treason, kept up an incessant communication with his counsel. Dissatisfied with a part of his case, he passed a slip of paper, "I will plead my own cause;" to which Erskine scribbled, "If you do, you'll be hanged." To this Thelwall instantly gave the quibbling rejoinder, "Then I'll be hanged if I do." Thelwall was an extraordinary man. Very late in life, he one day declared, in our hearing, that, *ab initio*, his political principles had been entirely mistaken.

LORD THURLOW ON THE WOOLSACK.

The aspect of Lord Thurlow was more solemn and imposing than almost any other person's in public life; so much so, that Mr. Fox used to say, it proved him dishonest, since no man could *be* so wise as he *looked*. Nor did he neglect any of the external circumstances, how trifling soever, by which attention and deference could be secured on the part of his audience. Not only were his periods well rounded, and the connecting matter or continuing phrases well flung in, but the tongue was so hung as to make the sonorous voice

peal through the hall, and appear to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question. Nay, to the more trivial circumstances of his place, when addressing the House of Lords, he scrupulously attended. He rose slowly from his seat; he left the woolsack with deliberation; but he went not to the nearest place, like ordinary chancellors, the sons of mortal men; he drew back by a pace or two, and standing, as it were askance, and partly behind the huge bale he had quitted for a season, he began to pour out, first in a growl, and then in a clear and louder roll, the matter which he had to deliver, and which, for the most part, consisted in some positive assertions, some personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced upon individuals, as if they were standing before him for judgment, some vague mysterious threats of things purposely not expressed, and abundant protestations of conscience and duty, in which they who keep the consciences of kings are apt to indulge.—*Lord Brougham.*

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

Lord Loughborough entered Parliament as a fierce opponent of Lord North's administration, and joined it when their policy, at the commencement of the war with America, was most questionable. Lord Brougham ascribes to his influence "the fancy respecting the coronation oath, which so entirely obtained possession of George III.'s mind, and actuated his conduct during the whole discussion of Irish affairs." The cabinet to

which he belonged was broken up, and he was made an earl, and laid on the shelf. In the hope of regaining his ascendancy, he took an uncomfortable villa, which had only the recommendation of being in the vicinity of Windsor Castle, and here for three years he was to be seen dancing attendance on royalty, unnoticed and neglected by the King, who, when he heard of his late Chancellor's death, after an illness of a few hours, having cautiously inquired of the messenger if he were really dead, coldly observed, "Then he has not left a worse man behind him;" though the phrase which the King actually used was, says Lord Brougham, less decorous and more unfeeling than the above.

LORD THURLOW AND THE REGENCY QUESTION.

Lord Thurlow's conduct in this matter was extremely cunning. In 1788, he actively intrigued with the Whigs on the Regency Question, in opposition to his colleagues; but suddenly discovering from one of the physicians the approaching convalescence of the royal patient, he at one moment's notice deserted the Carlton House party, and, says Lord Brougham, "came down with an assurance unknown to all besides, perhaps even to himself not known before, and in his place undertook the defence of the King's right against his son and his partisans;" adding in conclusion, "And when I forget my Sovereign, may my God forget me." When, however, Thurlow attempted, in 1792, the same trick with Pitt, whom he cordially hated, which he had played off under a former administration, by

voting against his colleagues, the King, on Mr. Pitt's application, at once consented to Lord Thurlow's removal, "without any struggle or even apparent reluctance."

SIR WILLIAM GRANT'S LIVING.

Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, was a man of simple habits, and somewhat remarkable for his taciturnity and reserve. As a politician, he was more narrow-minded than even several other most distinguished lawyers. With him originated the phrase of "the wisdom of our ancestors." In his time, the Rolls Court sat in the evening, from six to ten; and Sir William dined after the Court rose. His servant, it is said, when he went to bed, left two bottles of wine on the table, which he always found empty in the morning. Sir William Grant lived in the Rolls House, occupying two or three rooms on the ground-floor; and when showing them to his successor in the Rolls, he said—"Here are two or three good rooms; this is my dining-room; my library and bedroom are beyond; and I am told," he added, "there are some good rooms up stairs, but I was never there."

LOCALITY OF THE LAW COURTS.

A great deal of sentimentality has been wasted upon the alleged impropriety of the removal of the law courts from Westminster Hall; but the matter has been very differently dealt with by Lord Langdale, the present Master of the Rolls, who, when examined before a Parliamentary Committee, said,—"I have

seen the Vice-Chancellor of England sitting in a dense crowd in the council-room of Lincoln's-inn; I have seen him sitting in the auction-room above the Master's office, and in different committee-rooms of this house. I have seen the Chief Baron of the Exchequer sitting in a kind of hut erected in Westminster Hall, on the site of what was the Court of King's Bench; but I have never known there was any want of respect for the judges, nor do I think that the place in which they sit can have any material effect upon their dignity."

USE OF RED TAPE.

Curran, when Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers."

CECIL AT GRAY'S INN.

An anecdote of Cecil Lord Burghley's Gray's-inn days, is thus related by his old historian, in the quaint language of the age in which he flourished:—"A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never used play before. And being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall, near his playfellow's bed-head, and in a fearful voice spake thus through the trouke:—'O! mortal man, repent!—re-

pent of thy horrible time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned, and canst not be saved!' which, being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy the next day, in the presence of youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and, calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamesters were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more." Who Burghley's "playfellows" were nowhere appears; but the future statesman himself was a married man during the greater part of his sojourn at Gray's Inn, and ought to have been more steady than to stake his "books and bedding," after losing his "money;" but from many memoranda of Gray's Inn, which have come down to our time, it would seem that the students of this Society were rather an unruly set. Pepys writes thus, in May, 1667:—"Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal to do; but now they are at peace again."

CURRAN AT A DEBATING SOCIETY.

Curran's account of his introduction and *début* at a debating society is the identical "first appearance" of hundreds. "Upon the first of our assembling," he says, "I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned mem-

ber that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy, and cajoling it. My ear already caught the glorious melody of 'Hear him! hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory,—never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up; my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface, the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was rivetted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather, like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to ad-

minister the words." Such was the *début* of "Stuttering Jack Curran," or "Orator Mum," as he was waggishly styled; but not many months elapsed ere the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendour.

A BON-VIVANT.

Allen, the first Lord Bathurst, died at the age of 91. Till within a month of his death he constantly rode out two hours every morning, and drank his bottle of wine after dinner. Upon one occasion, he invited a large party to meet his son, who had become Lord Chancellor, when the whole company sat late, except the law lord, who took his leave at the decorous hour of twelve. "Come," said the aged earl, "now the *old gentleman* is gone, we can manage to take another bottle."

ARRESTING A KING.

Everybody knows the story of the poor insolvent, Theodore, king of Corsica, who left his kingdom to his creditors. His arrest was equally curious. He lived in a privileged place; the officers captured him by making him believe that Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance. He bit at it, and was sent to the *King's* Bench prison.

CHANGES AT INNS OF COURT.

The lawyers of London (says a popular writer) are not at the present day so corporate a class of men as at former periods; the Inns of Court are not so much a place of residence as formerly; the habits of the barristers are the habits of any other gentlemen.

Morning visits are not made in black silk gowns and powdered wigs; and the Chief Justices of our courts have ceased to wear fans, as Sir Edward Coke was in the habit of doing, carrying about one of those "prodigious" fans, which Dugdale mentions, having long handles, with which the *gentlemen* of those times "slasht their daughters when they were perfect women." Society has gained much by the abandonment of the Inns as places of residence, except for the younger members; and the curtailment of a few hours a day from professional avocations, since the Masters in Chancery sat at five in the morning, must have acted beneficially on all classes.

A NEW WRIT.

Lord Eldon relates in his Anecdote Book:—"At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement—*inebriated.* We subscribed at supper a guinea for him, and half-a-crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move, for what we denominated the writ of '*Quare adhæsit pavimento,*' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself; but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never

heard of such a writ; what can it be that adheres *pavimento?* Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?' The Bar laughed. At last, one of them said, 'My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento.*' There was no moving him for some time. At last, he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

SETTLING A VERDICT.

One of a common jury declared to Mr. Warren, the barrister, that in a certain case he had resolved to give a verdict for the defendant; but that all the others had determined to give a verdict for the plaintiff; and after several hours' altercation, they put four slips of paper into a hat, bearing respectively, the four sums of one farthing, fifty pounds, four hundred pounds, and *one thousand pounds!* It was agreed that the foreman should draw out one of them, and the verdict be accordingly; and he drew the slip which bore the sum of four hundred pounds! Is it likely that a special jury—whether in town or country—could have been guilty of such cruel absurdity?

BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

Some years ago, a mercantile case of considerable magnitude was depending in the Court of Queen's Bench, in which, though the pleadings were unavoidably complicated and voluminous, the merits lay within a nut-shell; and seemed to be so clearly with the plaintiff, that he could not comprehend what the defendant meant by persevering in his determination to incur the

heavy cost of a trial before a special jury in London. Again and again were the pleadings and proofs anxiously reviewed, but displayed nothing warranting the defendant's pertinacity. The present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer led for the plaintiff, and the late Sir William Follett for the defendant; and at the plaintiff's consultation all his three counsel expressed their curiosity to know what the defendant could be about; and the day of trial was awaited with no little anxiety. Now, mark! On the afternoon of the day but one before that fixed for the cause to come on, a young clerk of the defendant's attorney was dining at Dolly's chop-house with a friend, whom he was telling of a "great commercial case" in their office, in which Sir William Follett was going to nonsuit the plaintiff, because of a flaw in the declaration—a defective breach—in support of which a considerable number of witnesses were coming up on behalf of the plaintiff from Cheshire. He mentioned what the defect was, and that was distinctly overheard by one of the plaintiff's principal witnesses, whose person was unknown to the speaker, and who, hastening his dinner, started off to the plaintiff's attorney, and told him what he had heard. The attorney instantly drove off to his junior counsel; a second consultation was fixed; the blot was acknowledged to exist, to the consternation of the plaintiff's attorney, a very able and vigilant practitioner, who had bestowed great pains on the case. An effort was made, unsuccessfully, to amend; the record was therefore withdrawn, and the witnesses were sent back. The declaration was ulti-

mately amended at a fearful cost, all expenses previously incurred being, of course, thrown away. Before the cause had become ripe, however, for trial, the plaintiff died; the defendant, a foreign merchant, fell into embarrassed circumstances; and the executors of the plaintiff recovered nothing. The slip in the declaration had been made by the junior counsel, a consummate pleader, whose large practice occasioned him to draw the declaration, which was long and intricate, in too much haste.*

SUMMARY DECISION.

Mr. Brougham, when at the bar, opened before Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, an action for the amount of a wager laid upon the event of a dog fight, which, through some unwillingness of the dogs or men, had not been brought to an issue. "We, my Lord," said the advocate, "were minded that the dogs should fight." "Then I," replied the judge, "am minded to hear no more of it;" and he called another cause.

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.

Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called; one of whom being closely

* From "The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors." By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day: "Were the shoes anything like these?" "No, my Lord," replied the evidence; "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The court were convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say:—"My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance in my own person: I myself have two little manors." "The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

GETTING UP A CASE.

Not long ago, on the northern circuit, an action of trespass was tried before Mr. Justice Coleridge, in which a nonsuit ensued almost immediately after the first and only witness had got into the box; for it turned out that he had not witnessed the assault; and that all he knew was from the plaintiff himself, who had told him what had happened. The Judge was convulsed with laughter, as was also the whole court; every one, in short, except the plaintiff and his attorney. How could the case have been got up? It is evident that the attorney must have contented himself with

a hasty inquiry from his client, what was the name of his witness, and what it was that he could prove. —*Warren's Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors.*

HORNE TOOKE AND WILKES.

Horne Tooke having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff of London and Middlesex, received the following cutting reply: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you."

THE JURY PANEL.

"Look sharply after your jury panel," says Mr. Warren. "Only the other day, I saw at Guildhall the brother of the defendant upon the jury! And a friend to whom I mentioned this circumstance, assured me that he himself almost fancied that he recollected, some years before, seeing the plaintiff himself sneaking into the jury-box."

SUCCESS AT THE BAR.

Lord Chief-Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son:—"Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune, marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;" upon which it was observed, that his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over*.

CHANCERY DELAYS.

We feel for climbing boys, (says Sydney Smith,) as much as anybody can do; but what is a climbing boy in a chimney to a full-grown suitor in the Master's office?"

LOSS OF A LETTER.

An attorney's clerk had omitted *one single letter* in making the copy of a writ of capias, to be served upon a defendant, who was clandestinely going off to India, owing a widow lady a large sum of money, which she had lent him. She accidentally discovered, however, what he was about, and instantly communicated with her attorney, in such a state of alarm as may be easily conceived. He was an able and energetic practitioner; and within a few hours' time had got a capias issued against the dishonourable fugitive; and, accompanied by an officer, succeeded in arresting the debtor, just as he was stepping into a steam-boat to go to the ship, which was expected to sail from Gravesend on that day, or the ensuing one. You may guess the consternation with which he found himself thus overtaken; but it scarcely equalled that with which the attorney

received, early the next day, the copy of a rule, which had been obtained by the defendant, calling on the plaintiff to show cause why the defendant should not be discharged out of custody, on entering a common appearance, on the ground of a variance between the writ and the copy served; the discrepancy being between the words "sheriffs of London" in the one, and "sheriff of London" in the other. Eminent counsel were instantly instructed to show cause, and struggled desperately to discharge the rule; but in vain. "It is better," said the tranquil Chief Justice Tindal, "to adhere to a general rule, capable of application in all cases, than to raise an argument on every imperfection in a copy, as to the materiality or immateriality of the error, and thereby offer a premium on carelessness." So the rule was made absolute, and the defendant discharged. He went to India; and it is sadly feared that he has never made his appearance here again; and that the widow lost all that he owed her, and which, but for this wretched mistake, she would, in all human probability, have recovered.

That eminent conveyancer, the late Mr. Butler, accidentally omitted a single word, ("Gloucester,") in drawing the will of Lord Newburgh, which deprived a lady, the intended devisee, of estates worth about 14,000*l.* a year. It was clear that the omission was through a mere mistake—and entirely contrary to Lord Newburgh's intentions; but parol evidence to prove these facts was unanimously rejected by the judges, and their opinion cordially adopted by the House of Lords, as you will see by referring to the

judgment of the late Chief Justice Tindal, in the case of *Miller v. Travers*, 8 Bing. 254-5.—*Warren's Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors.*

CAT ANECDOTE.

DURING Serjeant Talfourd's sojourn at Shrewsbury assizes, in 1833, a cat was frequently in the learned counsellor's room. His clerk, while packing up, had occasion to leave one of the trunks open, and in the hurry of departure, closed it suddenly, and corded it for the journey. On arriving at Hereford, a strange noise was heard to proceed from the trunk; the clerk opened it, when out jumped the identical Shrewsbury cat, having deposited a batch of fine kittens in the learned serjeant's wig.

LORD ERSKINE'S POINTS.

A GENTLEMAN, who has examined several of Lord Erskine's briefs, states that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down, and dashed with peculiar emphasis; his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details.

DICK'S COFFEE-HOUSE, TEMPLE BAR.

SOMEWHAT more than a century ago, this coffee-house was brought into playhouse notoriety from the following circumstances:—In 1737, the Rev. James Miller wrote a comedy called "The Coffee-house," which failed on its first performance, from a supposition that Mrs. Yarnold and her daughter, who then kept Dick's

coffee-house, and were at that time celebrated toasts, together with several persons who frequented the house, were intended to be ridiculed by the author. This he stoutly denied. When the play was published, however, the engraver who had been employed to provide the frontispiece, inadvertently chose "Dick's;" when the Templars, with whom the landlady and her daughter were reigning toasts, became so confirmed in their suspicions, that they joined to damn the piece, and even extended their resentment to everything suspected to be the same author's for a considerable time after.

CURRAN AND THE MASTIFF.

Curran used to relate with infinite humour an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let the boys rob the orchard;* but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with which did not care what end of a boy went foremost, so that he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued.

Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word," said Sir Jonah Barrington, to whom Curran related this story, "the mastiff may have left you your centre, but he could not have left much gravity behind him, among the bystanders."

FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE FROM WARWICK HOUSE.

Lord Brougham has thus vividly related this affair in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 135; and the narrative derives additional interest and value from his lordship having been one of the parties present.

"In a fine evening in July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, the Princess Charlotte rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended; hastily crossed Cockspur-street, flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find, and drove to her mother's house in Connaught-place. The Princess of Wales, having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser, Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young princess's bosom friend. He arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Mercer Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after, the royal mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lyndsay, her lady-in-waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed

for her residence, and to live henceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that, by the law, as all the twelve judges but one had laid it down in George the First's reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the king or the regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the royal family while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair, that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his equerries; and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported, the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were dispatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particular imposing state, "regard not being had"* to his eminent station; for, indeed, he came in a hackney-coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself had for that day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that dispatch was deemed more essential than ceremony or

* The well known habitual expression of Lord Eldon.

pomp: certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained inclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion.

"At length, after much pains and many entreaties used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Mercer and Lady C. Lindsay, (whom she always honoured with a just regard,) to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham, that she would return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for, and arrived in a royal carriage, returned to Warwick House between four and five o'clock in the morning.

"There was then a Westminster election in progress, in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he too was deserting her, and leaving her in her father's power, when the people would have stood by her,—he took her to the window when the morning had just dawned, and pointing to the park and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in, and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the

certain effusion of blood—nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, in breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home."

SHARP PRACTICE.

Mr. Samuel Warren relates a case where a client of his had his declaration on a bill of exchange demurred to, because, instead of the words "in the year of our Lord, 1834," he had written "A.D. 1834." The learned counsel (Mr. Warren) attended the late Mr. Justice Littledale at chambers, to endeavour to get the demurrer set aside as frivolous, or leave to amend on payment of a shilling; but that punctilious, though very able and learned judge, refused to do either. "Your client, sir," said he, "has committed a blunder, sir, which can be set right only on the usual terms, sir. A.D., sir, is neither English nor Latin, sir. It may mean anything,—or nothing, sir. It is plain, sir, that here is a material and traversable fact, and no date to it, sir;" and so forth: whereupon he dismissed the poor summons, with costs! The demurrer had been spun out by a pleader to an inconceivable length, in ringing the changes on the above one objection, and Mr. Warren's client had positively to pay out of his own pocket between seven and eight pounds.

FOUR REMARKABLE DEATHS.

Towards the close of the year 1818, we find thus emphatically recorded in a contemporary work of value,* the deaths of four men of eminence in the senate and the bar.

"A profound sensation was produced by the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, who destroyed himself on the 2nd of November, four days after the loss of his wife, in a paroxysm of insanity, brought on by that severe shock falling upon a mind previously weakened and shattered by overburthening professional labours and anxieties. He was sixty-one years of age; and he had attained the highest position, both in the courts of law and in parliament, which ability and character, without office, could confer. Nor was any man more universally beloved. His late triumphant return for Westminster, where he had been brought in at the head of the poll, without having either spent a shilling or asked a vote, or even made his appearance on the hustings, was a sufficient testimony to his general popularity; and also, it may be added, to the purity of conduct, and elevation above all popularity-hunting arts, by which, or notwithstanding which, he had acquired it. But the charm of his beautiful nature won its way even where wide difference of political principle and sentiment might have been expected to create some prejudice against him. His death was acutely felt, we are told, by Lord Eldon,

* History of England, during the Thirty Years' Peace. By Charles Knight.

before whom he had been, for many years, in daily and preeminent practice. 'The chancellor,' it is related, 'came into court next morning, obviously much affected. As he took his seat, he was struck by the sight of the vacant place within the bar, which Romilly was accustomed to occupy. His eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here,' he exclaimed, and, rising in great agitation, broke up his court."—*Twiss' Life of Lord Eldon.*

"Within little more than a month after Romilly, on the 13th of December, died another great lawyer, of equally opposite politics and temper, Lord Ellenborough. This remarkable man, whose talents, so long as he continued in his vigour, were of the most commanding character, seemed never to have recovered his discomfiture by Hone, in the preceding year. On Sunday, the 21st of December, the day after the last trial, Lord Ellenborough wrote thus to Lord Sidmouth:—'The disgraceful events which have occurred at Guildhall, within the last three or four days, have led me, both on account of the public and myself, to consider very seriously my own sufficiency, particularly in point of bodily health and strength, to discharge the official duties of my station in the same manner in which, at the present critical moment, it is peculiarly necessary they should be discharged. * * * I wish to carry my meditated purpose of resignation into effect, as soon as the convenience of government, in regard to the due selection and appointment of my successor, may allow.' This purpose of resignation Lord Ellenborough had carried into effect about three

months before his death. He was, when he died, in his sixty-ninth year, and he had presided in the Court of King's Bench since April, 1802.

"In August, this same year, had died, at the age of eighty-five, Warren Hastings, whose leading counsel, Lord Ellenborough, then Mr. Law, had been throughout the five years of this memorable trial before the House of Lords, since the termination of which a quarter of a century had now elapsed. And, remarkably enough, before the year was out, Hastings had been followed to the grave by the most pertinacious and vindictive of his accusers and enemies, Sir Philip Francis. He died at the age of seventy-eight, on one of the last days of December, when there wanted only about a month to make exactly half a century since the appearance of the first of the famous Letters of Junius, of which he was supposed to be the author."

FATE OF EMPSON AND DUDLEY.

One of the earliest acts of Henry VIII., after his accession, was the relaxation of the Star Chamber atrocities, so common in the reign of his grasping predecessor. This king's agents, or as Hall calls them, "ravenynge wolves," in these transactions, were Empson and Dudley, who filled the royal coffers, and enriched themselves. "At this unreasonable and extorte doynge," says Hall, "noblemen grudged, meane men kycked, poore men lamented, preachers openlye, at Paules Crosse and other places, exclaimed, rebuked, and detected, but they would never amend." However, their prospects changed with the accession of Henry

VIII. To satisfy public clamour, they were convicted and sentenced to death; but, probably, without any intention of carrying the sentence into execution. It happened, however, that Henry set out at that time upon his first progress; finding himself annoyed, wherever he went, by outcries for vengeance against the unpopular ministers, he at once dispatched a warrant for their execution; and they were accordingly sent to the block to add to the enjoyment of a royal progress. Empson's forfeited mansion, with its orchard, and twelve gardens, situate in St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and occupying the ground now known as Salisbury-square and Dorset-street, were granted to Wolsey, on the 30th of January, 1510.

HENRY HUNT'S TRIAL.

Lord Eldon has left this strange comment upon the Peterloo Riots, A.D. 1819. "I will not now," says his lordship, "give any opinion on the proceedings at Manchester, as all the facts are to be laid before a jury. This only I owe it to myself to say,—that it is my fixed, my unqualified opinion, that the meeting at Manchester on the 16th of August, was, in every sense of the word, an illegal meeting."

This inconsistency reminds one of the girl in the farce: "I know nothing about it: all I know is this." Lord Campbell observes upon the affair:—"Such a declaration of the law, while inquiry was denied, I think was very exceptionable. One bad consequence which it produced was, that when Mr. Hunt's trial came on, Mr. Justice Bailey, a very learned and honest,

but not very strong-minded judge—to show his independence, expressed considerable doubts respecting the character of the meeting, and actually advised Sir James Scarlett, who was leading counsel for the Crown, after the trial had lasted some days, to give up the prosecution. Indeed, it was owing to the firmness and extraordinary ability of that gentleman, who considered himself bound to exert himself the more from being politically opposed to the Government, that justice was not defeated by an acquittal. What would have been the consequence if the Lord Chancellor's advice had been taken, and the indictment had charged Mr. Hunt with 'traitorously imagining the death of our Lord the King, and levying war against him in his realm ?' "

When Lord Eldon returned to London, he was warmly thanked for his exertions by Lord Liverpool, who acknowledged to him that if Mr. Hunt had been acquitted, there must have been a change of administration. The cabinet was, indeed, shaken to its base by Justice Bailey's charge, and much indignation expressed to him for having endangered the public peace and safety of the country by his proceedings on this occasion.

ROYAL GRATITUDE.

In Star Chamber phrase, when "the king took the matter into his own hands," it seems to have been all over with the accused. Lord Bacon makes us acquainted with the traditional story of the conduct of King Henry VII. to the Earl of Oxford, whose re-

tainers, dressed in liveries, came around him upon occasion of a visit from his majesty. Henry expressed his thanks for the good cheer he received, but added, "I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight—my attorney must speak with you;" which words were a prelude to the fine of 15,000 marks. Tradition has probably exaggerated the amount of the fine; but the anecdote is perfectly in character with the Star Chamber practices.

COURTS OF APPEAL.

So long as the losing party in a suit has hopes of a different decision, or hopes of his adversary's purse or patience failing, an appeal still lies. "There was a case," says Dr. Nicholl, "in which the cause had originally commenced in the Archdeacon's Court at Totness, and thence there had been an appeal to the court at Exeter, thence to the Arches, and thence to the Delegates; after all, the question at issue having been simply, which of two persons had the right of hanging his hat on a particular peg!"

LORD KENYON'S LAPSUS.

Lord Kenyon, on the trial of a bookseller for publishing "Paine's Age of Reason," in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Christians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton—both of whom were Unitarians, and therefore not Christians—proceeded: "Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of

comparative seclusion, since men, the greatest and most distinguished, both as philosophers, and as monarchs, have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue, that he was called Julian the *Apostle!*"

STAR CHAMBER PROCESS.

THE process of the Star Chamber might anciently be served in any place. In Catholic times, the market, or the church, seems to have been the usual place for service. We find a corroboration of this practice in the mention of a case which occurred in the second year of Henry VIII., in which one Cheesman was committed to prison for contempt of court, in drawing his sword upon a messenger who served process upon him in the church of Esterford, in Essex. The practice of wearing swords during divine service is ancient; and in Poland, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was the custom for gentlemen to draw their swords at church, during the repetition of the creed, by way of testifying their zeal for the faith.

FIGHTING CHANCELLORS.

THE duties of the early chancellors were not always very consistent with our circumscribed notions of the sedate and pacific avocations of these dignified functionaries. We should read with surprise, possibly, of Lord Lyndhurst having started abruptly, during the

hearing of a cause, for the Banks of the Sutlej, to lead our gallant Indian army to the capture of Lahore; or of Lord Cottenham eagerly accepting the command of a naval squadron destined to solve the puzzle of Oregon by the bombardment of New York. But Turkulet, the grandson of Alfred, and the first English chancellor with whom we can be said to be really acquainted, proved, at the head of the citizens of London, on a stout battle-field, that the sword of justice in the hands of the chancellor may not rust in the scabbard. And so did several of his successors. One of them, in fact, Sir John Bourchier, the first lay-chancellor, was a soldier, who, "on great occasions," Lord Campbell slily writes, "notwithstanding his inexperience, attended in person, and decided according to his notions of law and equity." The valorous Bourchier, however, sat uneasily on the woolsack; and about ten months after his elevation was dismissed from the office of chancellor, which was then conferred on the first regularly-bred common lawyer who ever attained that eminence in England.

NECESSITY OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Warren, in his volume on the "Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors," in illustration of the necessity of a liberal education for successful practice in the law, relates a case which occurred not many years ago, which, literally, made the fortune of an able attorney, unexpectedly consulted in consequence of the incompetency of the gentleman who had been first engaged; and who fell into a withering despondency, through

the desertion, surely a justifiable and compulsory one, of his distinguished client. Mr. Warren had this from the lay-client himself, a gentleman whose eminent name is extensively known. One expression of his was very striking. Speaking of his former adviser, he said, "Poor fellow, my case was *too big* for him. He is a very worthy, honourable man, but not educated quite up to the mark."

EXCUSE FOR LIBEL.

The following odd satire was read in the Court of King's Bench, in 1783, upon a trial for defamation :— "An artist very much admires the picture of the reverend Parson Clarke, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length, in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his dog. He thinks, however, that the tree wants *execution*, and that the painter has not done *justice* to the *dog*." Lord Mansfield, before whom the case was tried, observed that "he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit."

LEGAL PEARL DIVERS.

Every barrister can shake his head; and too often, as in Sheridan's Lord Burghley, it is the only proof he vouchsafes of his wisdom. Curran used to call these fellows, "legal pearl divers." "You may observe them," he would say, "their heads barely under water, their eyes shut, and an index floating behind them, displaying the precise degree of their purity and their depth."

CHANCELLOR'S SALARY AND PROVISIONS.

The Great Seal of England, when not in the king's own custody, was formerly, as now, entrusted to the Chancellor, whose salary, as fixed by Henry I., amounted to five shillings per diem, besides a "livery" of provisions; and the allowance of one pint and a half, or perhaps a quart, of claret; one "gross wax-lights," and forty candle-ends, to enable the Chancellor to carry on his housekeeping, may be considered as a curious exemplification of primitive temperance and economy.

CHANGING NAMES.

Thomas Knight, Esq., whose paternal name was Brodnax, which, very early in life, he changed for that of May, afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II., took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of parliament to get up in the house and propose "a general bill to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased."

ORIGIN OF SOLICITORS.

This branch of legal practice seems to have arisen, in great part, out of the suits in the Star Chamber. In its origin, the calling appears to have been of doubtful legality, and their character not over good. Time has, at any event, established their right to practise, whatever may have been its effect upon their characters. "In our age," says Hudson (a barrister of Gray's Inn, in the reign of Charles I.), "there are stepped up a new sort of people called solicitors, unknown to the records

of the law, who, like the grasshoppers in Egypt, devour the whole land; and there, I dare say, (being authorized by the opinion of the most reverend and learned Lord Chancellor that ever was before him,) were express maintainers, and could not justify their maintenance upon any action brought; I mean not where a lord or gentleman employed his servant to solicit his cause, for he may justify his doing thereof; but I mean those which are common solicitors of causes, and set up a new profession, not being allowed in any court, or, at least, not in this court, where they follow causes; and these are the retainers of causes, and devourers of men's estates by contention and prolonging suits to make them without end."—*Treatise upon the Star Chamber.*

ATTORNEY-GENERALSHIP.

Of all legal offices in the gift of the crown, that of Attorney-General is, perhaps, least to be coveted; he is, indeed, looked upon as a sort of ministerial spy, and an informer, though of high rank, whose business it is to ferret out and prosecute all who, either by their actions or writings, are endeavouring to displace the personages to whom he is indebted for his situation, or who are attempting to promote any reform in the system they support. Sir Samuel Shepherd, when Attorney-General, seemed to feel very acutely the irksomeness of his situation, upon more occasions than one. Mr. Wooler, in the course of his trials on two *ex officio* informations, asserted that the Attorney-General had been obliged to obey the orders of minis-

ters, his *masters*—but Sir Samuel Shepherd interrupted him with the words, "Sir, I have no masters!" The same sort of thing, we believe, happened when Hone was before the Court of King's Bench.

STAR CHAMBER SUBPŒNAS.

STRICTLY, no subpœna could be issued in the Star Chamber until a bill of complaint had been filed with the Clerk of the Council. But it seems that this practice was at one time relaxed; and the consequence was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors, who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the furthest parts of the north, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpœnas to vex their neighbours, who, rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, although there were no colour of complaint against them."

A HOPEFUL POSITION.

LORD MANSFIELD being told of the following motto on the coach of a very eminent quack—"*A numine salus*," thus translated it, "*God help* the patient."

LIVELY RETORT.

MR. GARROW, in examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam,

be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

MARKETING CHIEF JUSTICE.

Mr. Stuart, in his work on North America, tells us that it is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies; and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. "I have," says Mr. Stuart, "again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I heard, at Richmond, of Chief Justice Marshal, the head of the law-courts, frequently carrying home his dinner from market."

LORD ELDON AND JOSEPH HUME.

On the presentation of the report of the commission of inquiry into the Court of Chancery, on a petition being presented to the House of Commons from a person very properly committed for a contempt of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Joseph Hume, sometimes more zealous than discreet, created a strong feeling in favour of the Chancellor, by declaring that "the greatest curse which ever fell on any nation was to have such a Chancellor and such a Court of Chancery." The Chancellor, rather pleased with this attack, treated it thus merrily in a letter to Lord Encombe:—"You see Mr. Hume called your grandfather *a curse to the country*. He dignified also the quietest, meekest man

in the country, with the title of a *a firebrand, i. e.* the Bishop of London. I met the Bishop at the Exhibition, and as it happened to be an uncommonly cold day, in this most unusually cold weather, I told him that *the curse of the country* was so very cold that I hoped he would allow him to keep himself warm by sitting next to the *firebrand;* and so we laughed, and amused ourselves with this fellow's impertinence."—*Lord Campbell.*

COUNSEL.

The following epigrammatic description of the voices of the four leading counsel of the Court of King's Bench, was handed about among the younkers, in the year 1817 :—

> "*Scarlett* neighs like a stallion; and *Marryatt*
> Barks out his short words like a dog;
> *Gurney* looks like and talks like a parrot;
> *Topping* croaks between raven and frog !"

This is, of course, not given because it is by any means true to the full extent, but because it is sufficiently true to be characteristic.

DUNNING, LORD ASHBURTON.

When it was the custom for barristers to leave chambers early, and to finish their evenings in the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the inns of court, Lord Thurlow, on some occasion, wanted to see Dunning privately. He went to the coffee-house frequented by him, and asked a waiter if Mr. Dunning was there. The waiter, who was new in his place, said he did not know him. "Not know him?" exclaimed Thurlow,

with his usual oath: "Go in to the room up stairs, and if you see any gentleman like the *knave of clubs*, tell him he is particularly wanted." The waiter went up, and forthwith re-appeared, followed by Dunning.

WILLIAM HONE'S THREE TRIALS.

These Trials are amongst the most remarkable in our constitutional history. Hone, it will be recollected, defended himself in person. On the first day, December 18, 1817, he spoke six hours; on the second, seven hours; and on the last, eight hours. His pertinacity in reading parodies in support of his defence was wonderful. It was in vain that the Attorney-General, (Sir Samuel Shepherd,) urged, that to bring forward any previous parody was the same thing as if a person charged with obscenity should produce obscene volumes in his defence. It was in vain that Mr. Justice Abbott repeated his wish that the defendant would not read such things. On he went till interruption was held to be in vain. Hone replied to Mr. Justice Abbott, "My lord, your lordship's observation is in the very spirit of what Pope Leo the Tenth said to Martin Luther—'For God's sake, don't say a word about the indulgences and the monasteries, and I will give you a living;'—thus precluding him from mentioning the very thing in dispute. I must go on with these parodies, or I cannot go on with my defence." "Undoubtedly," he went on, "the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* was a parodist,—he parodied a chapter of Ezekiel. Martin Luther was a parodist; he parodied

the first Psalm. Bishop Latimer was a parodist, and so was Dr. Boys, Dean of Canterbury. The author of *The Rolliad* was a parodist, and so was Mr. Canning." During the trial, on one occasion, Mr. Justice Abbott asked Hone to forbear reading a particular parody; and the defendant said, "Your lordship and I understand each other, and we have gone on so good humouredly hitherto, that I will not break in upon our harmony."

Before the third trial, the Attorney-General remarked Hone's exhausted appearance, and offered to postpone the proceedings; but Hone preferred to go on. Before commencing his defence, he asked for five minutes' delay to arrange the few thoughts he had been committing to paper. The judge refused this small concession, but said he would postpone the proceedings to another day, if the defendant would request the Court so to do. The scene which ensued was thoroughly dramatic. "No! I make no such request. My lord, I am very glad to see your lordship here to-day, because I feel I sustained an injury from your lordship yesterday—an injury which I did not expect to sustain. * * If his lordship should think proper on this trial-day to deliver his opinion, I hope that opinion will be coolly and dispassionately expressed by his lordship. * * My lord, I think it necessary to make a stand here. I cannot say what your lordship may consider to be necessary interruption; but your lordship interrupted me a great many times yesterday, and then said you would interrupt me no more; and yet your lordship did interrupt

me afterwards ten times as much. * * Gentlemen, it is you who are trying me to-day. You are my judges, and you only are my judges. His lordship sits there to receive your verdict. * * I will not say what his lordship did yesterday; but I trust his lordship to-day will give his opinion coolly and dispassionately, without using either expression or gesture which could be construed as conveying an entreaty to the jury to think as he did. I hope the jury will not be beseeched into a verdict of guilty." The triumph of the weak over the powerful was complete. "The frame of adamant, and the soul of fire," as the biographer of Lord Sidmouth terms the Chief Justice, quailed before the indomitable courage of a man who was roused into energies which would seem only to belong to the master-spirits that have swayed the world.

It was towards the close of this remarkable trial that the judge, who came eager to condemn, sued for pity to his intended victim. The defendant quoted Warburton and Tillotson as doubters of the authenticity of the Athanasian creed. "Even his lordship's father, the Bishop of Carlisle, he believed, took a similar view of the creed." And then the judge solemnly said, "Whatever that opinion was, he was gone several years ago where he has had to account for his belief and his opinions. * * For common delicacy, forbear!" "O, my lord, I shall certainly forbear!" Grave and temperate was the charge to the jury this day; and in twenty minutes they returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Yet, Hone was a man who, in the ordinary business of life, was incapable of enterprise and persever-

ing exertion ; who lived in the nooks and corners of his antiquarianism ; who was one that even his old political opponents came to regard as a gentle and innocuous hunter after all such reading as was never read ; who in a few years gave up his politics altogether, and devoted himself to his old poetry, and his old divinity, passed a quarter of a century after that conflict in peace with all mankind, and died the sub-editor of a religious journal.*

THE RECORDER'S WATCH.

Sir John Sylvester, Recorder of London, was one day robbed of his watch, by a thief whom he tried at the Old Bailey for petty larceny. During the trial, Sir John happened to say, aloud, that he had forgot to bring his watch with him. The thief being acquitted for want of evidence, went with the Recorder's love to Lady Sylvester, and requested that she would immediately send his watch to him by a constable he had ordered to fetch it. The lie succeeded, and the thief got the watch.

NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Some little time ago, relates Mr. Warren, in his Lectures on the Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors, a gentleman in Yorkshire was so displeased by the marriage of his daughter, an only child, that he totally disinherited her; leaving the whole of her fortune to his attorney, and two other gentlemen, none of whom

* Abridged from the History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. By C. Knight.

were related to or connected with him. What did this attorney? As soon as he was aware of what the testator had done, which was not till after his death, the attorney called together his two co-legatees, and succeeded in prevailing upon them to give up their respective shares of the property, the whole of which he forthwith settled on the testator's cruelly injured daughter, and her children.

In consequence of a very urgent request, Mr. Warren wrote to the attorney, who lives not very far from Barnsley, in Yorkshire, to inquire if his name might be publicly mentioned in the account of the transaction; but this he declined, modestly adding, "I do not wish my conduct on the occasion in question to be considered so much to my credit, as it appears you have kindly held out; for I assure you I know many men of our profession who would have acted as I did, under like circumstances." He then gave a very interesting account of the transaction in question.

AN ORCHESTRA IN COURT.

On a certain occasion, when Charles Bannister, the father of the well-known Jack, was under examination as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice retiring, caused a temporary suspension of the proceedings. One of the learned counsel, by way of pleasantry, asked Charles for a song. "With all my heart," he answered, "if I can have an accompaniment." The barrister replied, that he had no music there. "I wonder at that," said Charles, "for you seem to have the band under your nose."

RIGMAROLE.

A CERTAIN eminent leading counsel is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness: —"Now, pray, listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please; and, remember, I don't care a rush what you answer," &c. Lord Brougham, somewhat weary of these persecutions, resolved to mortify the utterer of them; and one day meeting him in the street, thus accosted him—"Ha! is it you, C——? Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer what you please; and, remember, I don't care a rush what you answer. *How are you?*"

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

LORD TENTERDEN, before the labour of his judicial functions engrossed the whole of his time, took an active part in the administration of the affairs of the Foundling Hospital, and wrote the following verses, to be set to music, and sung at the commemorative festival of the Governors:—

The ship sail'd smoothly o'er the sea,
By gentle breezes fann'd,
When Coram, musing at the helm,
This happy fabric plann'd;
Not in the schools by sages taught
To woo fair virtue's form;
But nurs'd on danger's flinty lap,
And tutor'd by the storm!

When threat'ning tempests round him raged,
And swelling billows heav'd,
His bark a wretched orphan seem'd,
Of aid and hope bereav'd.

If through the clouds a golden gleam
Broke sweetly from above,
He bless'd the smiling emblem there
Of charity and love.
Around the glowing land he spread
Warm pity's magic spell;
And tender bosoms learn'd from him
With softer sighs to swell.
Beauty and wealth, and wit and power,
Their various aid combin'd;
And angels smil'd upon the work
That Coram had design'd.
Virtue and meekness mark'd his face
With characters benign;
And Hogarth's colours yet display
The lineaments divine.
Our ground his ashes sanctify,
Our songs his praise employs;
His spirit with the blest above
Its full reward enjoys!" *

Lord Tenterden lies buried in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital; in the course of the inscription written on his Lordship, he is stated to have been "born in very humble station, of a father who was prudent, and a mother who was pious." After enumerating the offices he filled, the memorialist adds, "Learn, reader, how much in this country may, under the blessing of God, be attained by honest industry."

PRESSING TO DEATH.

This barbarous punishment was inflicted so lately as the year 1735, when, at the Sussex assizes, a man who pretended to be dumb and lame, was indicted for murder and robbery. He had been taken up on suspicion; several spots of blood, and part of the stolen property,

* Brownlow's Memoranda of the Foundling Hospital.

being found upon him. When he was put to the bar, he would not speak or plead, though often urged to it. The sentence to be inflicted upon such as stand mute was read to him in vain. Four or five persons in court swore that they had heard him speak, and the boy who was his accomplice, and was apprehended, was there as a witness against him; yet he continued mute. He was accordingly carried back to Horsham Gaol, to be *pressed to death*, if he would not plead. The punishment was thus inflicted:—first was lain upon him one hundred weight, then one hundred more, and still he continued obstinate; another hundred was added, and yet he would not speak; then 50lbs. more, when he appeared in the agonies of death; and the executioner, who weighed between sixteen and seventeen stone, laid himself upon the board whereon the weights were placed, and killed the poor creature instantly.

FALL OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

What an idea of the dismantling of our nature is conveyed in these few words, which Roper, Sir Thomas More's son-in-law, relates of him. He had seen Henry VIII. walking round the Chancellor's garden at Chelsea, with his arm round More's neck, and could not help congratulating him on being the object of so much kindness. "I thank our lord," said More; "I find his grace my very good lord, indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject in this realm. However, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head

would win a castle in France, it would not fail to be struck off." And so it proved. This great man was beheaded in 1535, for refusing to take the oath which acknowledged the king's supremacy. After the attainder of Sir Thomas, Henry VIII. seized upon all his possessions, without any regard to his widow and family, whom he left so poor, that his great grandson says they had not money wherewith to buy More a winding-sheet!

THE FAMILY SUIT.

THE son-in-law of a Chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstacy to inform him, that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit," exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife; and, with the exercise of common prudence, it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grandchildren."

LAW REFORM.

MANY years since, when the reform of the law was first agitated, the following anecdotic and eloquent remarks appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*:—

"Thanks unto our ancestors, there is now no *Star*

Chamber before whom may be summoned either the scholar, whose learning offends the bishops, by disproving incidentally the divine nature of tithes—or the counsellor, who gives his client an opinion against some assumed prerogative. There is no *High Commission Court* to throw into a jail, until his dying day, at the instigation of a Bancroft, the bencher, who shall move for the discharge of an English subject from imprisonment contrary to law. It is no longer the duty of a Privy Councillor to seize the suspected volume of an antiquary, or plunder the pen of an ex-chief justice whilst lying on his death-bed. *Government licencers of the press* are gone, whose infamous perversion of the writings of other lawyers will cause no future Hale to leave behind him orders, expressly prohibiting the posthumous publication of his legal MSS., lest the sanctity of his name should be abused, to the destruction of those laws of which he had been long the venerable and living image. An advocate of the present day need not absolutely withdraw (as Sir Thomas More is reported to have done prudently for a time,) from his profession, because the Crown had taken umbrage at his discharge of a public duty.

"It is, however, flattery and self-delusion to imagine that the lust of power, and the weaknesses of human nature, have been put down by the Bill of Rights; and that our forefathers have left nothing to be done by their descendants. The violence of former times is, indeed, no longer practicable; but the spirit which led to these excesses can never die: it changes its aspects and its instruments with circumstances, and takes the

shape and character of its age. The risks and temptations of the profession at the present day are quite as dangerous to its usefulness, its dignity, and its virtue, as the shears and branding-irons that frightened every barrister from signing Prynne's defence, or the writ that sent Maynard to the Tower.

ECCENTRIC EPITAPH.

Richmond Church contains a monument, with a whimsical epitaph, to the memory of Robert Lawes, Esq., who, though a barrister, "was so great a lover of peace, that when a contention arose between Life and Death, he immediately yielded up the ghost to end the dispute." This pacific gentleman would appear to have chosen the wrong profession.

LORD ELLESMERE'S GENEALOGY.

Lord Ellesmere, who was made Keeper of the Seals in the 38th of Queen Elizabeth, was the son of a servant girl, named Sparkes, who had lived with his father, Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was compelled to beg for her support; when a neighbouring gentleman, a friend of Sir Richard, saw her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and traced in it the lineaments of the heartless knight. He accordingly went to Sir Richard, and urged upon him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as he was, to wander from door to door. Sir Richard was touched with the reproof, took the child home, and, by a proper education, laid the foundation

of his future fortune. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says: that "surely Christendom afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenance than Sir Thomas Egerton; insomuch that many who have gone to the Chancery on purpose to see his venerable aspect and garb, were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle."

LORD ERSKINE'S ECCENTRICITY.

Lord Erskine, when Chancellor, seated on the woolsack, at the prorogation of parliament, happening to see his old friend, Æneas Morrison, below the bar, sent one of the messengers, with his card to him, on which his lordship had sketched with a pencil the figure of a turtle, and written under it, "Ready at half-past six to-morrow; come?"

THE CHANCELLOR'S PURSE.

Lady Hardwicke, the wife of the Chancellor, loved money as well as his lordship did, and what he got, she saved. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during Hardwicke's time, every year. Lady Harwicke took care that it should not become the Seal-bearer's perquisite, for she annually retained the purse herself; having previously ordered that the velvet of which it was made should be of the length of the height of one of the state-rooms at Wimpole, Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire.* So many of

* Wimpole is the finest seat in the county, and lies to the south-west of Cambridge. It was the property of Harley, Earl of Oxford, son of the celebrated Treasurer, when, about 1740, it

the old purses were thus saved, that Lady Hardwicke had enough velvet to hang the state-room throughout, and make curtains for the state-bed.

"I'LL GO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER TO SERVE YOU."

The origin of this saying is as follows:—The Bishop of Rochester possessed, before the Conquest, the manor of Southfleet, in Kent, and, as was not unusual in these times, the court of Southfleet had the power of trying and executing felons. The jurisdiction extended not only to acts of felony done within the village, but also over criminals apprehended in the adjoining county. An instance, in the year 1200, is mentioned by Blount, in his "Ancient Tenures." Two women had stolen some clothes in Croindene (Croydon), and the officers of that place having pursued them to Southfleet, they were imprisoned and tried by the Lord Henry de Cobham, and other discreet men of the country, who adjudged them to undergo the fire ordeal, or examination of the hot iron. By this test, one of them was exculpated, and the other condemned. The two chief species of ordeal were those of fire and water. Both might be performed by deputy; but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporeal pain for hire, or, perhaps, friendship. "This," says

was purchased by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. The church of the village of Wimpole was rebuilt by Lord Hardwicke: it contains a superb monument of his lordship, together with various memorials of the family.

Blackstone, "is still expressed in that common form of speech of going through fire and water to serve another." Hale tells us, "In the time of King John, the purgation *per ignem et aquam*, or the trial by ordeal, continued; but it ended with this king."

A JEST'S PROSPERITY.

Henry Erskine was a great wit; Lord Swinton, a great arithmetician. Ungenial in everything save the study of the law, they were nevertheless bosom friends. His lordship late in life became deaf; and from this defect missed the innumerable scintillations with which Erskine was wont "to set the table in a roar." On these occasions, his lordship would scan the circle of bright and happy faces, and artlessly inquire, "Is that something good my friend Harry has said?" "Yes, my lord; very, very good." "Oh, the wag! ha! ha! ha!" And, as the merriment increased, "Is that another thing of my friend Harry's?" "Yes, my lord, better and better." "Oh, the wag! ha! ha! ha!"—suiting the action to the word, and fairly outlaughing the loudest of the company.

STEALING "THE WORD."

When Lord Norbury was once presiding in one of the Irish criminal courts, the Registrar complained that the witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his lordship; "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of

the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

THE SHIP-MONEY CASE.

According to Whitelocke, (says Lord Nugent,) Chief Justice Coke was preparing, against his own conscience and conviction, to give judgment for the King, (in the memorable case of Ship-money,) when he was reproached for his baseness by his wife. This noble lady cast the shield of her feminine virtue before the honour of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery, which is so often found in the purest and brightest of her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty, at any risk to herself or her children; and she prevailed.

CURIOUS PORTRAIT.

A correspondent of the *Entomological Magazine* (vol. i. p. 518) states, that "on the reverse of *Hipparchia Janira*, (a butterfly,) may be traced a very tolerably defined profile, and some specimens, no very bad likeness, of Lord Brougham.

CHARLES PHILLIPS'S PORTRAIT OF CURRAN.

"I caught the first glimpse of the little man," says Mr. Phillips, "through the vista of his garden. There he was. On a third time afterwards, I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from

his tipstaff; his hands on his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon; and the important step, and the eternal attitude, only varied by the pause, during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room; it was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me, he took me by the hand, said he would not have any one introduce me; and with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarized me at the Priory. I had often seen Curran, often heard him, often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched upon everything, and seemed as if he had created it: he mastered the human heart with the same ease as he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift, that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence it himself. Curran had no conversational rule whatever; he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the

urbanity of his demeanour. At the time I speak of, he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him; he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

We quote this from Mr. Phillips's "Recollections of Curran and some of his Contemporaries," which Lord Brougham has very justly described as "one of the most extraordinary pieces of biography ever produced. Nothing can be more lively and picturesque than its representation of the famous original. The reader of it can hardly be said not to have personally known Curran and Curran's contemporaries. It has been justly said of this admirable work, that it is Boswell *minus* Bozzy." *

A LORD CHANCELLOR'S FOOL.

William Mountfort, the actor and dramatic author, was also a great mimic, and was retained by Lord Chancellor Jefferies in his household, in a capacity corresponding with the olden "fool." At an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, in 1685, Jefferies called for Mountfort to divert the company, as his lordship was pleased to call it. "He being an excellent mimic," says Sir John Reresby, "my lord made him plead before him in a feigned cause, in which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, in their action and gesture

* Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. This delightful work may now be bought in six volumes, for as few shillings.

of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself; which to me, (says the narrator,) did not seem altogether prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law: diverting it certainly was; but prudent in the Lord High Chancellor I shall never think it." After the fall of Jefferies, Mountfort returned to the stage.

In our day, this freak of low humour has been practised with the approbation of audiences of a certain calibre: we allude to the "Judge and Jury" farce enacted at the night tavern opposite Covent-garden Theatre.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

Sir Charles Wetherell was a tall man, with a considerable stoop, and a swing in his gait—his face was intelligent and rather remarkable; the forehead expansive, the eyes not large, but expressive of humour; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice was good but not musical, and his manner was sometimes calm and impressive; but, for the greatest part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, were attended by a whimsicality, which was the most distinguished feature of his manner as an advocate.

His oratory was a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument with out-of-the-way irrelevancy, or what seemed irrelevant, until he, by some odd application, which no one under heaven but himself could have thought of, contrived to connect it with his argument. His violent excitement about

matters of dry equity was of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning, we find they all combine to make his character for eccentricity as a chancery barrister.

When he went forth into the street, he was even more strange than in court. He wore clothes that seemed to have been suddenly "grabbed" from some shop-window in Monmouth-street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorned the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wore a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, were wont to sink below the ordinary level. His inside coat was old, his outside one of great antiquity, and commonly flew behind him in the breeze, while he strode along, muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches pockets; his cravat seemed as if it had not been folded, but rolled up, and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest; he wore huge shoes, tied with great black tapes, or what would have been black, except that, like his hat, the vicissitudes of time had turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume, he moved along, cheery and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognised by others, who said, "There goes honest Charley Wetherell."

Many stories are told of the strange way in which

he lived in chambers, when it was not his custom to come to court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet; and sometimes, when a person would come in after he had commenced shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and perhaps be found in the evening with a *crust* of lather upon his face, which had remained from the morning without his being conscious of it.

CURRAN'S LUCKY BRIEF.

When Curran lived upon Hog Hill, he used to say that his wife and children were the chief furniture of his apartments; and as to his rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National Debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth she was determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of gradation, except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. One morning, Curran walked out to avoid the usual altercation upon this subject; and with a mind in no very enviable temperament, he fell into the gloom, to which, from his infancy, he had been occasionally subject. He had a family for whom he had no dinner; and a landlady for whom he had no rent. He had gone abroad in despondence; he returned home in desperation! When he opened the door of his study, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of Robert Lyons

marked on the back of it. Curran instantly paid his landlady, bought a dinner, gave Robert Lyons a share of it; and from that dinner dated the barrister's prosperity.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man, (at the fists at least,) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming most vehemently, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which, Yelverton rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

EMINENT LAWYERS, AND THEIR INNS OF COURT.

In 1578, Sir Edward Coke was reader of Lyon's Inn; in 1602, Selden became a member of Clifford's Inn; in 1629, Sir Matthew Hale was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn; in 1665, North (Lord Keeper Guildford) was admitted a student of the Middle Temple; Jefferies studied in the Inner Temple, with an income of 50*l.*; Somers studied in the Temple, and in the early years of his practice netted 700*l.* per annum—a very considerable sum at that period; Murray lived at No. 5, King's Bench Walk. "When he first came to town," says Johnson, "he drank champagne with the wits." Pope had all the warmth of affection for Murray: one of his biographers tells us that "one

day he was surprised by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who took the liberty of entering his room without the ceremonious introduction of a servant, in the singular act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, while Pope sat by in the character of a friendly preceptor."

Blackstone entered the Middle Temple in 1741. Lord Thurlow was not proud of his ancestry; for he says: "There were two Thurlows in my country—Thurlow the secretary, and Thurlow the carrier; I am descended from the latter." He was of the Inner Temple, and was so poor as to commence his circuit without the means of discharging the necessary expenses of the first stage; and he once contrived to reach the assize town by taking a horse upon trial. He had a duel in Kensington Gardens with Mr. Andrew Stewart, who observed, that "Thurlow advanced, and stood up to him like an elephant."

Of the early part of Mr. Dunning's life few details have been preserved. The assistance afforded him by his father being necessarily very small, he was compelled, while a student, to live in the most economical manner. At this period of life, his intimate friends were Mr. Kenyon, afterwards Lord Kenyon; and the celebrated Horne Tooke, then, like himself, a student of the law.

Sir William Jones was admitted of the Temple in 1770. Dr. Thackeray, his master at Harrow, said: "So active was the mind of Jones, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches."

Erskine first went to sea, then changed to the army; and when with his regiment in Minorca, not only read prayers, but preached two sermons. On his return to England, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn.

Sir Samuel Romilly studied at Gray's Inn.

PUNCTILIOUS ECONOMY.

Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of James II. and William III., was a rare economist. While dining one day by himself at the Rolls, and quietly enjoying his wine, his cousin Roderic Lloyd was unexpectedly introduced to him by a side door. "You rascal," said Trevor to his servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth,—you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was conducted down one and up the other pair of stairs, his Honour Sir John Trevor removed the bottle and glasses!

CURIOUS WITCHCRAFT TRIAL.

Lord Keeper Guildford was, says his biographer, "very good at waylaying the craft of counsel; for he, as they say, had been in the oven himself, and knew

where to look for the pasty." Upon one difficult occasion, his conduct on the bench was entitled to the highest commendation.

"At Taunton Dean," says Roger North, "he was forced to try an old man for a wizard; and for the curiosity of observing the state of a male witch or wizard, I attended in the court, and sat near where the poor man stood. The evidence against him was—the having bewitched a girl of about thirteen years old; for she had strange and unaccountable fits; and used to cry out upon him, and spit out of her mouth straight pins; and whenever the man was brought near her, she fell in her fits, and spat forth straight pins. His lordship wondered at the straight pins, which could not be so well couched in the mouth as crooked ones; for such only used to be spat out by people bewitched. He examined the witnesses very tenderly and carefully, and so as none could collect what his opinion was; for he was fearful of the jurymen's precipitancy, if he gave them any offence.

"When the poor man was told he must answer for himself, he entered upon a defence as orderly and well expressed as I ever heard spoke by any man, counsel or other; and if the Attorney-General had been his advocate, I am sure he could not have done it more sensibly. The sum of it was malice, threatening, and circumstances of importance in the girl; to which matter he called his witnesses, and they were heard. After this was done, the judge was not satisfied to direct the jury before the imposture was fully declared; but studied and beat the bush awhile, ask-

ing sometimes one and then another question, as he thought proper. At length, he turned to the justice of peace that committed the man, and took the first examinations. 'And, sir,' said he, 'pray will you ingenuously declare your thoughts, if you have any, touching these straight pins which the girl spit, for you saw her in her fit?' 'Then, my lord,' said he, 'I did not know that I might concern myself in this evidence, having taken the examination and committed the man; but since your lordship demands it, I must needs say, I think the girl, doubting herself in a fit, as being convulsed, bent her head down close to her stomacher, and with her mouth took pins out of the edge of that; and then, righting herself a little, spat them into some bystander's hands!' This cast an universal satisfaction upon the minds of the whole audience, and the man was acquitted.

"As the judge went down stairs out of the court, an hideous old woman cried, 'God bless your lordship!' 'What's the matter, good woman?' said the judge. 'My lord,' said she, 'forty years ago, they would have hanged me for a witch, and they could not, and now they would have hanged my poor son.'"

A MONOMANIAC.

It is very well known that, by the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind, and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord-Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought

to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hands, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his lordship. He forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel!*"

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AT BOMBAY.

Sir James Mackintosh was lamentably thrown away on such society as that of Bombay. Accustomed to lead in the conversations of the conversation-men of the metropolis—such as Sharpe, Rogers, Dumont—he found himself transplanted amongst those who afforded a sad and bitter contrast. It was like Goethe's oak-plant, with its giant fibres, compressed within the dimensions of a flower-pot. On the third day after his arrival, most forcibly was he reminded of the contrast, when one of the council, the conversation turning upon quadrupeds, addressing him, inquired, what was a quadruped? It was the same sagacious

Solomon who asked him for the loan of some book in which he could find a good account of Julius Cæsar. Mackintosh jocosely took down a volume of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, in which mention is made of a Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the time of Charles I. The wiseacre actually took the book home with him, and after some days brought it back to Sir James, remarking that he was disappointed on finding that the book referred to Julius Cæsar only as a lawgiver, without the slightest mention of his military exploits!

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

Sir John Trevor, whose meanness we have just noticed, was cousin to Lord-Chancellor Jefferies, and seems to have been nearly as notoriously corrupt. He was twice Speaker of the House of Commons, and officially had the mortification to put the question to the House, "whether himself ought to be expelled for bribery?" The answer was "Yes."

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

In 1621, Mr. Edward Floyde was punished by the House of Commons for scoffing at the Elector and Electress Palatine; it being adjudged that they, being the son-in-law and daughter of the King, the head of the parliament, any reflections upon them were a breach of the undoubted privileges of the house. The sentence is thus reported:—"1. Not to bear arms as a gentleman, nor be a competent witness in any court of justice. 2. To ride with his face to

the horse's tail, to stand on the pillory, and his ears nailed, &c. 3. To be whipped at the cart's tail. 4. To be fined in 5000*l.* 5. To be perpetually imprisoned in Newgate. It was put to the question first, whether Floyde should be whipped or not, which some lords doubted to yield to, because he was a gentleman; yet it was agreed, *per plures*, that he shall be whipped. Then it was put to the question, whether Floyde's ears shall be nailed to the pillory or not, and agreed, *per plures*, not to be nailed."

Members were formerly exposed to a somewhat distressing exercise of authority:—"In 1626, Mr. Moor was sent to the Tower *for speaking out of season.* Sir William Widdrington and Sir Herbert Price, sent to the Tower for bringing in candles against the desire of the House." (*Dwarris on Statutes.*)

If ancient precedents were to be revived and acted upon, a good many modern orators might speedily find themselves in the same predicament as Mr. Moor.

FITZGIBBON AND THE FEE.

An odd story is told of Fitzgibbon, of the Irish bar, respecting a client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologize for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. "I assure you, Counsellor," said the client, mournfully, "I am ashamed of its smallness; but, in fact, it is all I have in the world." "Oh, then," said Fitzgibbon, "you can do no more; as it's all you have in the world—why—hem—I must *take it!*"

AMERICAN JUSTICE.

Two Quakers resident in Philadelphia, applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide the following difficulty:—*A*, uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets *B*, an insurer, and expresses a wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. *A* returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should *B* hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him. He therefore writes to *B* thus:—"Friend *B*, if thee hasn't filled up the policy, thee needsn't, for *I've heard of the ship*." "Oh! oh!" thinks *B* to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to *A*:—"Friend *A*, thee bee'st too late by half an hour—the policy is filled." *A* rubs his hands with delight. Yet *B* refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. This may be even-handed justice, though unquestionably it is an odd decision.

MACKINTOSH HOAXED.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recordership of Bombay, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two British lieutenants, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers for

the offence of lying in wait with intent to murder. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had, for that purpose, a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable that the intimation did not induce Mackintosh to take some precautions to prevent its execution,—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstance only suggested the following remarks:—"I have been credibly informed that you entertain the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence might have been spared. One of the lieutenants submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk; and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax—a highly mischievous one, indeed;—but the statement was *primâ facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credence.

MALADY SOLVED.

During the legal absence of Mr. (now Lord) Campbell, on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-dévant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Court of King's Bench, "I

thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said the judge, taking snuff. "My lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "it is whispered that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *Scarlett Fever!*"

BLUNDERING CHOICE.

"If we go to law," said a wealthy landowner to his tenant, "we go into Chancery, and out of Chancery neither of us will ever get until we get into our graves." "I am of the same opinion: I want to get into neither the one nor the other; so let us go to a reference," said the tenant; "and if the reference does not satisfy us, let the matter be settled, as usual, by an umpire." "Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that if he cannot make a decision, we shall have *umpires on both sides.*"

EXECUTION OF LORD FERRERS.

The practice of *sus per coll.*, as described in legal abbreviation, or hanging, is the only mode of putting to death ("pressing to death" excepted) known to the law of England, for all felonies short of high or petty treason. In cases of conspiracy against the state, traitors of rank were indulged with the privilege of being beheaded; but meaner offenders, besides other inflictions, were to suffer on the gallows. This distinction necessarily caused the punishment to be regarded as very ungenteel, if an expression of levity may be

allowed; and, in consequence, no respectable person, or at any rate only here and there one, would choose to be hanged.

Earl Ferrers, who was convicted of the murder of his steward, in the reign of George the Second, petitioned that he might die by the axe. This was refused. "He has done," said the old King, "de act of de bad man, and he shall die de death of de bad man." The feeling of the monarch was good; but it was rather odd that a king should seem to think the punishment of treason, called by judges "the highest crime known to the law,'" an ennobling indulgence which ought not to be extended to a simple murderer.*

* Horace Walpole tells us that two petitions from the Earl's mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. In the week previous, my Lord Keeper very good-naturedly got out of a gouty bed, to present another. The King would not hear him. "Sire," said the Keeper, "I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it, to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man." "With all my heart," said the King, "I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me." However, this grace was notified to him, and gave him great satisfaction; but, unfortunately, it appeared to be the law that it was forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the crime was committed; though, when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said—"To be sure he may, before conviction." Walpole adds:—"That wonderful creature, Lord Ferrers, made one of his keepers read Hamlet to him the night before his death, after he was in bed; paid all his bills in the morning, as if leaving an inn; and half an hour before the Sheriffs fetched him, corrected some Latin verses he had written in the Tower, in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's *Dubius sed non improbus vixi*. What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue!"

One luxury, however, Lord Ferrers is reported to have secured for the last hour of his life—a silken rope; but a more important deviation from the common mode, so far as the abridgment of bodily pain is concerned, was made on that occasion; for then it was that what is now familiarly called "the drop," was first used. Till that period, to draw a cart from beneath the culprit, or to throw him from a ladder by turning it round, after he had ascended to a certain height for the halter to be adjusted, had been the practice; but for the wretched peer a scaffold was prepared, part of the floor of which was raised eighteen inches above the rest, which, on the signal of death being given, became flat. The contrivance, however, did not very well succeed; for Horace Walpole tells us, "as the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again; and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes."

A YORKSHIRE COMPARISON.

Lord Brougham now and then relapses into a bar recollection. The following is, perhaps, his best, and as such, his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court.

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:—

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollects, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

LORD ELDON'S PREACHING.

"I BELIEVE," said Lord Eldon, "I have preached more sermons than any one who is not a clergyman. My father always had the church service read on the Sunday evenings, and a sermon after it. Harry and I used to take it in turns to read the prayers, or to preach. We always had a shirt put over our clothes to answer for the surplice."—*Twiss's Life.*

LORD THURLOW'S QUOTATION MANŒUVRE.

THE ardent zeal with which Lord Thurlow contested the great question of the Regency, led him to be guilty of an act of great disingenuousness. Dr. Watson, then Bishop of Landaff, in the course of a speech in which he supported the claims of the Prince of

Wales, incidentally cited a passage from Grotius, with regard to the definition of the word *right*. "The Chancellor, in his reply," says the Bishop, in his Memoirs, "boldly asserted that he perfectly well remembered the passage I had quoted from Grotius, and that it solely respected natural, but was inapplicable to civil, rights. Lord Loughborough, the first time I saw him after the debate, assured me that before he went to sleep that night, he looked into Grotius, and was astonished to find that the Chancellor, in contradicting me, had presumed on the ignorance of the House, and that my quotation was perfectly correct. What miserable shifts do great men submit to in supporting their parties! The Chancellor Thurlow," continues the Bishop, "was an able and upright judge, but as the Speaker of the House of Lords, he was domineering and insincere. It is said of him, that in the cabinet he opposed everything, proposed nothing, and was ready to support anything. I remember Lord Camden saying to me one night, when the Chancellor was speaking, contrary, as he thought, to his own conviction, 'There, now! I could not do that: he is supporting what he does not believe a word of.'"

SERGEANT BOND AND THE HORSE-DEALER.

The following anecdote has often appeared in print, and with various names. Sergeant Bond used to relate it, and he is to be relied on, as the unquestionable original.

"I once," Sergeant Bond used to relate, with infinite

humour, "bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had *any* fault. I therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse; so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault that he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears: 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn, at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh! pooh!' said I, 'if that's all, I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to, the Uxbridge-road.'

"It, however, so happened that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the Sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups; expecting a plunge from my horse, I struck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause in this change of his antipathies, by the landlord coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder, 'Ha! Jack,' says he, 'I am glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse

was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' 'I did not much relish this piece of information,' rejoined the Sergeant, 'but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered. I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord."

IRISH HUMOUR.

The lowest class of the Irish have more native humour than any other body of the people in the same rank of life. Fielding, the barrister, the son of the author of *Tom Jones*, used to relate the event of a bet made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's-street, then crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question. It was, "If you were put naked on the top of St. Paul's, what would you be like?" The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran away sulkily, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him, 'What should I be like,' says he; 'why, like to get could, to be sure, your honour."

"This," says the narrator, "they call mother-wit; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question, or an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding give an instance of

this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow-street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?' says he. 'To be sure I was,' said Pat, '*wasn't I born there?*' 'How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, 'with that brogue, which shows you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester.' 'I didn't say I was born there,' says he; 'I only asked your honour whether I was or not.'"

SELDEN, AND THE SCRIPTURES.

Towards the close of his life, John Selden was so thoroughly convinced of the superior value of the Holy Scriptures, as to declare that the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, afforded him more solid satisfaction than all he had ever read.

JUDICIAL HAUTEUR.

Mr. Justice Lawrence possessed the advantage of a very handsome person, accompanied with a great share of dignity of manner. His deportment was haughty; but it was one of pride unmarked with insolence. He knew what was due to the station which he filled, and he exacted the respect to which it was entitled. He crushed assumption and forward impudence by a look, and brought them down to the level

of their own insignificance. I recollect (says the narrator) an instance of this on one occasion, when I attended him as counsel on a summons. The attorney on the opposite side was a Mr. Tomlinson, a man then in extensive practice, but forward, assuming, and self-sufficient. He made some observation which offended the learned judge. He rose haughtily from his chair, and without uttering a word, fixed his eyes on Tomlinson, and waved his hand towards the door. Contempt could not have been conveyed half so expressively by any words which he could have used. Tomlinson understood his meaning, and instantly retired.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

At the St. Augustine's (Kent) Sessions, in an appeal case, a witness was asked by Sir Edward Knatchbull, to relate what took place between him and his master, which he did as follows:—"I told him he was a liar." *Chairman:* "Very improper language."—*Witness:* "Can't help that; I am come here to speak the truth, and you've got it.'

BURNING ALIVE.

Scarcely seventy years have elapsed since a girl, just turned fourteen, was condemned to be burnt alive, having been found guilty of treason as an accomplice with her master in coining; because, at his command, she had concealed some whitewashed counters behind her stays. The master was hanged. The fagots were placed ready for the girl's execution; and it was averred in the House of Commons, by Sir William

Meredith, at the time, that "the girl would have been burnt alive, on the same day, had it not been for the humane but casual interference of Lord Weymouth. Mere accident saved the nation from this crime, and the national disgrace; yet so torpid was public feeling in those days, that the law remained unaltered till the year 1790, till which time a sheriff who did not execute a sentence of this kind was liable to prosecution; though it may well be believed, no sheriff was then inhuman enough to adhere to the letter of such a law.

LORD THURLOW AND THE CURATE.

One day, when Lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Great Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living, then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the Chancellor, turning from him, with a frowning brow; "don't you see that I am busy, and can't listen to you?" The curate, in dejection, said, "he had no lord to recommend him, but the Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" replied the Chancellor; "the Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before; and so, do you hear, young man, you shall have the living;" and accordingly presented him with the same.

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE AND THE IRISHMAN.

One day an Irish militiaman was brought up before Mr. Justice Lawrence to take the benefit of the Lords' Act, by which insolvents were then discharged. The man was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at no very

distant period to have possessed goods. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The divil a bit of property," says he, "have I, at all at all." "Why, what's become of your furniture and your cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "So I had," replied the Irishman; "but I have none now." "Why, what have you done with them?" "I have signed away everything I had." "How have you assigned them?" "*I have made my will*, and given them all away." "*What! are you dead, man?*" said the judge. "No, please your honour," says Pat; "but I soon *will*, if you take everything I have to live on from me." He refused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

A LONG SERMON.

Lord Chief Baron Yelverton once went a Lent circuit, and to an assize town where one of his college contemporaries happened to be beneficed. The reverend gentleman, anxious to make a display of his zeal and talents, and at the same time show his respect for the Chief Baron, obtained permission from the Sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judge. It was in the month of March, and the weather was intensely cold; the sermon was tediously long, and the Chief Baron most annoyingly chilled. When the sermon was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit, and, seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, went to the judge, rubbing his hands, in expectation

of thanks for his discourse, and congratulation on the excellence of its delivery and matter. "Well, my lord," said he, "how did you like the sermon? "Wonderfully, my dear friend," replied Yelverton; "it passed all understanding; and I thought it would have endured for ever."

CHARLES I. AND THE LAW.

It is related by Laud, in his Diary, that when he was standing, one day, during dinner, near his unfortunate master, then Prince Charles, the Prince, who was in cheerful spirits, said, that if necessity compelled him to choose any particular profession in life, he could not be a lawyer; for, said he, "I can neither defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one."

A DISTINCTION.

Sir Thomas Jones, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Charles II. and James II., is celebrated for his reply to the latter, who consulted him on his dispensing power, and said he could soon have twelve judges of his opinion. Sir Thomas answered—"Twelve judges you may possibly find, Sire, but not twelve lawyers."

LORD BROUGHAM'S CHANCELLORSHIP.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the almost interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived everything had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before

the court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. Once, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock until half-past two, a third rose to address the court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed, "What! Mr. A——, are you really going to speak on the same side?"

"Yes, my lord, I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time."

"Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose—"then, Mr. A——, you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for really this is more than human nature can endure."

The young barrister took the hint: he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.

VARIETIES OF RULING.

When Lord Ellenborough was Attorney-General, he was one day listening with some impatience to the judgment of a learned judge, afterwards his colleague, who said, "In —— *v.* ——, I rule that," &c. "You rule!" said the Attorney-General, in a tone of suppressed indignation, loud enough to be heard, however, by many of his brethren of the bar—"You rule! you were never fit for anything but a copybook!"

CHOICE OF A JUDGE.

A CHAIRMAN of the Dublin Quarter Sessions, who was so lenient to female culprits that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided—was on one occasion absent from the chair, which was occupied by not so gallant a gentleman, when a woman was put to the bar of the Commission Court, indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to the usual form of law, the Clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial. With great disdain, she answered, "No, my lord; I'll be tried by the other judge, or not at all." The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well-known character of the absent chairman, caused a roar of laughter in the court. The chairman, about to explain the impossibility of being tried by the popular judge, said, "He can't try you," when the woman stopped him short, and with an inimitable sneer exclaimed, "Can't try me! Why, he tried me twice before." She was tried, however, and for the third time acquitted.

FORENSIC IMITATIONS.

THEY who never had seen Lord Thurlow might well imagine they had heard him, if they enjoyed access to such excellent imitators as George the Fourth and Lord Holland. As perfect a substitute for Lord Mansfield's manner was to be found in Lord Erskine. —(*Lord Brougham.*) The late Charles Mathews, in the character of "Flexible," in the farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*, gave so close an imitation of Lord Ellen-

borough, that, soon after the production of the piece, Mathews received a hint from the Lord Chamberlain's office to desist from so telling a piece of mimicry.

LORD CAMDEN'S RISE.

It was a remarkable circumstance, (says Lord Brougham,) that although Lord Camden entered the profession with all the advantages of elevated station, he was less successful in its pursuit, and came more slowly into its emoluments, than almost all others that can be mentioned, who have raised themselves to its more eminent heights, from humble and even obscure beginnings. One can hardly name any other chief judge, except Bacon himself, who was the son of a chief justice. Lord Camden's father presided in the Court of King's Bench. He himself was called to the bar in his twenty-fourth year, and he continued to await the arrival of clients—"their knocks at his door while the cock crew"—for fourteen long years; but to wait in vain. In his thirty-eighth year, he was, like Lord Eldon, on the point of retiring from Westminster Hall, and had resolved to shelter himself from the frowns of Fortune within the walls of his college, there to live upon a fellowship till a vacant living in the country should fall to his share. This resolution he communicated to his friend, Lord Henley, afterwards so well-known as Lord Keeper, and then as Lord Chancellor Northington, who vainly endeavoured to rally him out of a despondency for which, it must be confessed, there seemed good ground. He consented, however, at his friend's solicitation, to go once more the western

circuit, and through his kind offices received a brief as his junior in an important cause—offices not perhaps in those days so severely reprobated as they now are by the stern etiquette of the profession. The leader's accidental illness threw upon Mr. Pratt the conduct of the cause; and his great eloquence, and his far more important qualifications of legal knowledge and practical expertness in the management of business, at once opened for him the way to a brilliant fortune. His success was now secure.

NICE DEFINITION.

HALE, in his "Pleas of the Crown," says: "There was one arraigned before me at Cambridge for burglary, and upon the evidence it appeared he crept down a chimney: I was doubtful whether this were burglary, and so were some others: but upon examination it appeared, that in his creeping down, some of the bricks of the chimney were loosened, and fell down in the room, which put it out of the question, and direction was given to find it burglary; but the jury acquitted him of the whole fact."

A CHANCELLOR'S START IN LIFE.

THURLOW had travelled the ———— circuit for some years with little notice, and with no opportunity to put forth his abilities; when the housekeeper of the Duke of N——— was prosecuted for stealing a great deal of linen with which she had been entrusted. An attorney of little note and practice conducted the woman's case. He knew full well that he could ex-

pect no hearty co-operation in employing any of the leading counsel; it was a poor case, and a low case; and it could not be supposed that they, "the foremost men of all the bar," would set themselves "tooth and nail," against the duke, who, in himself, his agents, and his friends, made the greatest part of every high legal and political assemblage in the county. The attorney looked round, therefore, for some young barrister who had nothing to lose, and might have something to win; and he fixed upon Thurlow. Thurlow read over the brief with the highest glee, and had an interview with the prisoner. As he entered the court, he jogged a briefless one, and said, in his favourite slang language—"Neck or nothing, my boy, to-day. I'll soar or tumble!"

The opening speech of the eminent counsel for the duke, and the evidence, completely convicted the woman. The articles stolen were brought into court. When Thurlow rose to cross-examine the leading witness, before he asked a question, he merely, bending his black brows upon the man, turned round, and desired to look at the things that were said to be stolen. They were before him all the time, and were then presented to him; and, without a word, he carelessly tossed them again upon the table before him. He now closely questioned the witness, as to points of honour and honesty; then, in a minute or two, again asked to see the things. He was informed that they had already been handed to him, and that they were now before him. "I mean," said he, with well assumed ignorance, "the things that this unhappy woman is accused of having stolen." The witness, with great self-sufficiency and knowledge, as if to prove his own correctness, pointed them out upon the table before him. "And what else?" said he. He was answered that they were the whole. "And you, Mr. Witness," said he, with a sneer, "are the man of great trust, of accredited honour and honesty; and full of your own consequence, and in high feather, you come here to follow up a prosecution against a fellow-servant, and a confidential one, (you tell me,) whom

you have indicted as a felon, for taking these rags," exhibiting some cloth that happened to be torn ; "and this is the sum and substance of her offence ! And all these witnesses," pointing to a group who had pushed themselves forward, "have been brought into this honourable court, to affix the ownership of the high and mighty noble duke and duchess to these cast-off, worn-out clothes ! And here comes this fine gentleman to swear to the robber of that," holding up the garment, "which he himself would not accept as a gift ! Shame ! say I; and I am certain every one of your hearts, gentlemen of the jury, re-echo my indignant feeling. Shame ! say I, on every one of the party," pausing to give one of his looks to each individual, "that is concerned in such a business ! Why, it is more like a conspiracy against this poor destitute woman, against whom I lament to see my very honourable and learned brethren," pointing to the other counsel, "here arrayed—it is more like a conspiracy (not that my learned friends have lot, or part, or feeling in the business)—more like a conspiracy against this woman, than any the least act of felony on her part ! These clothes ! I pray you, look at them, gentlemen of the jury; these clothes !! Can you conceive, gentlemen, that if you were a Duke and Duchess of N—— you would ever have offered a housekeeper,—a woman of credit and respectability,—a fellow-servant of this fine gentleman before you—such worn-out rags as these ? Would you have thought it worthy of consideration, if such a servant had thought proper to appropriate to her own use a cart-load of such trumpery ? If the poor woman did remove out of sight such trash as this, all I say is, that she seems to have had more respect for the credit and honour of that noble house, than any of those people whose ridiculous pretensions to honesty have persecuted her, and exhibited themselves here. *Gentlemen and ladies*, witnesses ! I have done with you; you may all leave the court !"

They were all glad to take him at the first word, and in a few minutes not one of them was to be seen. "I have heard," he continued, "of the pride of a noble house and of its poverty being nearly allied; but here we have all the poverty and none of the pride !" Some one unluckily said that the things were not all in that torn state. "What !" said he, with the utmost contempt, looking to the party, "is there any one that wishes to exhibit his devoted baseness ? Let him not whisper here behind my back, but come forward, and get into the box." He paused, and had no further interruption. "To you, gentlemen of the jury, I appeal. I ask you if you have seen enough of the rags

of this noble family?" and he pulled out one of the worst pieces of the linen, and held it at arm's length, during the greater part of a taunting speech of the same kind; then throwing it away contemptuously from him,—"Away, away! I say, with these rags of the noble family of N———!"—and some one gathered up all together, and took them out of court;—"and God grant that they may never rise up in judgment against them! Poor, weak, foolish woman! she took them as her perquisite. Perquisite, indeed! her folly was her fault; for you have seen they were not worth the taking.

"Gentlemen of the jury,—I cannot believe that you will lend yourselves to such a grovelling persecution—*persecution* as this. I pause not to investigate where the evil spirit arose, in principals or agents, against this injured and calumniated female. If the great ones of our earth will disgrace themselves—if they will listen to the suggestions of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, I trust that you, more humble members of the community, will not be partakers of these evil passions. Where the prosecutor has sustained no personal fear and no personal loss, it is impossible that any offence can have been committed. You are not twelve despots sitting upon a case of high treason against the game-laws, and are to have your consciences racked to bring in a verdict of trespass, where no damage can be proved; you are not required to strain right against justice and honesty. What is the offence? How is our Lord the King or his subjects aggrieved? Those rags! I know not what the splendid household of the duke may require for matches or tinder; for this is all the value that can be attached to them. Shall we call for them back again, lest the Duke and Duchess should lose their recovered treasure? I am not disposed to dispute their right; for, even if they were the perquisite of the housekeeper, I am convinced that she would not get a farthing emolument for those tattered remnants of nobility. Of one thing I am well assured, that there is not a sufficiency of sound linen in the whole to make lint enough to cover the wound that the reputation of the noble Duke and Duchess has sustained in this disgraceful prosecution. Gentlemen, I will trouble you no further. I confidently expect your verdict."

The woman was acquitted, and from that day the powers of Thurlow, in voice, sarcasm, gesture, and all the superior intonations of brow-beating, which raised him to the most dangerous pinnacle of legal

greatness, became known, and rapidly advanced him to fame, and the grandchildren of his father to be enrolled among the established peers of the realm.*

LORD LYNDHURST'S GENEROSITY.

About fourteen years since, one of the most violent Radicals of the day addressed a long letter to Lord Lyndhurst, detailing the distressing circumstances in which he was placed through ill health, and the infirmities of old age, and soliciting charity. His lordship read the letter attentively, and handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make out a check on my bank for five pounds, for this poor man." The secretary, on looking at the signature, exclaimed, "My lord, are you aware who this man is?" "No," said his lordship; "I do not recollect having before seen the name." "Why, this is the notorious G—— J——, who has been for many years so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship." Lord Lyndhurst stretched out his hand for the letter, looked again at the contents for a few seconds, and then observed to his secretary, "Oh, never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition; get the cheque ready, and send him the money."

Several years since, when Mr. Cleave, the news-

* From "The Double Trial." In a note it is stated that the foregoing anecdote was told to the writer by the late James Burton, Esq., of Lockeridge House, a seat of the Marquess of Aylesbury's, near Marlborough. Mr. Burton married a daughter of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, by General Sloper, from whom Mr. Burton is believed to have received the account.

vendor, was tried in the Court of Exchequer on a government information, he conducted his own case, and was treated with much indulgence by Lord Lyndhurst, the judge. Cleave began his defence by observing, that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage—that "he who acted as his own counsel had a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, with great pleasantry—"ah! Mr. Cleave, don't you mind that adage; it was framed by the *lawyers*."

INDUSTRY OF LORD ELDON AND SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Mr. Wilberforce, in his very interesting Diary, published in 1839, has left us the following recollections of the indefatigability of Lord Eldon and Sir Samuel Romilly:—

"Saw Lord Eldon, and had a long talk with him on the best mode of study and discipline for the young Grants to be lawyers. The Chancellor's reply was not encouraging. 'I know no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit and work like a horse.' Eldon had just received the Great Seal, and I expressed my fears that they were bringing the King into public too soon after his late indisposition. 'You shall judge for yourself,' he answered, 'from what passed between us when I kissed hands on my appointment. The King had been conversing with me, and when I was about to retire, he said, 'Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon.' I

acknowledged his condescension, and intimated that I was ignorant of Lady Eldon's claim to such a notice. 'Yes, yes,' he answered, 'I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor.'"

"I could not forget the friendly intercourse of former days, when Sir John Scott used to be a great deal at my house. I saw much of him then, and it is no more than his due to say, that when he was Solicitor and Attorney-General under Pitt, he never fawned and flattered, as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respects himself, if he wished to be respected by others. Sir W. Scott's speech moving for leave to bring in Clergy Non-residence Bill—is a *curiosa felicitas* of language."

"One of the most remarkable things about Romilly was, that, though he had such an immense quantity of business, he always seemed an idle man. If you had not known who and what he was, you would have said, 'He is a remarkably gentleman-like pleasant man; I suppose, poor fellow, he has no business!' for he would stand at the bar of the House, and chat with you, and talk on the last novel, with which he was as well acquainted, as if he had nothing else to think about. Once, indeed, I remember coming to speak to him in court, and seeing him look fagged, and with an immense pile of papers by him. This was at a time when Lord Eldon had been reproached for having left business undischarged, and had declared that he would

get through all arrears by sitting on till the business was done. As I went up to Romilly, old Eldon saw me, and beckoned to me with as much cheerfulness and gaiety as possible. When I was alone with Romilly, and asked him how he was, he answered—'I am worn to death. Here have we been sitting on in the vacation from nine in the morning till four, and when we leave this place, I have to read through all my papers to be ready for to-morrow morning; but the most extraordinary part of all is, that Eldon, who has not only mine, but all the other part of the business to get through, is just as cheerful and untired as ever.'"

JEFFERIES AND "THE TRIMMER."

The author of the Life of Lord Guildford relates that when Jefferies was in good humour, and matters between subject and subject came before him, no one became the seat of justice better. He talked fluently and with spirit; but he could not reprove without scolding. He took great delight in mortifying those pests of society—fraudulent attorneys. A scrivener of Wapping having a case before him, one of the opponent's counsel said that he was a strange fellow—that he sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and that none could tell what to make of him, though it was rather thought that he was *a trimmer*. At this the chief-justice was instantly fired. "*A trimmer!*" said he; "I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one; come forth, Mr. Trimmer, and let me see your shape." And he treated the

poor scrivener so roughly, that when he came out of the hall he declared that he would not undergo the terrors of that man's face again to save his life.

When the Prince of Orange came over, and all was in confusion, Jefferies, being greatly obnoxious to the people, prepared to flee to the continent. For this purpose, he disguised himself in the dress of a sailor, and acting up to his assumed character, was drinking a pot of beer in a cellar, when the Wapping scrivener chanced to enter. His eye instantly caught the never-to-be-forgotten visage of the judge, and he gave a start of surprise, but said nothing. He feigned a cough, and turned away his head; the scrivener instantly went out, and apprized the crowd that he had discovered this most hated of men. The people rushed into the cellar, seized the disguised Jefferies, and carried him before the Lord Mayor, who sent him, under a strong guard, to the Lords of the Council, by whom he was committed to the Tower. He died April 18, 1689, as was believed, from the injuries which he received when taken by the scrivener and the people.

SMUGGLING A JUDGE.

Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the Reports, well known in the Scottish law under the title of "Durie's Decisions," met with the following whimsical adventure during his administration of justice. Some party, in a considerable action before the session, finding that Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship

might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men to kidnap him in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon; thence he was conveyed "to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months, (though otherwise civilly and well entertained;) during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognito, and dropped in the same place where he had been taken up."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S SEVERITY.

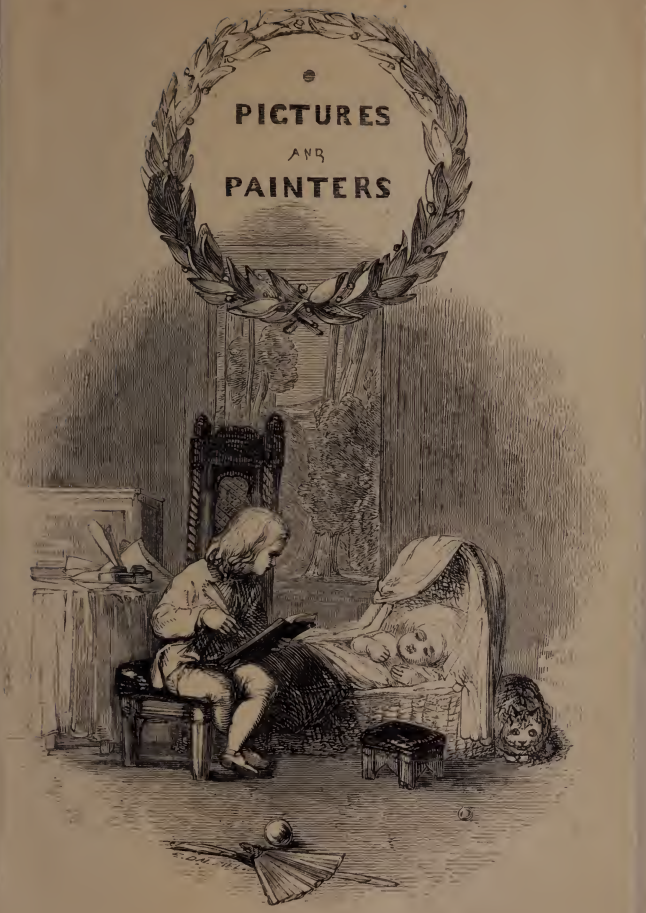
THE austere lectures which Lord Ellenborough sometimes read flippant pedantry or hopeless imbecility are often remembered and quoted with malicious glee, for they possess a character of quaint and grave sarcasm peculiar to the man. An eminent conveyancer, who prided himself on having answered thirty thousand cases, came express from the Court of Chancery to the King's Bench to argue a question of real property. Taking for granted, rather too rashly, that common lawyers are little more acquainted with the Digest of Cruise than with the laws of China, he commenced his erudite harangue by observing, "that an estate in fee-simple was the highest estate known to the law of England." "Stay, stay," interrupted the Chief Justice, with consummate gravity, "let me write that down." He wrote, and read slowly and deliberately the note which he had taken of this A B C axiom.

"An estate in fee-simple is the highest estate known to the law of England. The court, sir, is indebted to you for this information." There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony, and that was the learned counsel who incurred it. But though impervious to irony, it was impossible even for his self-love to avoid understanding the home-thrust lunged by the judge at the conclusion of his harangue. He had exhausted the year-books, and all the mysteries of real-property law in a sleepy oration, which effectually cleared the court, insensible alike to the grim repose of the bench and the yawning impatience of the ushers; when, at the close of some parenthetical and apparently interminable sentences, the clock struck four, and the judges started to their feet, he appealed to know when it would be their *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. "Mr. P.," rejoined the chief-justice, "we are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday, but *pleasure* has been long out of the question."—*Townsend's Lives of Eminent Judges.*

LORD ERSKINE'S PUNS.

Erskine often disported himself with boyish glee in punning. He fired off a double-barrel when encountering his friend, Mr. Maylem, at Ramsgate. The latter observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh, then," said Erskine, "you are *Malum prohibitum*." "My wife, however," rejoined the other, "does bathe." "Oh, then," said Erskine, perfectly delighted, "she is *Malum in se*."


THE
LONDON
ANECDOTES
VOL



LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET

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THE

LONDON ANECDOTES.

Pictures and Painters.

TITIAN AND CHARLES V.

(*See the Frontispiece.*)

In 1647, at the invitation of Charles V., Titian joined the imperial court. The Emperor, then advanced in years, sat to him for the third time. During the sitting, Titian happened to drop one of his pencils; the Emperor took it up; and on the artist expressing how unworthy he was of such an honour, Charles replied that *Titian was "worthy of being waited upon by Cæsar."*—(See the Engraving.)—After the resignation of Charles V., Titian found as great a patron in his son, Philip II.; and when, in 1554, the painter complained to Philip of the irregularity with which a pension of 400 crowns granted to him by the Emperor was paid to him, the King wrote an order for the payment to the governor of Milan, concluding with the following words:—"You know how I am interested in this order, as it affects Titian; comply with it, therefore, in such a manner as to give me no occasion to repeat it."

The Duke of Ferrara was so attached to Titian,

that he frequently invited him to accompany him, in his barge, from Venice to Ferrara. At the latter place, he became acquainted with Ariosto. But, to reckon up the protectors and friends of Titian, would be to name nearly all the persons of the age, to whom rank, talent, and exalted character appertained.

CHILDHOOD OF BENJAMIN WEST.

(See the Title-page.)

Benjamin West, the son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born in Springfield, in the state of Pennsylvania, October 10, 1733. His mother, it seems, had gone to hear one Edward Peckover preach about the sinfulness of the Old World and the spotlessness of the New: terrified and overcome by the earnest eloquence of the enthusiast, she shrieked aloud, was carried home, and, in the midst of agitation and terror, was safely delivered of the future president of the Royal Academy. When the preacher was told of this, he rejoiced, "Note that child," said he, "for he has come into the world in a remarkable way, and will assuredly prove a wonderful man." The child prospered, and when seven years' old began to fulfil the prediction of the preacher.

Little West was one day set to rock the cradle of his sister's child, and was so struck with the beauty of the slumbering babe, that he drew its features in red and black ink. "I declare," cried his astonished sister, "he has made a likeness of little baby!" He was next noticed by a party of wild Indians, who, pleased with the sketches which Benjamin had made of birds and flowers, taught him how to prepare the red and yellow

colours with which they stained their weapons; to these, his mother added indigo, and thus he obtained the three primary colours. It is also related, that West's artistic career was commenced through the present of a box of colours, which was made to him, when about nine years old, by a Pennsylvanian merchant, whose attention was attracted by some of the boy's pen-and-ink sketches.

GUIDO'S TIME.

GUIDO, when in embarrassment from his habit of gaming and extravagance, is related by Malvasia, his well-informed biographer, to have sold his time at a stipulated sum per hour, to certain dealers, one of whom tasked the painter so rigidly, as to stand by him, with watch in hand, while he worked. Thus were produced numbers of heads and half figures, which, though executed with the facility of a master, had little else to recommend them. Malvasia relates, that such works were sometimes begun and finished in three hours, and even less time.

"CHARACTER OF GAINSBOROUGH."

SHORTLY after Gainsborough's death, Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Royal Academy, delivered a discourse to the students, of which "the character of Gainsborough" was the subject. In this he alludes to Gainsborough's method of handling—his habit of *scratching*. "All these odd scratches and marks," he observes, "which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of

accident than design—this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance—by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chaste and hasty negligence."

BENEFIT OF RIVALRY.

Giorgione is, in some of his portraits, still unsurpassed. Du Fresnoy observes of him, that he dressed his figures wonderfully well; and it may truly be said, that, but for him, Titian would never have attained that perfection, which was the consequence of the rivalship and jealousy which prevailed between them.

BACKHUYSEN.

Backhuysen's favourite subjects were wrecks and stormy seas, which he frequently sketched from nature in an open boat, at the great peril of himself and the boatmen. He made many constructive drawings of ships for the Czar Peter the Great, who took lessons of the painter, and frequently visited his painting-room. Among his other avocations, Backhuysen also gave lessons in writing, in which he introduced a new and approved method. He was a man of cheerful eccentricity. Within a few days of his death, he ordered a number of bottles of choice wine, on each of which he set his seal. A certain number of his friends were then invited to his funeral, to each of whom he bequeathed a gold coin, requesting them to spend it merrily, and to drink the wine with as much cordiality as he had in consigning it to them.

AN ODD PORTRAIT.

PENNANT, in describing the portrait of Geraldine, wife of the first Earl of Lincoln, says: "Her hair, yellow; her face, a proof how much beauty depends on the fancy; her dress, far from elegant."

HIGH-LOW ART.

AN extraordinary instance of pictorial imitation—the lowest legitimate source of pleasure from art, if it be legitimate—occurs in two pictures, which many of our readers must have seen—Adam and Eve, by Dubufe—the Temptation and Expulsion. These pictures have been exhibited through the country, have been seen by upwards of a million and a half of men and women, and must have brought 30,000*l.* to their owners. "They are spoken of," says an able writer in the *North British Review*, "by all sorts of people as productions of high art, as full of beauty and moral power; and yet are from the known, we may sometimes infer the unknown, especially if it be apposite—from the false, the true. We would give as a help to any one desiring to have an idea of great and good painting, to think of it as the reverse of this Paradise Lost, according to Dubufe. It is simply, we hope, to the cleverness of the imitation, and the power of the mere subject, owing to our Bibles and Milton, that these pictures owe their singular success. Of ideas of any kind, they are utterly destitute. Eve, the mother of mankind, she who was 'wisest, virtuosest, discreetest,

best,' as well as 'fairest of her daughters,' is, if she can rightly be called anything, an awkward imbecile girl, with very white skin, and very soft blue eyes.

"Adam, 'the goodliest man of men since born,' is either a showy perruquier, with his hair and beard well cared for, or, more likely, a crack dragoon, equally well shaped and stupid; and who, as the favourite model of the Parisian artists, has stood, or lain, or moved, in all conceivable conditions, as every conceivable hero in history, Scripture, mythology, mediæval romance, and that most singular product of the human mind—the French drama. He is represented with skin distressingly clean, and fingers such as the keeper of the garden was not likely to have, sitting and turning his eyes away from Eve, and looking up with an air of languid surprise and despair, as if at that moment he heard the great bell of the *Invalides* tolling his hour, and was puzzled a good deal how to get out of that incoherent paradise, so as to reach his barracks in time. The Expulsion is better in this respect, that it has some action, which is always interesting; and the drawing is really better, as well as more showy, but it is just as destitute of ideas. The Devil we could not make out at first, till we saw him apparently hanging and burning at the same time, with a Byronic grin upon his face!

"And upwards of one million and a half of people have seen these! and 30,000*l*., or more, has been spent! Their only merit is in being a successful imitation of

the colour of the skin, and the form of a man and woman, who are not so much naked as without their clothes; and, what is more, they are rather pictures—the Temptation, of a wax model of Adam and Eve—the Expulsion, of two statues of the same."

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

There are no examples in the history of painting, of such noble disinterestedness as has ever been shown by the English Historical Painters. Hogarth and others adorned the Foundling for nothing; Reynolds and West offered to adorn St. Paul's for nothing, and yet were refused! Barry painted the Adelphi without remuneration; but, as Burke beautifully says, "the temple of honour ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle."—*Haydon's Lectures.*

THE DOUBLE CHIN.

One of the finest examples of preserving beauty, even in maturity, is given in Niobe, the mother.

"In early life, at a rout, (says Haydon,) I admired and followed, during the evening, a mother and her daughters, distinguished for their beauty. The mother did not look old, and yet looked the mother. On scrutinizing and comparing mother and daughters, I found there was a little double chin in the mother, which marked her, without diminishing her beauty.

I went at once, on my return to my studio, to the Niobe mother, and found *this very mark* in the Niobe mother, which I had never observed before, under her chin."

SYMPATHY AND CALCULATION.

When Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, visited the Church on Kew-green, he halted beside the tomb of Gainsborough, and said to the sexton's assistant, "Ah, friend, this is a hallowed spot—here lies one of Britain's favoured sons, whose genius has assisted in exalting her among the nations of the earth."—"Perhaps it was so," said the man; "but we know nothing about the people buried, except to keep up their monuments, if the family pay; and, perhaps, Sir, you belong to this family; if so, I'll tell you how much is due."—"Yes, truly, friend," said Sir Richard, "I am one of the great family, bound to preserve the monument of Gainsborough; but if you take me for one of his relatives, you are mistaken."—"Perhaps, Sir, you may be of the family, but were not included in the will; therefore, are not obligated." Sir Richard could not avoid looking with scorn at the fellow; but, as the spot claimed better feelings, gave him a trifle, and so got rid of him.

MERITS OF TURNER.

One of the most extraordinary and delightful books of the present day, is a work entitled *Modern Painters*, by a Graduate of Oxford, published in 1846; in which

the author admits and vindicates his direct opposition to the general opinion, in placing Turner and other modern landscape painters above those of the seventeenth century — Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Canaletto, Hobbima, &c.

Yet, this remarkable book has been strangely treated by what is called the literary world. The larger reviews have taken little or no notice of it; and those periodicals which are considered to represent the literature of the fine arts, and to watch over their progress and interests, almost without an exception, have treated it with the most marked injustice, and the most shameful derision. Yet, in spite of all this neglect and maltreatment, the work has found its way into the minds and hearts of men. This is better shown by the first volume having reached a third edition, than by any of the most elaborate patronage from the press.

A writer in the *North British Review* is eloquently wrath at this reception of a work of unquestionably high genius, by the critics, and observes:—"The national treatment is in this case a good index to the national mind and feeling; so that it is not to be wondered at, that such productions as Charles Lamb's Essays on the Genius of Hogarth, and on the Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the productions of Modern Art—Hazlitt's Works on Art—those of Sir Charles Bell and his brother John,—should rarely occur, and be not much regarded, and little understood, when they do, in a country where Hogarth was looked upon by the majority as a caricaturist fully as coarse as clever,—where Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent'

could get no purchaser, because it was an unpleasant subject,—where to this day Turner is better known as being unintelligible and untrue, than as being more truthful, more thoughtful, than any painter of inanimate nature, ancient or modern,—where Maclise is accounted worthy to illustrate Shakspeare, and embody Macbeth and Hamlet, as having a kindred genius,—and where it was reserved to a few young, self-relying, unknown Scottish artists, (students of the Royal Scottish Academy,) to purchase Etty's three pictures of Judith, the Combat, and the Sion-like Man of Moab, at a price which, though perilous to themselves, was equally disgraceful to the public who had disregarded them, and inadequate to the deserving of their gifted producer."

RUBENS'S "CHAPEAU DE PAILLE."

This exquisite picture is the gem of Sir Robert Peel's fine collection. Its transparency and brilliancy are unrivalled: it is all but life itself. It was bought by Sir R. Peel for 3500 guineas.

The name of "Chapeau de Paille," as applied to this picture, appears to be a misnomer. The portrait is in what is strangely termed a Spanish hat. Why it has become the fashion in this country to designate every slouched hat with a feather a Spanish hat, it is hard to say; since at the period that such hats were worn, (about the reign of Charles I. in England,) they were not more peculiar to Spain than to other European countries. Rubens himself wore a hat of this description; and it is related that his mistress, having

placed his hat upon her own head, he borrowed from this circumstance the celebrated picture in question. With respect to the misnomer, it has been conjectured that *Span'sh hut* being somewhat similar in sound to *Span hut*, Flemish for straw hat, first led to the incongruous title "*Chapeau de Paille.*" Now, *Span hut*, the Flemish name of this work, does not mean a straw hat, but a wide-brimmed hat; and further, whoever has had the good fortune to see the picture, must be aware that the woman is there represented not in a straw (*paille*) hat, but a black hat. The French title, "Chapeau de Paille," is, therefore, and we think with reason, supposed to be but a corruption of *Chapeau de Poil*, (nap, or beaver,) its real designation.

A PROMPT REMEDY.

Opie was painting an old beau of fashion. Whenever he thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

WILKIE'S SIMPLICITY.

Never, relates Haydon, was anything more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of Wilkie, at the period of his production of "The Village Politicians." Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty to persuade him to send this celebrated picture to the Exhibition; and I remember his (Wilkie's) bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people

at the Exhibition when it went, May, 1806. On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, the *News* said:—"A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work." I immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. I found him in his parlour, in Norton-street, at breakfast. "Wilkie," said I, "your name is in the paper." "Is it, really?" said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff, *ore rotunde*; and Jackson, I, and he, in an ecstacy, joined hands, and danced round the table.

THE GRAVE OF LAWRENCE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, when attending the funeral of Mr. Dawe, R.A., in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, was observed to look wistfully about him, as if contemplating the place as that to which he himself would some day be borne; and, when the service was concluded, it was remarked that he stopped to look at the inscription upon the stone which covers the body of his predecessor, West. Within three months from the date of this incident, the vaults were re-opened to receive Lawrence's remains.

"IT WILL NEVER DO."

"Oh, how I hate this expression!" said poor Haydon, in his famous Lectures. "When Wellington said he would break the charm of Napoleon's invincibility, what was the reply? *It will never do!* When Columbus asserted there was another hemisphere, what was the reply? *It will never do!* And when Galileo

offered to prove the earth went round the sun, the Holy Inquisition said, *It shall never do! It will never do* has been always the favourite watch-cry of those, in all ages and countries, who ever look on all schemes for the advancement of mankind as indirect reflections on the narrowness of their own petty comprehensions."

LOST CHANCE OF A NATIONAL GALLERY.

George the Fourth (when Regent) proposed to connect Carlton House, in Pall-Mall, with Marlborough House, and St. James's Palace, by a gallery of portraits of the sovereigns and other historic personages of England; but, unfortunately Mr. Nash's speculation of burying Carlton House and Gardens, and overlaying St. James's Park with terraces, prevailed; and this magnificent design of an historical gallery was abandoned; although the crown of England possesses materials for an historical collection which would be infinitely superior to that of Versailles.

REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD.

"Of all conceptions, as well as executions of portraits," says Dr. Dibdin, "that of Lord Heathfield, by Reynolds, is doubtless amongst the very finest and most characteristic. The veteran has a key, gently raised, in his right hand, which he is about to place in his left. It is the key of the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar; and he seems to say, 'Wrest it from me at your peril!' Kneller, and even Vandyke, would have converted this

key into a truncheon. What a bluff spirit of unbending intrepidity and integrity was the illustrious Elliott! His country knows no braver warrior of his class than he!"

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"WHAT are these marbles remarkable for?" said a respectable gentleman at the British Museum to one of the attendants, after looking attentively round the Elgin Saloon. "Why, sir," said the man, with propriety, "because they are so like life." "Like life!" repeated the gentleman, with the greatest contempt; "why, what of that?" and walked away.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A.

MR. HOWARD, the well-known Secretary and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, died October 5, 1847, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was born in 1770; and was at Rome in 1794, when, in his twenty-fourth year, he forwarded his first work, "The Death of Cain," to the Royal Academy Exhibition. In 1807, he painted "The Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs of Nysa;" and in the autumn of the same year, he was elected a Royal Academician. Of his fellow academicians, in 1848, only two out of forty survived—Sir Martin Archer Shee, and Mr. J. M. W. Turner. Others, however, elected after him, have died before him—Callcott, and William Daniell, for instance; Wilkie, Dawe, Raeburn, Hilton, Collins, Jackson, Chantrey, Constable,

and Newton. His diploma picture on his election was "The Four Angels, loosed from the River Euphrates." For fifty-three years, from 1794 to 1847, Mr. Howard never missed sending to a Royal Academy Exhibition. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find another example of such assiduity; yet, where his pictures went—for he had few or no patrons, so called—it is hard to say. Banks and Flaxman, the two great sculptors, took notice of Howard's early efforts, gave him friendly encouragement in all he did, and suggested, it is said, new subjects for his pencil. Yet, his pictures were very popular; they are classically cold; his place, therefore, in the history of Art is not likely to be high or lasting.—*Abridged from the Athenæum.*

ORIGINALS OF HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

In 1841, Messrs. Smith, the eminent printsellers, of Lisle-street, had the good fortune to discover in the country a duplicate set of the pictures of "The Marriage à-la-Mode," by Hogarth; which appear to have escaped the researches of all the writers on his works. They are evidently the finished sketches, from which he afterwards painted the pictures now in the National Gallery, which are more highly wrought. The backgrounds of these pictures are very much subdued, which gives a greater importance to the figures. They are now the property of H. R. Willett, Esq., of Merly House, Dorsetshire, who has added them to his already rich collection of Hogarth's works, enumerated by Nichols.

These pictures of "The Marriage-à-la-Mode" are

painted in an exceedingly free and sketchy manner; and are considered to have been most probably painted at the same time as the four pictures of the Election, now in the Soanean Museum, the execution of which they very much resemble. There is a considerable number of variations between these and the National Gallery pictures; and such differences throw much light upon the painter's technical execution, which is somewhat disputed. "Although in some respects rather sketchily handled," says a critic, "they are not painted feebly; and if they cannot be called highly finished, these productions are worthy to rank as cabinet pictures. To be fairly understood, (to use Charles Lamb's happy expression,) 'Hogarth's pictures must be *read*, as well as looked at.'"

HOMAGE TO ART.

The first great painter in encaustic, of whose works lengthened descriptions have been handed down, was Polygnotus. He painted his celebrated "Triumph of Miltiades and the Victors of Marathon," by public desire; and such was the admiration in which it was held, that the Athenians offered to reward the artist with whatever he might desire. Polygnotus nobly declined asking anything; upon which the Amphictionic Council proclaimed that he should be maintained at the public expense wherever he went. Such was the homage of a whole nation! What, then, shall we say to the sentiments of the narrow-minded prelate, who declared that a pin-maker was a more valuable member of society than Raphael!

"COLUMBUS AND THE EGG" ANTICIPATED.

Brunelleschi was the discoverer of the mode of erecting cupolas, which had been lost since the time of the Romans. Vasari relates a similar anecdote of him to that recorded of Columbus; though this has unquestionably the merit of being the first, since it occurred before the birth of Columbus. Brunelleschi died in 1446; Columbus was born in 1442.

A council of the most learned men of the day, from various parts of the world, was summoned to consult and show plans for the erection of a cupola, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. Brunelleschi refused to show his model, it being upon the most simple principles, but proposed that the man who could make an egg stand upright on a marble base should be the architect. The foreigners and artists agreeing to this, but failing in their attempts, desired Brunelleschi to do it himself; upon which he took the egg, and with a gentle tap broke the end, and placed it on the slab. The learned men unanimously protested that any one else could do the same; to which the architect replied, with a smile, that had they seen his model, they could as easily have known how to build a cupola.

The work then devolved upon him, but a want of confidence existing among the operatives and citizens, they pronounced the undertaking to be too great for one man; and arranged that Lorenzo Ghiberti, an artist of great repute at that time, should be co-architect with him. Brunelleschi's anger and mortification were so great on hearing this decision, that he

destroyed, in the space of half an hour, models and designs that had cost him years of labour, and would have quitted Florence but for the persuasions of Donatello. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the cupola was completed with perfect success by Brunelleschi; since St. Peter's, at Rome, and our own St. Paul's, were formed upon the model of his dome at Florence.

By the way, some of the wise men of the day proposed that a centre column should support the dome; others, that a huge mound of earth (with quatrini scattered among it) should be raised in the form of a cupola, the brick or stone wall built upon it. When finished, an order was to be issued, allowing the people to possess themselves of what money they might find in the rubbish; the mound would thus be easily removed, and the cupola be left clear!—*Latilla on Painting.*

ENCAUSTIC PAINTING AT BEAUFORT HOUSE.

Mr. Eugenio Latilla, a member of the Society of British Artists, has painted for his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the Banqueting-room of Beaufort House, in Arlington-street, Piccadilly. This encaustic is one of Mr. Latilla's own discovery, and resembles fresco in effect, with rather more depth of colour, and admitting a higher finish. The design throughout is original, though in Greek taste. The single flowers in the large panels were not, as has been supposed, taken from Herculaneum, but nature, as also the fruit and flowers in the arabesques. The character of the composition being bacchanalian, scrolls of the acanthus, with boys

and panthers, the size of life, are introduced in the cove. The ornaments may rank among the most masterly specimens ever produced in this country: they are drawn in a grand gusto, and painted in a vigorous impasto, strongly resembling the style of Giovanni da Undine, the very reverse of the method pursued under the direction of house-painters and upholsterers, which is a system of japaning, or tea-tray painting, by no means artistic.

The ornaments in the Beaufort House encaustic were drawn and executed by Mr. Latilla's assistants, who have thus proved themselves equal to any works of a high class; and thereby subverted the evidence taken before a Parliamentary Committee, where it was represented as necessary to send to France both for designers and painters of arabesques.

This room was to have been painted by Germans; and the idea had so possessed men's minds that English artists were unfit for a work of the kind, that the sagacious critics in the newspapers ascribed it to them. This success may, probably, have influenced the Parliamentary Committee, some of whom desired that Cornelius, or some other German artist, should be employed for the new Houses of Parliament. They should, however, have first proved Englishmen to have failed, before they invited a foreigner, unless it were to take part in the competition.

TURNER'S MASTERPIECE.

"I THINK," says the Graduate of Oxford, in his eloquent "*Modern Painters*," "the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever

painted by man, is that of the Slave Ship, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by a deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges, the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light,—the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is recklessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together, in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers, are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow

of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight; and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea."

INTENSE EFFECT.

When Fuseli went with Haydon to the Elgin marbles, on recognising the flatness of the belly of the Theseus, in consequence of the bowels having naturally fallen in, he exclaimed, "By Gode, the Turks have *sawed* off his belly!" His eye was completely ruined.

HOGARTH'S "ROSAMUND'S POND."

A memorial of this Pond in the Green Park, (filled up a few years since,) exists in a large picture painted by Hogarth, about the year 1740, and now in the collection of H. R. Willett, Esq., of Merly House, Dorsetshire: it was engraved by him a few years since, when only 100 impressions were taken, but not one of them published. Hogarth also painted a smaller view of "Rosamund's Pond," a cabinet size, likewise in the collection of Mr. Willett, who has the receipt for 1*l.* 7*s.*, (the sum charged by the painter,) in the handwriting of Mrs. Hogarth.

Mr. Willett also possesses the subscription-book for several of Hogarth's plates, with the autographs of many of the subscribers, who were mostly ditsin-

guished personages. The subscriptions for the plate of "Tancred and Sigismunda" appear to have been returned by Hogarth, as the print was never published. A strong line is passed through the names, and opposite each is written "Returned," &c.; against one name is "Refused." This account-book is a treasure in its way, and is therefore kept in a case, locked.

HAYDON'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE ELGIN MARBLES.

At my entrance among these divine things, (says Haydon,) for the first time with Wilkie, 1808, in Park-lane, the first thing I saw was the wrist of the right hand and arm of one of the Fates, leaning on the thigh; it is the Fate on the right side of the other, which, mutilated and destroyed as it was, proved that the great sculptor had kept the shape of the radius and ulna, as always seen in fine nature, male and female.

I felt at once, before I turned my eyes, that *there* was the nature and ideal beauty joined, which I had gone about the art longing for, but never finding! I saw at once I was amongst productions such as I had never before witnessed in the art; and that the great author merited the enthusiasm of antiquity, of Socrates, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Juvenal, of Cicero, of Valerius Maximus, and of Plutarch and Martial.

If such were my convictions on seeing this dilapidated but immortal wrist, what do you think they were on turning round to the Theseus, the horse's

head, and the fighting metope, the frieze, and the Jupiter's breast?

Oh, may I retain such sensations beyond the grave! I foresaw at once a mighty revolution in the art of the world for ever! I saw that union of nature and ideal perfected in high art, and before this period pronounced by the ablest critics as *impossible!* I thanked God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my being, that I was ready to comprehend them from dissection. I bowed to the Immortal Spirit, which still hovered near them. I predicted at once their vast effect on the art of the world, and was smiled at for my boyish enthusiasm!

What I asserted in their future influence and enormous superiority, Canova, eight years after, confirmed. On my introduction by Hamilton, (author of *Egyptiaca*,) I asked Canova what he thought of them? and he instantly replied, with a glistening Italian fire, "Ils renverseront le systême des autres antiques." Mr. Hamilton replied, "I have always said so, but who believed me? and what was the result of the principles I laid down? Why, many a squeeze of the hand to support me under my infirmities, and many a smile in my face in mercy at my delusion. 'You are a *young* man,' was often said; 'and your enthusiasm is *all very proper*.'"

"After seeing them myself," says Haydon, "I took Fuseli to see them; and, being a man of quick sensibility, he was taken entirely by surprise. Never shall I forget his uncompromising enthusiasm; he strode about, thundering out—'The Greeks were

gods!—the Greeks were gods!' When he got home, he wanted to modify his enthusiasm; but I always reminded him of his first impressions, and never let him escape."

PAINTERS IN SOCIETY.

James Smith says:—"I don't fancy Painters. General Phipps used to have them much at his table. He once asked me if I liked to meet them. I answered, 'No; I know nothing in their way, and they know nothing out of it.'"

ANACHRONISMS IN PAINTING.

These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's Periwigged Spectators of Christ Healing the Sick; Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a pistol; Rubens' Queen-mother, Cardinals, and Mercury; Velvet Brussels; Ethiopian King in a surplice, boots, and spurs; Belin's Virgin and Child listening to a Violin; the Marriage of Christ with St. Catherine of Siena, with King David playing the Harp; Albert Durer's flounced-petticoated Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise; Cigoli's Simeon at the Circumcision, with "spectacles on nose;" the Virgin Mary helping herself to a cup of coffee from a chased coffee-pot; N. Poussin's Rebecca at the Well, with Grecian architecture in the back-ground; Paul Veronese's Benedictine Father and Swiss Soldiers; the *red* Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua; St. Jerome, with a clock by his side; and Poussin's Deluge, with boats. In our

time, West, the President of the Royal Academy, has represented Paris in a Roman instead of a Phrygian dress; and Wilkie has painted Oysters in the Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo—in June!

MOVING EARS.

Not one in ten thousand, perhaps, Mr. John Bell says, can move his ears. The celebrated Mr. Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he moved his ears very rapidly backwards and forwards. And Albinus, the celebrated anatomist, had the same power, which is performed by little muscles, not seen. Mr. Haydon tried it once in painting, with great effect. In his picture of Macbeth, painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the Thane was listening in horror before committing the murder, the painter ventured to press the ears forward, like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It was very effective, and increased amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.

RUSSELL, THE CRAYON PAINTER.

This ingenious R.A. was a native of Guildford, and the eldest son of Mr. John Russell, bookseller, of that town. In early youth he evinced a strong predilection for drawing, and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Francis Coates, an academician of great talent, after whose decease "he enjoyed the reputation of being

the first artist in crayon painting, in which he particularly excelled in the delineation of female beauty." In 1789, Russell was chosen a member of the Royal Academy; and soon after appointed crayon-painter to the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. Notwithstanding this constant succession of professional employment, he devoted considerable attention to astronomical pursuits; and his *Selenographia*, or Model of the Moon, which occupied the whole of his leisure from the year 1785 until 1797, affords a remarkable instance of his ingenuity and perseverance. At the time of his decease he had finished two other drawings, which completed his plan, and exhibit an elaborate view of the moon in a full state of illumination. Mr. Russell died at Hull in 1806; he published, in 1772, a small quarto tract on the "Elements of Painting in Crayons," a work now exceedingly scarce.

We remember seeing two very clever portraits (large ovals) in crayons, by this artist, in the cabinet of Mr. Newland, of Guildford. They are, John Palmer, in the character of *Comus*, and Mrs. Wells, as Anne Page, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and both have been engraved. Mr. Wilberforce sat to Russell for his portrait when young, and in recording this in his Diary, he characterizes the painter as "high church, very high."

DEATH OF GAINSBOROUGH.

When assured that the progress of his fatal malady (cancer) precluded all hopes of life, Gainsborough

desired to be buried in Kew churchyard, and that his name only should be cut on his gravestone. He sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was reconciled to him: then exclaiming, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," he immediately expired, in the sixty-first year of his age. Sheridan and Sir Joshua followed him to his grave.

FANATICISM THE DESTROYER OF ART.

It is curious to reflect, that mistaken views of religion have in all times been the prime cause of the ruin of art. It was not Alaric or Theodoric, but an edict from Honorius, that ordered the early Christians to destroy such images, if any remained.

Flaxman says: "The commands for destroying sacred paintings and sculpture prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise to the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded a prison or a stake, and reduced him to the lowest drudgery in his profession. This extraordinary check to our national art occurred at a time which offered the most essential and extraordinary assistance to its progress." Flaxman proceeds to remark, that "the civil wars completed what fanaticism had begun; and English art was so completely extinguished that foreign artists were always employed for public or private undertakings."

In the reign of Elizabeth it became a fashionable taste to sally forth and knock pictures to pieces; and in the "State Trials" is a curious trial of Henry Sherfield, Esq., Recorder of Salisbury, who concealed

himself in the church, and with a long pike knocked a window to pieces: as he was doing this, he was watched through the door, and seen to slip down, headlong, where he lay groaning for a long time, and a horse was sent for to carry him home: he was fined 500*l.*, and imprisoned in the Fleet; and the Attorney-general for the Crown, 1632, said there were people, he verily believed, who would have knocked off the cherubim from the ark. By the witnesses examined, it was evidently a matter of religious conscience in Sherfield, who complained that his pew was opposite the window, and that the representation of God by a human figure disturbed him at prayer.

Queen Elizabeth was the bitterest persecutor: she ordered all walls to be whitewashed, and all candlesticks and pictures to be utterly destroyed, so that no memorial remain of the same.

In Charles the First's time, on the Journals of the House is found, 1645, July 23: "Ordered, that all pictures having the second person in the Trinity shall be burnt." Walpole relates, that one Blessie was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the painted glass window at Croydon Church. There is extant the journal of a parliamentary visitor, appropriately enough named *Dowsing*, appointed for demolishing superstitious pictures and ornaments of churches, &c.; and by calculation, he and his agents are found to have destroyed about 4660 pictures, from June 9, 1643, to October 4, 1644, evidently not all glass, because when they were glass he specifies them.

The result of this continued persecution, says

Haydon, was the ruin of "high art;" for the people had not taste enough to feel any sympathy for it independently of religion, and every man who has pursued it since, who had no private fortune, and was not supported by a pension like West, became infallibly ruined.

Historical painters left without employment began to complain. In the time of Edward VI. and Elizabeth we find them petitioning for bread! They revived a little with Charles I. and II. Thornhill got employed in the early part of the last century; then came the Society in St. Martin's Lane, 1760; and in 1768 was established the Royal Academy, *to help high art;* but there being still no employment for it, the power in art fell into the hands of portrait-painters, who have wielded it ever since, with individual exceptions, to the further decay and destruction of this eminent style.

THE THORNHILL MIRACLE.

Every one remembers the marvellous story of Sir James Thornhill stepping back to see the effect of his work, while painting Greenwich Hospital; and being prevented falling from the ceiling to the floor, by a person intentionally defacing the picture, and causing the painter to rush forward, and thus save himself. This *may have occurred;* but we rather suspect the anecdote to be of legendary origin, and to come from no less distance than the Tyrol; in short, to be a paraphrase of a catholic miracle, unless the Tyrolese are quizzing the English story, which is not very pro-

bable. At Innspruck, you are gravely told that when Daniel Asam was painting the inside of the cupola of one of the churches, and had just finished the hand of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold to ascertain the effect: there was no friend at hand gifted with the happy thought of defacing the work, and thus saving the artist, as in Sir James Thornhill's case, and therefore Daniel Asam *fell backward;* but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the hand and arm of the saint, which the artist had just finished, were seen to *extend themselves* from the fresco, and grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, accompany him in his descent of 200 feet, and bear him up *so gently*, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock. What became of the "awe-struck beholders," and why the saint and painter did not fall on their heads, or why they did not serve as an *easel* in bringing the pair miraculously to the ground, we are not told.

The Painted Hall at Greenwich, contains 53,678 square feet of Sir James Thornhill's work, and cost 6,685*l.*, being at the rate of 8*l.* per yard for the ceiling, and 1*l.* per yard for the sides. The whole is admirably described in Steele's play of *The Lovers.*

THE PICTURES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The pictures which now constitute the private gallery of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, were principally collected by George the Fourth, whose exclusive predilection for pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools is well known. To those which he brought together

here, and which formerly hung in Carlton House, her present Majesty has made, since her accession, many valuable additions—some purchased, and others selected from the royal collections at Windsor and Hampton Court; others have been added by Prince Albert, from the collection of the late Professor d'Alton, of Bonn. * * George IV. began to form his collection about the year 1802, and was chiefly guided by the advice and judgment of Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, an accomplished man, whose taste for art, and intimacy with the king, then Prince of Wales, rendered him a very fit person to carry the royal wishes into execution. The importation of the Orleans gallery had diffused a feeling—or, it may be, a *fashion*—for the higher specimens of the Italian schools, but under the auspices of George IV. the tide set in an opposite direction. In the year 1812, the very select gallery of Flemish and Dutch pictures collected by Sir Francis Baring was transferred by purchase to the Prince Regent. Sir Francis Baring had purchased the best pictures from the collections of M. Geldermeester of Amsterdam, (sold in 1800,) and that of the Countess of Holderness, (sold in 1802,) and, except the Hope gallery, there was nothing at that time to compare with it in England. Mr. Seguier valued this collection at eighty thousand pounds; but the exact sum paid for it was certainly much less.

The specimens of Rubens and Van Dyck are excellent, but do not present sufficient variety to afford an adequate idea of the wide range or power of the

first of these great painters, nor of the particular talent of the last. On the other hand, the works and style of Gerard Douw, Teniers, Jan Steen, Adrian and Wilhelm Vandevelde, Wouvermans, and Burghem, may be very advantageously studied in this gallery, each of their specimens being many in number, various in subject, and good in their kind. Of Mieris and Metzes, there are finer specimens at Mr. Hope's and Sir Robert Peel's; and the Hobbimas and Cuyps must yield to those of Lord Ashburton and Lord Francis Egerton. But, on the whole, it is certainly the finest gallery of this class of works in England. The collection derives additional interest from the presence of some pictures of the modern British artists —Reynolds, Wilkie, Allan, Newton, Gainsborough. It is, however, only just to these painters to add, that not one of their pictures here ought to be considered as a first-rate example of their power.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

FOUNDATION OF THE HISTORICAL SCHOOL OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

To West must be given the record of achieving this honour; and what he has thus done in restoring historical painting to the purity of its original channel, can only be appreciated by those who have contemplated the debauched taste introduced into this country by Verrio, Laguerre, and other painters, who revived the ridiculous fooleries patronized in the reign of James the First; but which had, by the countenance of the nobility, and people of fashion, taken strong

hold of most men's minds. "A change," says Cunningham, "was now to be effected in the character of British art: hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masquing habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all as having been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West at once dismissed this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of 'the Death of Wolfe.' The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once; the lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions, called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots and buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the Royal Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the desert, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry."

West, however, was plagued with misgivings as to his new doctrine; and the dampers came forth in numbers with their unvarying, "It will never do." When it was understood that West actually intended to paint the characters as they appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both called upon West to dissuade him from running so great a risk. Reynolds warned him of the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule; and concluded by urging him to adopt the costume of antiquity as more becoming

the greatness of the subject than the garb of modern warriors. West replied that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warriors wearing such costumes existed. The subject to be represented was a great battle, fought and won; and the same truth which gives laws to the historian should rule the painter; that he wanted to mark the place, the time, the people, and to do this he must abide by the truth.

The objectors went away, and returned when West had finished the picture. Reynolds seated himself before it, and examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections: I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." "I wish," said king George the Third, to whom West related the conversation, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture; but you shall make a copy of it for me." This anecdote, though it operates against the foresight of Reynolds, carries truth on the face of it.

The king not only gave West a pension of 1000*l.* a year, but when the artist hinted that the noble purpose of historical painting was best shown in depicting the excellencies of revealed religion, the monarch threw open St. George's Chapel to be decorated with sacred subjects; and on his Majesty's restoration to health, finding that the work had been suppressed, and

the money withheld, he instantly ordered him to be paid, and the works proceeded with. The heads of the church, however, acted otherwise; for when the Academy proposed to decorate St. Paul's with works of art, and Reynolds, West, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffman offered pictures free of expense, the Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Newton, at that time Dean of St. Paul's, warmly took up the idea; but the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London refused their consent. The Bishop of London said: "My good Lord Bishop of Bristol, I have already been distantly and imperfectly informed of such an affair having been in contemplation; but as the sole power at last remains with myself, I therefore inform your lordship that whilst I live and have the power, I will never suffer the doors of the metropolitan church to be opened for the introduction of popery into it."

Notwithstanding this heavy blow to the cause of art, the example of the king was the cause of many altar-pieces being painted by West and others; one of the best of which is the very appropriate one in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital.*

THE CAT RAPHAEL.

Gottfried Mind, a celebrated Swiss painter, was called the *Cat Raphael*, from the excellence with which he painted that animal. This peculiar talent

* Abridged from "Practical Essays on the Fine Arts," by John Burnet, F.R.S., an acute and amusing work.

was discovered and awakened by chance. At the time when Frendenberger painted his picture of the Peasant cleaving wood before his Cottage, with his wife sitting by and feeding her child with pap out of a pot, round which a cat is prowling, Mind cast a broad stare on the sketch of this last figure, and said, in his rugged, laconic way, "That is no cat!" Frendenberger asked, with a smile, whether he thought he could do it better? Mind offered to try; went into a corner, and drew the cat, which Frendenberger liked so much that he made his new pupil finish it out, and the master copied the scholar's work—for it is Mind's cat that is engraved in Frendenberger's plate. Prints of Mind's cats are now very common.

SMALL CONVERSATION.

Fuseli had a great dislike to common-place observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald disjointed chat" of some idle callers in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear! Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

CHANGING HATS.

Barry, the painter, was with Nollekens at Rome in 1760, and they were extremely intimate. Barry took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English Coffee-house, to exchange hats with him;

Barry's being edged with lace, and Nollekens's a very shabby, plain one. Upon his returning the hat next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat." Nollekens often used to relate the story, adding: "It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem."

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S BOYHOOD.

When Lawrence was but ten years old, his name had flown over the kingdom; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garrick, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as to obtain the approbation of Prince Hoare; his father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges, and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits, wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in; he went to Bath, hired a house—raised his price from one guinea to two; his Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was engraved—Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son—Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ, and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivalling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

The Hon. Daines Barrington has the following record of Lawrence's precocious talent in his *Mis-*

cellanies: "This boy is now, (viz. February, 1780,) nearly ten years and a half old; but, at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of *Peter denying Christ.* In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted."

HARLOW'S TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

This celebrated picture, (known also as "The Kemble Family," from its introducing their portraits,) was the last and most esteemed work of J. H .Harlow, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence generously characterizes as "the most promising of all our painters." The painting was commenced and finished in 1817; immediately after its exhibition at the Royal Academy, it was finely copied in mezzotint, by G. Clint; and the print has, probably, enjoyed higher popularity than any production of its class. A proof impression has been known to realize upwards of twenty guineas.

The picture is on mahogany panel, stated to have cost the artist 15*l.*; it is one and a half inch in thickness, and in size about seven feet by five feet. It originated with Mr. T. Welsh, the professor of music, who, in the first instance, commissioned Harlow to paint for him a kit-cat size portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Queen Katherine, in Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII., introducing a few scenic accessories

in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr. Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits; in addition to these are portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr. Welsh for the picture was one hundred guineas; and a like amount was paid by Mr. Cribb for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print, to which we have already adverted.

Harlow owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks on this picture: when he first saw it, chiefly in dead-colouring, he said: "I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you," and taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these instructions, and the next time Fuseli saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. He then said to Harlow, "So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture;" and then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion.

It has been stated that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. John Kemble, however, refused when asked to do so by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane. Harlow was not, however, to be defeated; and he actually drew Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part. The vexation such a *ruse* must have occasioned to a man of Kemble's temperament may be imagined. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted; the first, which cost him many sittings, was considered by himself and others to be very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to Mr. Kemble's wish and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from memory, Harlow repainted the portrait with increased fidelity. It is stated that but one sitting was required of Mrs. Siddons: the fact is, the great actress held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from another original.

DEATH OF CORREGGIO.

Towards the close of Correggio's days, it is said that the canons of one of the churches which he was employed to embellish, were so disappointed with the work, that, to insult him, they paid him the price in copper; that he had this unworthy burthen to carry

eight miles in a burning sun; the length of the way, the weight of the load, and depression of spirits, brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave.

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that, when young, he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael—his brow coloured, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter." Titian, when he first saw his works, exclaimed, "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio."

A LUCKY PURCHASE.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Atherstone bought for a few guineas a Magdalen, by Correggio, at the Auction Mart, where he saw it among a heap of spoiled canvass, that an amateur (no connoisseur) of pictures had sent to be sold. This gentleman had bought it in Italy for 100*l.*, admiring its beauty, but ignorant of its value. It was in perfect preservation; in the grandest style of Correggio: and in colouring surpassing in brilliancy and depth of tone even the famous specimens in the National Gallery.

COPLEY'S "DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM."

Washington, on seeing this picture, remarked, "this work, highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist that produced it." The picture is ten feet long, and seven feet six inches high. The painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for

it; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public; these words were not heard in vain by the present Earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CORREGGIO.

Allan Cunningham warms into rapture in speaking of this wondrous picture, captured by Wellington at Vittoria. "The size is small, some fifteen inches square, or so; but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw anything so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of its companion-pictures. Joseph Bonaparte, not only a good king, but a good judge of painting, had this exquisite picture in his carriage when the tide of battle turned against him: it was transferred to the collection of the conqueror."

GIOTTO AND THE PIGS.

One day, when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by; and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig, on the Lord's-day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People

say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice; for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."

HOW WILKIE BECAME A PAINTER.

Sir John Sinclair, happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked, in the course of conversation, if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired, "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?" To which Wilkie replied, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter."—"How, I?" exclaimed the Baronet; "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before." Wilkie then gave the following explanation:—"When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

In the year 1300, Giovani Cimabue and Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art; and the story of these illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a

gentleman by birth and scholarship, and brought to his art a knowledge of the poetry and sculpture of Greece and Rome. The latter was *a shepherd;* when the inspiration of art fell upon him, he was watching his flocks among the hills; and his first attempts in art were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Cimabue, who was then high in fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; entered into conversation with him; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art; and was so much charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, without spirit, and without sentiment. They let out their own hearts fully in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and for originality of conception. Of these great Florentines, Giotto, the shepherd, is confessedly the more eminent: in him we see the dawn, or rather the sunrise, of the fuller light of Raphael.

MICHAEL ANGELO IN BOYHOOD AND OLD AGE.

This great man showed from his infancy a strong inclination for drawing, and made so early a proficiency in it that, at the age of fourteen, he is said to have corrected the drawings of his master, Dominico Gilhandai. When Michael Angelo was an old man, one of these drawings being shown to him, he said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

HOGARTH'S "MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

This celebrated picture was disposed of by the painter by lottery. There were 1843 chances subscribed for; Hogarth gave the remaining 167 tickets to the Foundling Hospital, and the same night delivered the picture to the Governors. The fortunate number is generally stated to have been among the tickets which the painter handed to the Hospital; but, it is related in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, though anonymously, that *a lady* was the possessor of the fortunate number, and intended to present it to the Foundling Hospital; but that some person having suggested what a door would be opened to scandal, were any of her sex to make such a present, it was given to Hogarth, on the express condition that it should be presented in his own name.

STORY OF A MINIATURE.

Mr. Gordon relates:—"M. Averani, a young French artist at Florence, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery, and I purchased of him a clever copy of the Fornarina of Raphael, and one of the Venus Vesita of Titian, in the Pitti Palace, said to be the only miniature painted by this great man. It had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my *vertu*, in Sloane-street,

previous to my settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue. The gem was bought by a gentleman for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done very well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, stating that "an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scotland, the undoubted work of Titian, value one thousand guineas, was to be seen at No. 14, Pall-mall; price of admission, 2*s*. 6*d*." The bait took; the owner put three or four hundred pounds into his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for seven or eight hundred pounds. Here was I an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition that was ever practised on the public. As a work of art, it was worth all I got for it; and I was offered nearly that sum by a friend who knew its whole history. I understand that a nobleman was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature."

SITTING FOR A HUSBAND.

John Astley, the painter, was born at Wem, in Shropshire. He was a pupil of Hudson, and was at Rome about the same time with Sir Joshua Reynolds. After his return to England, he went to Dublin, practised there as a painter for three years, and in that time earned 3000*l*. As he was painting his way back to London, in his own postchaise, with an outrider, he loitered in his neighbourhood, and, visiting Nutsford Assembly, he there saw Lady Daniel, a widow, who was so captivated by him, that she contrived to sit to him for her portrait, and then

offered him her hand, which he at once accepted. Poor Astley, in the decline of life, was disturbed by reflections upon the dissipation of his early days, and was haunted with apprehensions of indigence and want. He died at his house, Duckenfield Lodge, Cheshire, Nov. 14, 1787, and was buried at the church of that village.

ARTISTIC TEXT.

Wills, the portrait-painter, was not very successful in his profession, and so quitted it, and, having received a liberal education, took orders. He was for several years curate of Canons, in Middlesex, and at the death of the incumbent he obtained the living. In the year 1768, he was appointed chaplain to the chartered Society of Artists; and he preached a sermon at Covent-garden Church, on St. Luke's Day, in the same year; the text being taken from Job, chap. xxxvii. verse 14—"Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God." This discourse was afterwards printed at the request of the Society; but Wills did not long enjoy his appointment, in consequence of the disputes which broke out among the members.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S PICTURES.

The Picture Gallery at the Soanean Museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, by means of *moveable planes*, contains, in the small space of 13 ft. 8 in. in length, 12 ft. 4 in. breadth, and 19 ft. 6 in. height, as many works as would cover a gallery of the same height, 45 ft. long and 20 ft. broad. Besides the pictures in these rooms, are others dispersed through the Museum—in

all, about 50 paintings and 40 drawings, besides statues and bas-reliefs. The collection of the English School is very fine, including 12 Hogarths, which cost nearly 2500*l.*—"The Rake's Progress," and "The Election;" "The Snake in the Grass," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a Jackson; 4 Howards, besides the ceilings; a Danby, a Bourgeois, a Fuseli, a Bird, a Ward, a Durno, an Eastlake, 3 of Jones, a Hilton, a Flaxman, 3 Stothards, 2 Corboulds, 2 Calcotts, 2 Daniells, 2 Turners. Of foreign masters are specimens by Raffaelle, 4 Canalletti; Rubens, Paul Veronese, Watteau, Ruysdael, 3 Ostade, and Zuccarelli. This is a very charming collection: one of the Canalletti is believed to be the painter's *chef-d'œuvre.*

HOGARTH'S VANITY.

Hogarth displayed no little vanity regarding his pretensions as a portrait-painter. One day, when dining at Dr. Cheselden's, he was told that John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, had asserted in Dick's coffee-house, that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. "That fellow, Freke," cried Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music, Greene only a light Florimel-kind of composer." "Ay, but," said the other, "Freke declared you were as good a portrait-painter as Vandyke." "There he was in the right," quoth Hogarth; "and so I am, give me but my time, and let me choose my subject."

Writing of himself, Hogarth says:—"The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I

particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital;" and he adds, in allusion to his detraction as a portrait-painter, "If I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

That Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands does not appear a whit more strange than that in the Foundling Hospital originated the Royal Academy of Arts. Yet, such was the case. The Hospital was incorporated in 1739, and in a few years the present building was erected; but, as the income of the charity could not, with propriety, be expended upon decorations, many of the principal artists of that day generously gave pictures for several of the apartments of the hospital. These were permitted to be shown to the public upon proper application; and hence became one of the sights of the metropolis. The pictures proved very attractive; and this success suggested the annual Exhibition of the united artists, which institution was the precursor of the Royal Academy, in the Adelphi, in the year 1760. Thus, within the walls of the Foundling, the curious may see the state of British art previously to the epoch

when King George the Third first countenanced the historical talent of West.

Among the earliest "governors and guardians" of the Hospital we find William Hogarth, who liberally subscribed his money, and gave his time and talent, towards carrying out the designs of his friend, the venerable Captain Coram, through whose zeal and humanity the Hospital was established. Hogarth's first artistical aid was the engraving of a head-piece to a power-of-attorney, drawn for the collection of subscriptions towards the Charity; Hogarth next presented to the Hospital an engraved plate of Coram.

Among the early artistic patrons of the Charity, we find Rysbrach, the sculptor; Hayman, the embellisher of Vauxhall Gardens; Highmore, Hudson, and Allan Ramsay; and Richard Wilson, the prince of English landscape-painters. They met often at the hospital, and thus advanced charity and the arts together; for the exhibition of their donations in paintings &c. drew a daily crowd of visitors in splendid carriages; and a visit to the Foundling became the most fashionable morning lounge of the reign of George the Second. The grounds in front of the Hospital were the promenade; and brocaded silks, gold-headed canes, and laced three-cornered (Egham, Staines, and Windsor) hats, formed a gay bevy in Lambs' Conduit Fields.

A very interesting series of biographettes of "the artists of the Foundling," with a *catalogue raisonnée* of the pictures presented by them, will be found in Mr. Brownlow's "Memoranda; or, Chronicles" of the Hospital. Among the pictures by Hogarth, are—

"Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," the "March to Finchley," and a "Portrait of Captain Coram." Here are, also, "The Charterhouse," by Gainsborough;' "St. George's and the Foundling Hospitals," by Wilson; "Portrait of Handel," by Kneller; "The Earl of Dartmouth," by Reynolds; The Cartoon of "The Murder of the Innocents," by Raphael; the altar-piece of the chapel, "Christ presenting a Little Child," by West; Portrait of the "Earl of Macclesfield," by Wilson; "Dr. Mead," by Allan Ramsay; "George the Second," by Shackleton; "the Offering of the Wise Men," by Casali; crayon portrait of "Taylor White," by Cotes; "A Landscape," by Lambert; "A Sea-piece," by Brooking, &c.

M'ARDELL'S PRINTS.

M'Ardell, (says Smith, in his *Life of Nollekens*), resided at the Golden Ball, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. Of the numerous and splendid productions of this excellent engraver of pictures by Sir Joshua, nothing can be said after the declaration of Reynolds himself, that "M'Ardell's prints would immortalize him;" however, I will venture to indulge in one remark more, namely, that that engraver has conferred immortality also upon himself in his wonderful print from Hogarth's picture of 'Captain Coram,' the founder of the Foundling Hospital. A brilliant proof of this head in its finest possible state of condition, in my humble opinion, surpasses anything in mezzotinto now extant.

UNFORTUNATE ACCURACY.

Liotard, a Swiss artist, who came to this country in the reign of George II., and stayed two years, is best known by his works in crayons. His likenesses were as exact as possible, and too like to please those who sat to him: thus he had great business the first year, and very little the second. Devoid of imagination, and one would think of memory also, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the smallpock, everything, found its place; not so much from fidelity, as because he could not conceive the absence of anything that appeared to him. Truth prevailed in all his works; grace in very few or none. Nor was there any ease in his outline; but the stiffness of a bust in all his portraits. Liotard's lack of employment may, therefore, easily be accounted for.

IMMORTALITY OF PAINTING.

It is painful to think how soon the paintings of Raphael, and Titian, and Correggio, and other illustrious men, will perish and pass away. "How long," said Napoleon to David, "will a picture last?" "About four or five hundred years—a fine immortality!" The poet multiplies his works by means of a cheap material; and Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Tasso, and Moliere, and Milton, and Shakspeare, may bid oblivion defiance; the sculptor impresses his conceptions on metal or on marble, and expects to survive the wreck of nations, or the wrongs of time; but the

painter commits to perishable cloth or wood, the visions of his fancy, and dies in the certain assurance that the life of his works will be but short in the land they adorn.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "PUCK."

This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it, he said: "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck, for my Shakspeare Gallery, I will give you a hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom: a few hours' happy labour made the picture what we see it.

RAPHAEL'S CARTOON OF THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

This cartoon came into the possession of the Foundling Hospital by the conditional bequest of Prince Hoare, Esq. Haydon describes it as "one of the finest instances in the world of variety of expression and beauty of composition, as a work of 'high art.'" It is the centre part of one of the best cartoons which belonged to the set executed by Raphael, at the order of Leo X., and sent afterwards to Flanders, to be copied in tapestry, for exhibition at the Vatican.

The original number of the cartoons was thirteen; but in consequence of the Flemish weavers cutting them into strips for their working machinery, after the tapestry was executed and sent to Rome, the original cartoons were left mingled together in boxes.

When Rubens was in England, he told Charles I. the condition they were in; and the king, who had the finest taste, desired him to procure them. Seven perfect ones were purchased, all, it may be inferred, which remained, and sent to his majesty; what became or had become of the remainder, nobody knows; but here and there, all over Europe, fragments have appeared. At Oxford there are two or three heads; and we believe the Duke of Hamilton or Buccleuch, has others. After Charles's misfortunes, the cartoons now at Hampton Court were sold, with the rest of his Majesty's fine collection; but by Cromwell's express orders they were bought in for three hundred pounds. During the reign of Charles II. they were offered to France for fourteen thousand francs, but Charles was dissuaded from selling them.

The above portion of the "Murder of the Innocents," was sold at Westminster many years ago, as disputed property. Prince Hoare's father, before the sale, explained to an opulent friend the great treasure about to be disposed of, and persuaded him to advance the money requisite, on condition of sharing the property. To his great surprise he bought it for twenty-six pounds; and his friend, having no taste, told Mr. Hoare if he would paint him and his family, he would relinquish his right.

These particulars Mr. Haydon had from Prince Hoare, the son; they are related in a letter from the painter to Mr. Lievesley, at the Foundling Hospital, dated October 3, 1837, wherein Haydon suggests the better exhibition of the work as a model of study;

and soon after the Governors of the Hospital sent the cartoon by way of loan, to the National Gallery, where it may now be seen and studied.*

JARVIS SPENCER.

Spencer was a miniature-painter of much celebrity, contemporaneous with Hogarth. He was originally a gentleman's servant, but having a natural turn for art, he amused himself with drawing. It happened that one of the family with whom he lived sat for a portrait to a miniature-painter, and when the work was completed, it was shown to Spencer, who said he thought he could copy it. He was allowed to make the attempt, when his success was so great, that the family he lived with at once patronised him, and by their interest he became a fashionable painter of the day.

A DRAPERY PAINTER.

Peter Jones, a pupil of Hudson, may be considered a portrait-painter, though his chief excellence was in painting draperies. In this branch of the art, so useful to a fashionable face-painter, he was much employed by Reynolds, Cotes, and West. Many of Sir Joshua's best whole-lengths are those to which Jones painted the draperies: among them was the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppell, in the dress she wore as bridesmaid to the queen: for this Jones was paid twelve guineas; but Sir Joshua was not remarkably liberal

* See Haydon's graphic letter in Brownlow's "Memoranda; or, Chronicles of the Foundling Hospital."

on such occasions, of which Jones did not neglect to complain. When the Royal Academy was founded, he was chosen one of its members.

"STRANGE" ADVENTURE.

The following anecdote of Sir Robert Strange, (says Smith,) was related to me by the late Richard Cooper, who instructed Queen Charlotte in drawing, and was for some time drawing-master to Eton School. "Robert Strange, (says Cooper,) was a countryman of mine, a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended to the first-floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated at needlework, and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising, or being in the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop. He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched; the lady continued at her work, singing as before; the soldiers upon entering the room, considering Miss Lunsdale alone, respectfully retired. Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his concealment, kissed the hand of his protectress, at which moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady; and no persons, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily."

Strange afterwards became a loyal man, though for

a long time he sighed to be pardoned by his king; who, however, was graciously pleased to be reconciled to him, and afterwards knighted him. Sir Robert was a conscientious publisher in delivering subscription impressions of prints; he never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty, and then it was destroyed; not laid aside for future sale, as has been the practice with some of our late publishers.

ORIGIN OF THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

George Lambert was for many years principal scene-painter to Covent Garden Theatre; and being a person of great respectability in character and profession, he was often visited, while at work, by persons of consideration. As it frequently happened that he was too much pressed by business to leave the theatre for dinner, he contented himself with a beef-steak, broiled upon the fire in the painting-room. In this humble meal he was sometimes joined by his visitors: the conviviality of the accidental meeting inspired the party with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly done, under the title of "The Beef-Steak Club;" and the party assembled periodically in the painting-room.* The members were afterwards ac-

* Peg Woffington was for some time President of the Club; and often, after she had been portraying on the stage

"The fair resemblance of a martyr queen,"

she was to be seen in the Club-room, with a pot of porter in her hand, and crying out, "Confusion to all order! let liberty thrive!"

commodated with a private apartment in the theatre, where the meeting was held for many years; but, after Covent Garden was last rebuilt, the place of meeting was changed to the Shakspeare Tavern. It was then removed to the Lyceum Theatre, in the Strand, on the destruction of which, by fire, in 1830, the place of meeting was transferred to the Bedford Coffeehouse, in Covent Garden. The *regime* of the club is a course of beef-steaks, followed by stewed cheese in silver dishes. The number of members is only twenty-four; and the days of meeting are every Saturday, from November until the end of June.

WILKIE'S EARLY LIFE.

John Burnet was educated with Wilkie in the first four years of his studies in the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh; and, after arriving in London, in 1806, witnessed the progress of nearly every picture of familiar life which he painted. Burnet relates, that Wilkie was always first on the stairs leading up to the Academy, (which was then held in St. James's-square,) anxious not to lose a moment of the hours of drawing; and this love of art, paramount to all other gratifications, continued with him to the last, even when his success had put the means in his power of indulging relaxation and procuring amusement. When in the Academy, his intenseness attracted the notice of the more volatile students, who used to pelt him with small pills of soft bread. As he was one of the first to be present, so he was one of the last to depart. After Academy hours, which were from ten to twelve

in the forenoon, (the best time of the day for application,) those who were apprentices returned to their several professions; but Wilkie invariably returned to his lodgings, there to follow out what was begun in the Academy, by copying from his own hands and face in a mirror: thus, as it were, engrafting the great principles of the antique on the basis of nature.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S DINNERS.

Sir Joshua appears to have been but an irregular manager in his conviviality. "Often was the dinner board prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded. In something of the same style, too, was the attendance; the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests best acquainted with the house by their never failing to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over, and the worst confusion began. Once was Sir Joshua prevailed upon to furnish his table with dinner-glasses and decanters; and some saving of time they proved; yet, as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them. "But these trifling embarrassments," says Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Macintosh, "only served to enhance the hilarity and

the singular pleasure of the entertainment." It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended: those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of higher relish, and far more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of his guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was ate or drank, and leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself."—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith.*

FINDING A PAINTER.

Brooking, a ship-painter of rare merit, about the middle of the last century, like many of the artists of the time, worked for the shops. Mr. Taylor White, Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, one day saw some of the sea-pieces of this artist in a shop-window in Castle-street, Leicester-square. He inquired his name, but was answered equivocally by the dealer, who told Mr. White that if he pleased he could procure other pictures by the same painter. Brooking was accustomed to write his name upon his pictures, which mark was as often obliterated by the shopkeeper before he placed them in his window. It, however, happened that the artist carried home a piece on which his name was inscribed; and the master being from home, his wife, who received it, placed it in the window without effacing the signature. Luckily, Mr. White saw the picture before it was removed, and thus discovered the name of the painter whose works he so much admired. He instantly advertised

for the artist to meet him at a certain wholesale linen-draper's in the city. To this invitation, Brooking, at first, paid no regard; but, seeing it repeated, with assurance of benefit to the person to whom it was addressed, he prudently attended to it, and had an interview with Mr. White, who, from that time, became his friend and patron. One of Brooking's sea-pieces hangs in the Foundling Hospital: it was painted in eighteen days, and is, altogether, a first-class picture.—*Brownlow's Memoranda of the Foundling Hospital.*

REYNOLDS'S AND LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS.

Sir D. Wilkie, in his remarks on Portrait Painting, says:—No representations of female character have equalled in sweetness and beauty the female portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds; yet, a contemporary has remarked, that this was accomplished greatly at the expense of likeness. Hoppner, who was himself distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form, remarked, that even to him it was a matter of surprise that Reynolds could send home portraits with so little resemblance to the originals. This, indeed, in his day, occasioned portraits to be left on his hands, or turned to the wall, which, since the means of comparing resemblances have ceased, have blazed forth in all the splendour of grace and elegance, which the originals would have been envied for had they ever possessed them. I may add to this what is remarked of Sir Thomas Lawrence: his likenesses were celebrated as the most successful of his time;

yet, no likenesses exalted so much or refined more upon the originals. He wished to seize the expression, rather than copy the features. His attainment of likeness was most laborious: one distinguished person, who favoured him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he had ever sat to, and he had sat to many.

This distinguished person, (says Burnet, in his *Practical Essays*,) I believe, was Sir Walter Scott. The picture was painted for his Majesty, and Lawrence was most anxious to make the picture the best of any painted from so celebrated a character. At other times, however, Sir Thomas was as dexterous with his pencil as any artist. I remember him mentioning that he painted the portrait of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, in one day; he came in the morning, remained to dinner, and left at dusk; or, as Lawrence expressed it, quoting his favourite author,

"From morn till noon,
From noon to dewy eve."

ZOFFANI'S GRATITUDE.

Zoffani was a native of Frankfort, and came to England as a painter of small portraits, when he was about thirty years of age. He was employed by George the Third, and painted portraits of the royal family. He was celebrated for small whole-lengths, and painted several pieces of Garrick, and his contemporaries in dramatic scenes. He was engaged by the queen to paint a view of the tribune of Florence; and while there he was noticed by the Emperor of Germany,

who inquired his name; and on hearing it, asked what countryman he was. Zoffani replied, "An Englishman." "Why," said the Emperor, "your name is German!" "True," replied the painter, "I was born in Germany; that was accidental: I call that my country where I have been protected."

Zoffani was admitted a member of the Royal Academy in 1783. He went afterwards to the East Indies, where he became a favourite of the Nabob of Oude, and amassed a handsome fortune, with which he returned to England, and settled at Strand-on-the-Green. Whilst there, he presented a large and well-executed painting of the Last Supper, as an altar-piece, to St. George's Chapel, then lately built, where it still remains. Every head in the picture, (excepting that of Christ) is a likeness. Here is a portrait of Zoffani himself; the others were likenesses of persons then living at Strand-on-the-Green and Old Brentford. Zoffani had in his establishment a nursemaid who possessed fine hands, which he ever and anon painted in his pictures.

PATRONAGE OF ART.

To suffer from the want of discernment on the part of the nobility and the people, appears to be the fate of artists in this country. It was not a whit better formerly than it is in our own time. Hogarth had to sell his pictures by raffle, and Wilson was obliged to retire into Wales, from its affording cheaper living. The committee of the British Institution purchased a picture by Gainsborough, for eleven hundred guineas,

and presented it to the National Gallery, as an example of excellence; yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser; the price was only fifty pounds. In our own times, says John Burnet, "let us take the case of Sir David Wilkie as an example; a painter who has founded a school of art unknown before in this or in any other country—a combination of the invention of Hogarth with the pictorial excellences of Ostade and Teniers; yet this artist's works, on his coming to London in 1804, were exposed in a shop window at Charing Cross for a few pounds; and a work for which he could only receive fifteen guineas, was sold the other day for eight hundred. Do transactions such as these show the taste or discernment of the public? Lord Mansfield thought thirty pounds a large sum for 'the Village Politicians;' and Sir George Beaumont, as a kind of patronage, gave Wilkie a commission to paint the picture of 'the Blind Fiddler,' and paid him fifty guineas for what would now bring a thousand at a public sale.* It seems, therefore, a fair inference that a discerning public, or a patronising nobility, are only shown when an artist's reputation makes it safe to encourage him."—*Practical Essays.*

DANGEROUS RETORT.

Antonio More was a favourite of Philip of Spain, whose familiarity with him placed the painter's life in danger; for he one day ventured to return a slap on

* The Germans are great admirers of English art, and a picture by Wilkie has long graced the Gallery of Munich.

the shoulder, which the king in a playful moment gave him, by rubbing some carmine on his Majesty's hand. This behaviour was accepted by the monarch as a jest; but it was hinted to More that the holy tribunal might regard it as sacrilege; and he fled, to save himself, into Flanders, where he was employed by the Duke of Alva.

THE VENETIAN SCHOOL.

The late Sir Walter Scott used to say that when he told a story, he generally contrived to put a laced coat and a cocked hat upon it: this is a good illustration of the Venetian painters—their stories look like the spectacles of a melodrama.—*Burnet's Essays.*

REYNOLDS'S "NATIVITY."

In a fire at Belvoir Castle, in October, 1816, several of the pictures were burnt; among them was Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Nativity," a composition of thirteen figures, and in dimensions twelve feet by eighteen. This noble picture was purchased by the late Duke of Rutland for 1200 guineas.

HOLLOWAY AND "THE CARTOONS."

Holloway, who so successfully copied in black chalks the cartoons of Raphael in Hampton Court Palace, was an eccentric genius, deeply read in Scripture, which he expounded in the most nasal tone; but it was very interesting to listen to his observations on the beauties and merits of these master-pieces of art. A Madame Bouiller, a French *emigrée*,

was also occupied on the same subjects. She was patronised by West, who gave her permission to study in the palace; and said that he had never seen such masterly artistical touches of the crayon as hers.

One morning Holloway was found foaming with rage in the Cartoon Gallery. Some person had written against the cartoons, denominating them "wretched daubs;" and sorely did it wound the feelings of the enthusiastic artist, who worshipped with religious fervour these works of Raphael. Yet it was a grotesque scene to behold Madame Bouiller pacing after Holloway, up and down the gallery, with all the grimace and intensity of a Frenchwoman, and re-echoing his furious lamentations.

TITIAN'S PAINTING.

Sir Abraham Hume, the accomplished annotator of *The Life and Works of Titian*, observes: "It appears to be generally understood that Titian had, in the different periods of life, three distinct manners of painting: the first hard and dry, resembling his master, Giovanni Bellino; the second, acquired from studying the works of Giorgione, was more bold, round, rich in colour, and exquisitely wrought up; the third was the result of his matured taste and judgment, and, properly speaking, may be termed his own—in which he introduced more cool tints into the shadows and flesh, approaching nearer to nature than the universal glow of Giorgione."

After stating what little is known of the mechanical means employed by Titian in the colouring of his

pictures, Sir Abraham remarks: "Titian's grand secret of all appears to have consisted in the unremitting exercise of application, patience, and perseverance, joined to an enthusiastic attachment to his art: his custom was to employ considerable time in finishing his pictures, working on them repeatedly, till he brought them to perfection; and his maxim was, that whatever was done in a hurry, could not be well done." In manner and character, as well as talent, Titian may not inappropriately be associated with the most eminent painter this country ever produced, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CATLIN'S PICTURES.

Catlin, the traveller, was born in Wyoming, on the Susquehannah: he was bred to the law, but after he had practised two or three years, he sold his law library, and with the proceeds commenced as painter in Philadelphia, without either teacher or adviser. Within a few years, a delegation of Indians arrived from wilds of the far west in Philadelphia, "arrayed and equipped in all their classical beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau, tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter's palette. In silent and stoic dignity, these lords of the forest strutted about the city for a few days wrapped in their pictured robes, with their brows plumed with the quills of the war-eagle," and then quitted for Washington city, leaving Catlin to regret their departure. This, however, led him to consider the preservation by pictorial illustrations of the history and customs of these

people, as a theme worthy the life of one man; and he therefore resolved that nothing short of the loss of life should prevent him from visiting their country, and becoming their historian. He could find no advocate or abettor of his views; still, he broke from all connexions of family and home, and thus, firmly fixed, armed, equipped, and supplied, he started, in the year 1832, and penetrated the vast and pathless wilds of the Great Far West—devoted to the production of habitual and graphic portraiture of the manners, customs, and character of an interesting race of people who were rapidly passing away from the earth.

Catlin spent about eight years in the Indian country, and, in 1841, brought home portraits of the principal personages from each tribe, views of their villages, pastimes, and religious ceremonies; and a collection of their costumes, manufactures, and weapons. He was undoubtedly the first artist who ever started upon such a labour, designing to carry his canvass to the Rocky Mountains. He visited forty-eight different tribes, containing 400,000 souls, and mostly speaking different languages. He brought home 310 portraits in oil, all painted in their native dress, and in their own wigwams; besides 200 paintings of their villages, wigwams, games, and religious ceremonies, dances, ball-plays, buffalo-hunts, &c.; containing 3000 full-length figures; together with landscapes, and a collection of costumes and other artificial produce, from the size of a huge wigwam to that of a rattle. It was for a time expected that the collection would have been purchased by the British Government, and added to the

British Museum, but the opportunity has been let slip; and thus have we lost these records of a race of our fellow-creatures, whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe.

MARTIN'S "DELUGE."

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has written this eloquent criticism: "Martin's 'Deluge' is the most simple of his works; it is, perhaps, also, the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the waste of inundation; but not the inundation of a world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to their ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records; and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven, you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet. I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast."

SIR JOSHUA'S GOODNATURE.

In the year 1760, a youth named Buckingham, a scholar at Mr. King's academy, in Chapel-street, Soho, presuming upon his father's knowledge of Sir Joshua Reynolds, asked the President if he would paint him a flag for the next breaking-up of the school; when Sir Joshua goodnaturedly replied, if he would call upon him at a certain time, he would see what he could do. The boy accordingly went, accompanied by a schoolfellow, named Williamson (the narrator of this anecdote), when Sir Joshua Reynolds presented them with

a flag, about a yard square, on which he had painted the king's coat of arms. This flag was carried in the breaking-up procession to the Yorkshire Stingo, an honour to the boys, and a still greater honour to him who painted it, and gave up his valuable time to promote their holiday amusements.

THOMAS SYDNEY COOPER "THE ENGLISH PAUL POTTER."

The admirers of Mr. Cooper's Cuyp-like pictures will be gratified with the following anecdote of the early recognition of the painter's genius, pleasantly related by Miss Mitford, in her *Belford Regis*.

"Sometime in November, 1831, Mr. Cribb, an ornamental gilder in London, (King-street, Covent Garden,) was struck with a small picture—a cattle-piece, in a shop window in Greek-street, Soho. On inquiring for the artist, he could learn no tidings of him; but the people of the shop promised to find him out. Time after time, our persevering lover of the arts called to repeat his inquiries, but always unsuccessfully; until about three months after, when he found that the person he sought was a Mr. Thomas Sydney Cooper, a young artist, who had been for many years settled at Brussels, as a drawing-master, but had been driven from that city by the Revolution, which had deprived him of his pupils, among whom were some of the members of the royal family; and, unable to obtain employment in London as a cattle-painter, he had, with the generous self-devotion which most ennobles a man of genius, supported his family

by making lithographic drawings of fashionable caps and bonnets, I suppose, as a puff for some milliner, or some periodical which deals in costumes. In the midst of this interesting family, and of these caps and bonnets, Mr. Cribb found him; and deriving from what he saw of his sketches and drawings additional conviction of his genius, he immediately commissioned him to paint a picture on his own subject, and at his own price, making such an advance as the richest artist could not scruple to accept on a commission, conjuring him to leave off caps and bonnets, and foretelling his future eminence. Mr. Cribb says, that he shall never forget the delight of Mr. Cooper's face when he gave the order—he has the right to the luxury of such a recollection. Well! the picture was completed: our friend, Mr. Cribb, who is not a man to do his work by halves, bespoke a companion, and while that was painting, showed the first to a great number of artists and amateurs, who all agreed in expressing the strongest admiration, and in wondering where the painter could have been hidden. Before the second picture was half finished, a Mr. Carpenter, (I believe that I am right in the name,) gave Mr. Cooper a commission for a piece, which was exhibited in May, 1833, at the Suffolk-street Gallery; and from that moment orders poured in, and the artist's fortune was made. It is right to add, that Mr. Cooper was generously eager to have this story made known, and Mr. Cribb as generously averse to its publication. But surely, it ought to be recorded for the example sake, and for their mutual honour."

HAYDON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott took considerable interest in the "Eucles" disposal; and, to the mention in his "Diary" that he had sat to Haydon for his portrait, Scott appends this kindly note:—

"He is certainly a clever fellow, but too enthusiastic—which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me—and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them."

HOGARTH'S PICTURES AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth, and became intimate with Jonathan Tyers, then proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens. On passing the tavern one morning, Hogarth saw Tyers, and observing him to be very melancholy, "How now, master Tyers; why so sad this morning?" said the painter. "Sad times, master Hogarth," replied Tyers, "and my reflections were on a subject not likely to brighten a man's countenance: I was thinking, do you know, which was likely to prove the easiest death, hanging or drowning." "Oh," said Hogarth, "is it come to that?" "Very nearly, I assure you," said Tyers. "Then," replied Hogarth, "the remedy you think of applying is not likely to mend the matter—don't hang or drown to-day. I have a thought that may save the necessity of either, and will communicate it to you to-morrow morning;

call at my house in Leicester Fields." The interview took place, and the result was the concocting and getting up the first "Ridotto al Fresco," which was very successful; one of the new attractions being the embellishment of the pavilions in the gardens by Hogarth's pencil. Thus, he drew the Four Parts of the Day, which Hayman copied; and the two scenes of Evening and Night, with portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Hayman was one of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, and was, when young, a scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre.

Hogarth was at this time in prosperity, and assisted Tyers more essentially than by the few pieces he painted for the gardens; and for this Tyers presented the painter with a gold ticket of admission for himself and friends, which was handed down to Hogarth's descendants: the medal being for the admission of six persons, or "one coach," as it was termed.*

* Hogarth and Hayman are reputed to have painted other pieces for the Gardens, where the following were disposed of by auction, a year or two since. An oil painting, said to be by Hogarth, painted expressly for the Gardens; subject, Drunken Men, 4 guineas. Ditto, a female pulling out the grey hairs of an aged man, by Hogarth, 3 guineas. Ditto, the original of a scene afterwards in the "Rake's Progress," by Hogarth, curious as the first of the series, 5*l*. Ditto, a painting in oil of "the Village Curate reproving the Drunken Cobbler," by Hogarth, 4*l*. Ditto, with numerous figures, boys and children at play, 4*l*. 10s. A painting by Dyce, emblematical of the descent of Venus, with allegorical figures, 7*l*. The number of lots were 234, amongst which were the pictures above mentioned by Hogarth, together with others by Hayman, amounting altogether to 24; and the singularly low prices which these obtained, excited universal surprise. Among the articles disposed of in the course of the sale were upwards of 400 punch-bowls.

RUBENS AND THE LION.

It is related that Rubens caused a remarkably fine and powerful lion to be brought to his house, in order to study him in every variety of attitude. One day, Rubens observing the lion yawn, was so pleased with his action, that he wished to paint it, and he desired the keeper to tickle the animal under the chin, to make him repeatedly open his jaws; at length, the lion became savage at this treatment, and cast such furious glances at his keeper, that Rubens attended to his warning, and had the animal removed. The keeper is said to have been torn to pieces by the lion shortly afterwards; apparently, he had never forgotten the affront.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Andrea Boscoli, the Italian painter, whilst sketching the fortifications of Loretto, was seized by the officers of justice, and condemned to be hanged; but he happily escaped within a few hours of execution, by the interposition of Signor Bandini, who explained to the chief magistrate the painter's innocent object.

GAINSBOROUGH.

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and had the good fortune to take Nature for his mistress in art, and her to follow through life. Respecting this painter, memory is strong in his native place. A beautiful wood, of four miles extent, is shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny

nooks inspired him while yet a school-boy with the love of art. Scenes are pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copy-books with pencillings of flowers and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream nor romantic glade, no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their work, nor pastoral occupations, escaped his diligent pencil. He received some instruction from Gravelot; and from Hayman, the friend of Hogarth. Having married, he settled in Ipswich; but in his thirty-first year removed to Bath, where he was appreciated as he deserved, and was enabled by his pencil to live respectably.

He then removed to London, where he added the lucrative branch of portrait-painting to his favourite pursuit of landscape. The permanent splendour of his colours, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him at this time, in the estimation of many, a dangerous rival of Sir Joshua himself.

Gainsborough was quite a child of nature, and everything that came from his easel smacked strongly of that raciness, freshness, and originality, the study of nature alone can give. "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm" was one of his favourite compositions; yet, while he lived, he could find no purchaser at the paltry sum of one hundred guineas. After his death, five hundred guineas were paid for it by Lord Gainsborough, in whose house it was subsequently burnt. "The Shepherd's Boy in the Shower," and the "Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher," were

also his prime favourites. Although having the good taste to express no contempt for the society of literary or fashionable men, Gainsborough, unlike the courtly Sir Joshua, cared little for their company. Music was his passion, or rather, next to his profession, the business of his life. Smith, in his *Life of Nollekens*, relates that he once found Colonel Hamilton playing so exquisitely to Gainsborough on the violin, that the artist exclaimed, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the 'Boy at the Stile,' which you have so often wished to purchase of me." The Colonel proceeded, and the painter stood in speechless admiration, with tears of rapture on his cheek. Hamilton then called a coach, and carried away the picture.

HAYDON AT SCHOOL.

HAYDON was born at Plymouth, and at ten years old was sent to the Grammar School, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, who possessed great taste for painting, and first noticed Haydon's love of drawing; and, as a reward for diligence in school, the reverend gentleman used to indulge his pupil by admitting him to his painting-room, where he was allowed to pass his half-holidays.

At the age of fourteen, Haydon was sent to Plympton St. Mary School, where Sir Joshua Reynolds acquired all the scholastic knowledge he ever received. On the ceiling of the school-room was a sketch drawn by Reynolds with a burnt cork; and it was young Haydon's delight to sit and contemplate this early production of the great master Whilst at this school, he was about to

join the medical profession; but the witnessing of an operation at once debarred him. When he left the Plympton School, after a stay there of about two years, he had not decided what profession he should pursue; and whilst at home in this unsettled state, his mind was never at rest, but he was constantly employed in drawing or painting, and reading hard. About this time, Reynolds's "Discourses" attracted his attention, and fixed his resolution on painting; and, as the first step to which, he resolved to study anatomy.

RUBENS'S DAY.

RUBENS was in the habit of rising very early: in summer at four o'clock, and immediately afterwards he heard mass. He then went to work, and while painting, he habitually employed a person to read to him from one of the classical authors, (the favourites being Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, and Seneca,) or from some eminent poet. This was the time when he generally received his visitors, with whom he entered willingly into conversation on a variety of topics, in the most animated and agreeable manner. An hour before dinner was always devoted to recreation, which consisted either in allowing his thoughts to dwell as they listed on subjects connected with science or politics,—which latter interested him deeply,—or in contemplating his treasures of art. From anxiety not to impair the brilliant play of his fancy, he indulged but sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again till evening, he usually, if not prevented by business, mounted a spi-

rited Andalusian horse, and rode for an hour or two. This was his favourite exercise: he was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal meal, (he was the declared enemy of all excess,) and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation. This active and regular mode of life could alone have enabled Rubens to satisfy all the demands which were made upon him as an artist; and the astonishing number of works he completed, the genuineness of which is beyond all doubt, can only be accounted for through his union of extraordinary diligence with the acknowledged fertility of his productive powers.

DILIGENCE OF RUBENS.

Like other great painters, Rubens was an architect, too; and, besides his own house, the church and the college of the Jesuits, in Antwerp, were built from his designs.

We are enabled to form some estimate of the astonishingly productive powers of Rubens, when we consider that about 1000 of his works have been engraved; and, including copies, the number of engravings from his works amount to more than 1500. The extraordinary number of his paintings adorn not merely the most celebrated public and private galleries, and various churches in Europe, but they have even found their way to America. In Lima, especially,

there are several, and some of them of considerable value and excellence. Yet, of the countless pictures everywhere attributed to Rubens, but a small proportion were entirely painted by his own hands; the others contain more or less of the workmanship of his pupils. The greatest number of works, begun and finished by his own hands, are to be found in the galleries of Madrid, Antwerp, and Blenheim. — *Mrs. Jameson's Translation of Dr. Waagen's Essay on Rubens.*

HAYDON'S "JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON."

This picture was bought of the artist by Sir W. Elford and Mr. Tingcomb, for 700*l.* Whilst painting it, Haydon got embroiled in a controversy on the Elgin Marbles, with Mr. Payne Knight, one of the Directors of the British Institution. This gave great offence; and when the painter had been four months at work on the "Solomon," he was left without resources; but, by selling successively his books, prints, and clothes, he was enabled to go on with his picture. At length, after a labour of two years, and by a closing exertion of painting six days, and nearly as many nights, the picture was completed, and exhibited in Spring Gardens, with great success. The Directors of the British Institution then showed their sense of Haydon's genius by a vote of 100 guineas, and all ill-feeling was forgotten. For this work, Haydon was presented with the freedom of the borough of Plymouth, says the vote, "as a testimony of respect for his extraordinary merit as an historical painter; and par-

ticularly for the production of his recent picture, 'the Judgment of Solomon,' a work of such superior excellence, as to reflect honour on his birthplace, distinction on his name, lustre on the art, and reputation on the country."

Miss Mitford addressed to the painter the following Sonnet on this picture :—

"Tears in the eye, and on the lips a sigh!
Haydon, the great, the beautiful, the bold,
Thy Wisdom's King, thy Mercy's God unfold?
There art and genius blend in unison high,
But this is of the soul. The majesty
Of grief dwells here; grief cast in such a mould
As Niobe's of yore. The tale is told
All at a glance. 'A childless mother I!'
The tale is told, and who can e'er forget,
That e'er has seen that visage of despair!
With unaccustomed tears our cheeks are wet,
Heavy our hearts with unaccustomed care,
Upon our thoughts it presses like a debt,
We close our eyes in vain; that face is there."

Mr. West, on seeing the picture, was affected to tears, at the figure of the pale, fainting mother.

VAN DE VELDE AND BACKHUYSEN.

When Dr. Waagen visited England in 1835, his sea passage gave rise to the following exquisite critical observations: "I must mention as a particularly fortunate circumstance, that the sea gradually subsided from a state of violent agitation to a total calm and a bright sunshine, attenuated with a clouded sky, and flying showers. I had an opportunity of observing in succession all the situations and effects which have been represented by the celebrated Dutch marine

painters, William Van de Velde, and Backhuysen. Now, for the first time, I fully understood the truth of their pictures, in the varied undulation of the water, and the refined art with which, by shadows of clouds, intervening dashes of sunshine near, or at a distance, and ships to animate the scene, they produce such a charming variety in the uniform surface of the sea. To conclude in a striking manner this series of pictures, Nature was so kind as to favour us at last with a thunder-storm, but not to interrupt by long-continued rain, suffered it to be of very short duration."

A PAINTER'S HAIR-DRESSING.

It was the constant practice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as soon as a female sitter had placed herself on his throne, to destroy the tasteless labours of the hair-dresser and the lady's maid with the end of a pencil-stick.

A MIS-MATCHED PORTRAIT.

Dr. Waagen relates the following singular anecdote of one of the portraits in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle—that of the minister, William von Humboldt. The conception is poor, and the likeness very general; but the want is, that the body does not at all suit the head; for when king George the Fourth, who was a personal friend of the minister, during his last visit to England, and a short time before his departure, made him sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the latter being pressed for time, took a canvass on which

he had begun a portrait of Lord Liverpool, and had already finished his body in a purple coat, and painted upon it the head of M. Von Humboldt, intending to alter it afterwards. This, however, in consequence of the death of the king, and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was not done; it is, however, to be wished that the anomaly were remedied.

VAST PAINTED WINDOW.

In the spring of 1830, there was exhibited in London a superb specimen of painting on glass, the size almost amounting to the stupendous, being eighteen by twenty-four feet. The term "window," however, is hardly applicable to this vast work, for there was no framework visible; but the entire picture consisted of upwards of 350 pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal astragals, so contrived as to fall with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique picture upon a sheet of glass.

The subject was "the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in the plain of Ardres, near Calais; a scene of overwhelming gorgeousness, and, in the splendour of its appointments well suited to the brilliant effects which is the peculiar characteristic of painting in enamel. The stage represented was the last tourney on June 25, 1520. The field is minutely described by Hall, whose details the painter had closely followed. There were artificial trees, with green damask leaves; and branches and boughs, and withered leaves, of cloth-of-gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with

cloth-of-gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers of Venice gold; and "their beautie shewed farre." In these trees were hung, emblazoned upon shields, "the Kynge of Englande's armes, within a gartier, and the French Kynge's within a collar of his order of Sainct Michael, with a close croune, with a flower de lise in the toppe;" and around and above were the shields of the noblemen of the two courts. The two queens were seated in a magnificent pavilion, and next to the Queen of England sat Wolsey; the judges were on stages, the heralds, in their tabards, placed at suitable points; and around were gathered the flower of the French and English nobility, to witness this closing glory of the last days of chivalry.

The *action* of the piece is thus described:—The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field; they then put down their vizors, and rode to the encounter valiantly; or, as Hall says, "the ii kynges were ready, and either of them encountered one man-of-armes; the French Kynge to the erle of Devonshire, the Kynge of England to Mounsire Florrenges, and brake his Poldron, and him disarmed, when ye strokes were stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised."

The picture contained upwards of one hundred figures (life size) of which forty were portraits, after Holbein and other contemporary authorities. The armour of the two kings and the challenger was very successfully painted; their coursers almost breathed chivalric fire; and the costumes and heraldic devices presented a blaze of dazzling splendour. Among the

spectators, the most striking portraits were the two queens; Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, and the Countess of Chateaubriant; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and Queen Mary, Dowager of France; with the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment upon the extravagance of the tournament proved his downfal. The elaborate richness of the costumes sparkling with gold and jewels, the fleecy, floating feathers of the champions, their burnished armour and glittering arms, the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth-of-gold, and the heraldic emblazonry amidst the emerald freshness of the foliage—all combined to form a scene of unparalleled sumptuousness and effect.

The picture was executed in glass by Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst (a pupil of the late Mr. Moss), from a sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone; the horses by Mr. Woodward. The work cost the artist nearly 3000*l*. It was exhibited in a first-floor at No. 15, Oxford-street, and occupied one end of a room decorated for the occasion with paneling and carving in the taste of the time of Henry the Eighth. It was very attractive as an exhibition, and nearly 50,000 descriptive catalogues were sold. Sad, then, to relate, in one unlucky night, the picture and the house were entirely burnt in an accidental fire; not even a sketch or study was saved from destruction; and the property was wholly uninsured. As a specimen of glass painting, the work was very successful: the colours were very brilliant, and the ruby red of old was all but equalled. The artistic treatment was altogether original; the painters,

in no instance, borrowing from the contemporary picture of the same scene in the Hampton Court collection.

CLAUDE'S "LIBRO DI VERITA."

It was thus Claude Lorraine denominated a book in which he made drawings of all the pictures he had ever executed. Since even in his own day his works had obtained a great reputation, it was found that many inferior artists had painted pictures in his style, and sold them as genuine Claudes; so that it was found necessary to prove the authenticity of his paintings by a reference to his "Book of Truth."

This renowned record of genius is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The drawings are in number about 200, and upon the back of the first is a paper pasted, with the following words in Claude's own handwriting and orthography:—

"Audi 10 dagosto, 1677. Ce livre aupartien a moy que je faict durant ma vie. Claudio Gillee Dit le lorains. A Roma ce 23. Aos. 1680."

When Claude wrote the last date, he was seventy-eight years old, and he died two years afterwards. On the back of every drawing is the number, with his monogram, the place for which the picture was painted, and usually the person by whom it was ordered, and the year; but the "Claudio fecit" is never wanting. According to his will, this book was to remain always the property of his own family; and it was so faithfully kept by his immediate descendants, that all the efforts of the Cardinal d'Estrées, the French ambas-

sador at Rome, to procure it, were in vain. His later posterity had so entirely lost all traces of this pious reverence for it, that they sold it for the trifling price of 200 scudi to a French jeweller, who again sold it in Holland, whence it came into the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who has preserved it with due honours. The well-known copies by Barlow, in the work of Boydell, give but a very vague and monotonous representation of these splendid drawings.

Dr. Waagen, who inspected the treasure at Devonshire House, says: "The delicacy, ease, and masterly handling of all, from the slightest sketches to those most carefully finished, exceed description; the latter produce, indeed, all the effect of finished pictures. With the simple material of a pen, and tints of Indian ink, sepia, or bistre, with some white to bring out the lights, every characteristic of sunshine or shade, or 'the incense-breathing morn,' is perfectly expressed. Most happily has he employed for this purpose the blue tinge of the paper, and the warm sepia for the glow of evening. Some are only drawn with a pen, or the principal forms are slightly sketched in pencil, with the great masses of light broadly thrown in with white; the imagination easily fills up the rest."

THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This is No. 186,—Portraits of a Flemish Gentleman and Lady, standing in the middle of an apartment, with their hands joined. In the back-ground are a

bed, a mirror, and a window, partly open; the objects in the room being distinctly reflected in the mirror. A branch chandelier hangs from the ceiling, with the candle still burning in it; in the foreground is a small poodle. In the frame of the mirror are ten minute circular compartments, in which are painted stories from the life of Christ; and immediately under the mirror is written "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic," with the date 1434 below. This signifies literally, "John Van Eyck was this man," an interpretation which leads to the conjecture that this may be Van Eyck's own portrait, with that of his wife, though in this case the wife's name should have been written as well as his own; and the expression is not exactly that which would have been expected. The words are, however, distinctly *fuit hic*. As already mentioned, the date of the picture is 1434, when John Van Eyck was, according to the assumed date of his birth, in his fortieth year, which is about the age of the man in this picture. Van Mander speaks of the painting as the portraits of a man and his wife; or bride and bridegroom: it may be a bridegroom introducing his bride to her home.

This picture, about a century after it was painted, was in the possession of a barber-surgeon at Bruges, who presented it to the then Regent of the Netherlands, Mary, the sister of Charles X., and Queen Dowager of Hungary. This princess valued the picture so highly, that she granted the barber-surgeon in return, an annual pension, or office worth 100 florins per annum. It appears, however, to have again fallen into obscure hands; for it was discovered by Major-

General Hay in the apartments to which he was taken in 1815, at Brussels, after he had been wounded at the battle of Waterloo. He purchased the picture after his recovery, and disposed of it to the British Government in 1842, when it was placed in the National Gallery. It is the oldest painting in the collection.*

EXPERIMENTAL COLOURING.

The great experimental colourist of the fifteenth century, Van Eyck, has left unfading proofs of his skill as well as his genius; whilst the experimental colourist of the eighteenth century, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has already lost so much of his tone and brightness. The painters of our own time throughout Europe, notwithstanding the recent discoveries in chemistry and natural science, are unable to reproduce the rich hues of Titian, or of the early Germans.

Yet, Van Eyck met with many disappointments. He had just applied a newly-invented combination, (probably of lime-water and some other ingredients,) to a large and highly-finished picture. This mixture required to be rapidly dried; and for that purpose the picture was left for a short time in the sun. When the artist returned to witness the result of his experiment, he found that the action of the heat on the composition had split the canvas, and that his work was utterly ruined! Happily for the arts, their best votaries have possessed the genius of perseverance, as well as the genius of enterprise.

* Wornum's Catalogue, revised by Eastlake.

STOTHARD'S FRIEZE.

One of Stothard's last great designs was that for the frieze of the interior of Buckingham Palace. The subjects are illustrative of the history of England, and principally relative to the Wars of the Red and White Roses. The venerable artist was between seventy and eighty years old when he executed these; and they possess all the spirit and vigour of imagination that distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawing of this frieze ought to have been in the possession of the King; but they were sold at Christie's, with other works, on the decease of the painter. Mr. Rogers was the purchaser.

JOHN MARTIN ON GLASS PAINTING.

Several years since, when John Martin, the historical painter, was examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Arts and Manufactures, he was questioned as to the information he had collected on the subject of glass-painting. To this he replied, "Glass-painting has fallen almost to the same level as china-painting; but it might be greatly improved now to what it was in ancient times. There is an ignorant opinion among the people that the ancient art of glass-painting is completely lost: it is totally void of foundation; for we can carry it to a much higher pitch than the ancients, except in one particular colour, which is that of ruby, and we come very near to that. We can

blend the colours, and produce the effect of light and shadow, which they could not do, by harmonizing and mixing the colours in such a way, and fixing by proper enameling and burning, that they shall afterwards become just as permanent as those of the ancients, with the additional advantage of throwing in superior art." Martin began life as a painter on glass. One of his earliest pictures is in the conservatory at the mansion of the late Marquess of Wellesley, at Knightsbridge.

"SITTING FOR THE HAND."

If you have an artist for a friend, (says N. P. Willis,) he makes use of you while you call, to "sit for the hand" of the portrait on his easel. Having a preference for the society of artists myself, and frequenting their studios considerably, I know of some hundred and fifty unsuspecting gentlemen on canvas, who have procured, for posterity and their children, portraits of their own heads and dress-coats to be sure, but of the hands of other persons.

HAYDON AND FUSELI.

Prince Hoare introduced Haydon to Fuseli, who was so struck with his close attendance at the Royal Academy, that he one day said, "Why, when do you dine?" The account of his introduction is very characteristic. "Such was the horror connected with Fuseli's name, (says Haydon,) that I remember perfectly well the day before I was to go to him, a letter from my father concluded in these words: 'God speed you with the terrible Fuseli.' Awaking from a night of

awful dreaming, the awful morning came. I took my sketch-book and drawings,—invoking the protection of my good genius to bring me back alive, and sallied forth to meet the enchanter in his den! After an abstracted walk of perpetual musing, on what I should say, how I should look, and what I should do, I found myself before his door in Berners-street——1805." Haydon was shown into his painting-room, full of Fuseli's hideous conceptions. He adds:—"At last, when I was wondering what metamorphosis I was to undergo, the door slowly opened, and I saw a little hand come slowly round the edge of it, which did not look very gigantic, or belonging to a very powerful figure, and round came a little white-faced lion-headed man, dressed in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied by a rope, and the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket on his head for a cap. I was perfectly amazed! there stood the designer of Satan in many an airy whirl plunging to the earth; and was this the painter himself?—Certainly. Not such as I had imagined when enjoying his inventions. I did not know whether to laugh or cry, but at any rate I felt that I was his match if he attempted the supernatural. We quietly stared at each other, and Fuseli kindly understanding my astonishment and inexperience, asked in the mildest voice for my drawings. Here my evil genius took the lead, and instead of showing him my studies from the antique, which I had brought, and had meant to have shown him, I showed him my sketch-book I did not mean to show him, with a sketch I had made coming along, of a man pushing a sugar-cask into a

grocer's shop. Fuseli seeing my fright, said, by way of encouragement, 'At least the fellow does his business with energy.'" From that hour commenced a friendship which lasted till his death.

RICHARD WILSON.

Wilson loved, when a child, to trace figures of men and animals, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of the house, a predilection which his father encouraged. His relation, Sir George Wynn, next took him to London, and placed him under the care of one Wright, an obscure portrait-painter. His progress was so successful, that in 1748, when he was thirty-five years old, he had so distinguished himself as to be employed to paint a picture of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, for their tutor, the Bishop of Norwich. In 1749, Wilson was enabled by his own savings, and the aid of his friends, to go to Italy, where he continued portrait-painting, till an accident opened another avenue to fame, and shut up the way to fortune. Having waited one morning for the coming of Zuccarelli the artist, to beguile the time, he painted a scene upon which the window of his friend looked, with so much grace and effect, that Zuccarelli was astonished, and inquired if he had studied landscape. Wilson replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try—for you are sure of success;" and this counsel was confirmed by Vernet, the French painter. His studies in landscape must have been rapidly successful, for he had some pupils in that line while at

Rome; and his works were so highly esteemed, that Mengs painted his portrait, for which Wilson, in return, painted a landscape.

It is not known at what time he returned to England; but he was in London in 1758, and resided over the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent-garden, where he obtained great celebrity as a landscape painter. To the first Exhibition of 1760, he sent his picture of Niobe, which confirmed his reputation. Yet Wilson, from inattention to his own interests, lost his connexions and employment, and was left, late in life, in comfortless infirmity.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

This valuable collection, (to be henceforth located in the Earl of Ellesmere's new mansion, in the Green Park,) originated in the Orleans Gallery. The Italian part of the collection had been mortgaged for 40,000*l.* to Harman's banking-house, when Mr. Bryan, a celebrated collector and picture-dealer, and author of the "Dictionary of Painters," induced the Duke of Bridgewater to purchase the whole as it stood for 43,000*l.* The pictures, amounting to 305, were then valued separately by Mr. Bryan, making a total of 72,000*l.*; and from among them the Duke selected ninety-four of the finest, at the prices at which they were valued, amounting altogether to 39,000 guineas. The Duke subsequently admitted his nephew, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, to share his acquisition; resigning to the former a fourth part, and to the latter an eighth of the whole number thus acquired. The

exhibition and sale of the rest produced 41,000*l.*; consequently, the speculation turned out most profitably; for the ninety-four pictures, which had been valued at 39,000*l.*, were acquired, in fact, for 2000*l.* The forty-seven retained for the Duke of Bridgewater were valued at 23,130*l.* * * The Duke of Bridgewater already possessed some fine pictures, and after the acquisition of his share of the Orleans Gallery, he continued to add largely to his collection, till his death in 1803, when he left his pictures, valued at 150,000*l.*, to his nephew, George, first Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland. During the life of this nobleman, the collection, added to one formed by himself when Earl Gower, was placed in the house in Cleveland-row; and the whole known then, and for thirty years afterwards, as the Stafford Gallery, became celebrated all over Europe. On the death of the Marquis of Stafford, in 1833, his second son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, taking the surname of Egerton, inherited, under the will of his grand-uncle, the Bridgewater property, including the collection of pictures formed by the Duke. The Stafford Gallery was thus divided: that part of the collection which had been acquired by the Marquis of Stafford fell to his eldest son, the present Duke of Sutherland; while the Bridgewater collection, properly so called, devolved to Lord Francis Egerton, and has resumed its original appellation, being now known as the Bridgewater Gallery. This gallery has a great attraction, owing principally to the taste of its present possessor: it contains some excellent works of modern English painters.

Near to the famous "Rising of the Gale," by Van de Velde, hangs the "Gale at Sea," by Turner, not less sublime, not less true to the grandeur and the modesty of nature; and by Edwin Landseer, the beautiful original of a composition which the art of the engraver has made familiar to the eye, the "Return of the Hawking Party," a picture which has all the romance of poetry and the antique time, and all the charm and value of a family picture. Nor should be passed, without particular notice, one of the most celebrated productions of the modern French historical school—"Charles I. in the Guard Room," by Paul Delaroche; a truly grand picture, which Lord Francis Egerton has added to the Gallery since 1838.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THE LOST PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES, BY VELASQUEZ.

It is well known that, in 1623, Charles, then Prince of Wales, accompanied by his father's favourite, George Villiers, the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, visited Madrid, with the avowed object of wooing and winning the Infanta. We are informed by Pacheco, that his son-in-law, Velasquez, received one hundred crowns for taking the portrait of the prince, probably designed as a present to his lady-love. The suit, however, proved unsuccessful; but what became of the picture has not been recorded, even incidentally. There is reason to suppose it was committed to the custody of Villiers, who had at York House, which occupied the site of Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham-

streets, in the Adelphi, a splendid collection of pictures. Charles, on his return from Spain, reached York House past midnight, on the 6th of October; and the picture may have been left there in some private apartment, and afterwards have gradually fallen out of mind. There was a sale of pictures on the assassination of the first duke. Again, when the second duke fled to the Continent, to escape the vengeance of the parliament, he sold part of his paintings to raise money for his personal support; and according to a catalogue of these pictures, compiled by Vertue, the Velasquez was not among them. Subsequently, the parliament sold part of the remaining pictures. Either at or before the death of the second duke, a fourth sale took place. In 1697, York House was burned down; and it is possible the missing portrait may have been in the house at this date.

A very interesting search after the lost treasure is detailed in a pamphlet, extending to 228 pages, published in 1847, from which these particulars are, in the main, condensed:

About four years since, Mr. Snare, a bookseller, at Reading, and a dealer in pictures, was much struck with the notice of the long-lost portrait of Charles, by Velasquez, which occurs in Mr. Ford's *Hand-Book for Spain*. Not long after, Mr. Snare, accompanied by a portrait-painter also living at Reading, went to Radley Hall, between Abingdon and Oxford, and there, among other pictures, saw a portrait in which he recognised the features of Charles the First; the owner told him the figure was by Vandyke, and the back ground by the artist's most clever pupils; but a dreamy conviction came over Mr. Snare that it was the missing portrait by Velasquez. On the 25th of

October, 1845, the pictures in Radley Hall were sold by auction; Mr. Snare attended, and bought the portrait for 8*l.*, notwithstanding many picture-dealers were present. After some delay, he took the treasure home: he put it in all lights; he moistened it with turpentine, which strengthened his conviction: he ran for his wife to admire it with him, and he was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"I was quite beside myself," says he, "with enthusiasm. I could not eat, and had no inclination to sleep. I sat up till three o'clock looking at the picture; and early in the morning I rose to place myself once more before it. I only took my eyes from the painting to read some book that made reference to the Spaniard whom I believed its author, or to the Flemish artist to whom, by vague report, it was attributed."

To trace the pedigree of the picture was the possessor's next object; and, in Pennant's *London*, he found mentioned the house of the Earl of Fife, as standing on part of the site of the palace of Whitehall, anciently called York House, which Mr. Snare confuses with the York House beyond Hungerford Market, the family mansion of the Duke of Buckingham. Among the works which adorned Fife House, Pennant mentions—

"A head of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, done in Spain when he was there in 1623 on his romantic expedition to court the Infanta. It is supposed to have been the work of Velasco."

Here was some clue. Mr. Snare then traced the owner of Radley Hall to have received the picture from a connoisseur, who in his turn received a number of pictures from the Earl of Fife's undertaker, after his lordship's funeral, in 1809.

Next he discovered a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "Catalogue of the Portraits and Pictures in the different houses belonging to the Earl of Fife, 1798." A reprint of this catalogue was then found in the possession of Colonel Tynte, of Halewell, dated in 1807, the only alteration being a slight addition to the preface. Colonel Tynte remembers having been shown the pictures at Fife House, by the Earl himself. On page 38 of the Catalogue, under the head, "First Drawing-room," the following entry occurs:—

"Charles I. when Prince of Wales. Three quarters. Painted at Madrid, 1625, when his marriage with the Infanta was proposed.

———Velasquez.

This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham."

Pennant, however, speaks of the portrait as a head; but this may be owing to confused recollection, especially as there appears to have been in the 'Little Drawing-room of the hall' a head of Charles I. by old Stone.

Two persons, upon inspecting the portrait, next identified it as the picture they had seen at the connoisseur's, and at the undertaker's.

The general opinion, however, seemed to be that the painting was by Vandyke, not by Velasquez: so believed its possessor at Radley Hall, and the experienced person who cleaned the picture for Mr. Snare. He, on the other hand, maintains that although Vandyke was in England for a few weeks in 1620, there is no proof that he painted for royalty till 1632, when Charles was too old for the portrait in question, and when any allusion to the Spanish match would have been an insult to the nation.

Cumberland, in his "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain," states that Prince Charles did not sit to Velasquez, but that he (Velasquez) took a sketch of the prince, as he was accompanying King Philip in the chase. Pacheco seems to have been the authority to Cumberland, who, however, has mistranslated the passage, which really should be "in the meantime, he also took a sketch (*bosquexo*) of the Prince of Wales, who presented him with one hundred crowns." The word "sketch," however, suggests another difficulty, for the picture itself is a fine painting on canvas. Mr. Ford, in his *Hand Book for Spain*, comes to the rescue, when he says that Velasquez "seems to have drawn on the canvas, for any sketches or previous studies are not to be met with." Still, the picture in question is all but finished. In it can be traced the red earthy preparation of the canvas, and the light colour over it, which Velasquez was accustomed to introduce. The pigments also bear decisive

evidence of their belonging to the Spanish school, and are exactly similar to the pigments used in the authenticated works of Velasquez—"the Water Seller," in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; the portrait of Philip II., in the Dulwich Gallery; and a whole-length portrait, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere.

Mr. Snare thus describes the painting itself:—

"Prince Charles is depicted in armour, decorated with the order of St. George; the right arm rests upon a globe, and in the hand is held a baton; the left arm is leaning upon the hip, being partly supported by the hilt of the sword; a drapery of a yellow ground, crossed by stripes of red, is behind the figure, but the curtain is made to cover one half of the globe on which the right arm is poised; the expression is tranquil; but in the distance is depicted a siege, numerous figures being there engaged in storming a town or fortress."

Some proofs of identity are traceable in the costume and accessories. Thus, among the jewels sent to the Prince, was "a fair sworde, which was Prince Henry's, fully garnished with dyamondes of several bignes."

Now, the hilt of the sword in the picture sparkles as if jewelled. The drapery, which covers half of the globe, is a rich yellow damask, with streaks of red. These are the national colours of Spain.

In the "Memoirs of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham," p. 17, we are told that, on the arrival of the Prince and Marquis—

"He (Olivarez) then complimented the Marquis, and told him, 'Now the Prince of England was in Spain, their masters would divide the world between them.'"

Similar mention of dividing the world between them also occurs in notices of the above meeting in the Journals of the House of Commons; and in Buckingham's Narrative, in Rushworth's Historical Collections. This may explain the Prince leaning on the globe, while half of it is covered by the national drapery of Spain. Still, the globe and drapery were afterthoughts in the painting.

The picture was exhibited for some time in Old Bond-street; but the opinion in favour of its being by Velasquez did not gain ground among connoisseurs: the distance has more of the painter's manner than the portrait itself, which is rather that of Vandyke. The pamphlet goes very far to settle the identity of the picture with that mentioned in the Fife House Catalogue; but the ascription may merely have been that of the Earl of Fife; and it is somewhat strange that it should not have been specially mentioned as the lost picture, had its identity been positively settled.

Since the publication of Mr. Snare's pamphlet, Sir Edmund Head, in his "Handbook of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting," has expressed his disbelief in the authenticity of the picture being the long-lost portrait; adding, first, it is not in his opinion by Velasquez; secondly, it is a finished picture; and, thirdly, it represents Charles as older than twenty-three years, which was his age when at Madrid. Again, Mr. Stirling, in his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," published in 1848, does not consider the picture proved to be that formerly at Fife House; nor does he regard it as a sketch, ("bosquexo,") but more than three parts finished. He thinks also that Charles looks considerably older than twenty-three; and he sees "no resemblance in the style of the execution to any of the acknowledged works of Velasquez." To both these objections, Mr. Snare has replied, in a second pamphlet, wherein he opposes to their opinions the cumulative evidence of his unwearied investigations. His first pamphlet, "The History and Pedi-

gree"—is one of the most interesting arrays of presumptive evidence we ever remember to have read.*

HAYDON'S "MOCK ELECTION."

While Haydon was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison, in July, 1827, a burlesque of an election was got up. "I was sitting in my own apartment," (writes the painter,) "buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing at the darkness of my own prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily when I saw the occasion." (He sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months with the aid of noblemen and friends, and the advocacy of the press, in exciting the sympathy of the country.) "To the joint kindness of each," wrote the painter, in gratitude, "I owe the peace of the last five months, without which I never could have accomplished so numerous a composition in so short a time." The picture proved attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for 500*l.*, and it was conveyed from the Egyptian-

* There hangs in the Long or Zoological Gallery of the British Museum a portrait of Charles I., when Prince of Wales. The artist by whom this picture was executed is unknown. Neither in the features, nor in the thoughtful expression of countenance, does it resemble the portraits taken in his maturer age: the melancholy which Vandyke has thrown into the celebrated picture of the King, at Windsor Castle, is here wanting; yet this portrait is known to have been amongst those that were sold by order of the Commissioners of the Commonwealth, from the collection at Whitehall.—*Catalogue in the Times*, 1838.

hall to St. James's Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr. Haydon's affairs; and with the purchase-money of the picture, and the proceeds of the exhibition, the painter was restored to the bosom of his family. In 1828, he painted, as a companion to this picture, "The Chairing of the Members," which was bought by Mr. Francis, of Exeter, for 300 guineas.

PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Eastern Zoological Gallery of the British Museum has its walls decorated with an assemblage of portraits, in number upwards of one hundred, forming, probably, the largest collection of portraits in the kingdom. The execution of many of them is but indifferent; there are others which are exceedingly curious; and some are unique. Great part of them came into the Museum from having belonged to the Sloanean, Cottonian, and other collections, which now form the magnificent library; and others have been the gifts of individuals. Before the rebuilding of the Museum, many of these pictures were stowed away in the lumber-rooms and attics of the mansion; and it was principally at the suggestion of an eminent London printseller, that they were drawn from their "dark retreat," cleaned, and the frames regilt, and hung in their present position, above the cases containing the fine zoological specimens. The Gallery itself occupies the whole of the upper story of the wing of the edifice, and has five divisions formed by pilasters, on the side walls, the ceilings being also divided into the same number of compartments, which gives an harmonious proportion

to the whole it would not otherwise possess. The light comes from elevated skylights, and it may be a question whether, taken altogether, its advantages for the display of paintings are not superior to those of the National Gallery, in Trafalgar-square.

Among the portraits are those of the English Sovereigns, including Richard II., Henry V., Margaret Countess of Richmond, Edward VI., (no doubt an original,) and Elizabeth, by Zucchero. Here are likewise foreign sovereigns, British statesmen, heroes, and divines, &c., peculiarly appropriate to the place; naturalists and philosophers, mathematicians, navigators, and travellers, whose labours have contributed to enrich this national Museum. The Synopsis contains a list of these pictures; but a very interesting Catalogue Raisonnée of the collection, with anecdotes of the personages and the paintings, was contributed by a Correspondent to the *Times* newspaper of November 27 and December 8, 1838; but we are not aware of this Catalogue having been reprinted.

There are also some curious portraits in the Print Room; among them, Geoffrey Chaucer, 1400, a small whole-length, on panel.

COPLEY'S PORTRAITS.

The fame of Copley as a portrait-painter is comparatively limited. I can speak (says Dr. Dibdin) but of *four* of his portraits from reminiscence; those of the late Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Colchester, and the late Richard Heber, Esq.—the latter when a boy of eight years, in the dining-room at Hodnet

Hall. These portraits, with the exception of the last, are all engraved. That of Earl Spencer, in his full robes as a Knight of the Garter, and in the prime of his manhood, now placed at the bottom of the great historical portrait gallery at Althorp, must have been a striking likeness; but, like almost all the portraits of the artist, it is too stiff and stately. The portrait of the young Heber has, I think, considerable merit on the score of art. There is a play of light and shadow, and the figure, with a fine flowing head of hair, mixes up well with its accessories. He is leaning on a cricket-bat, with a ball in one hand. The face is, to my eye, such as I could conceive the original to have *been*, when I first remember him a Bachelor of the Arts at Oxford, full, plump, and athletic. In short, as Dean Swift expresses it, "if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of the glass, and in his manhood through the diminishing end, it would be impossible to spy any difference." The contemplation of *this* portrait has at times produced mixed emotions of admiration, regard, and pity.

"BONAPARTE REVIEWING THE CONSULAR GUARD."

In the year 1800, M. Masquerier had occasion to go to Paris on family matters. Like a sensible man, who made all his pursuits available to the purposes of his profession, he conceived the happy thought of obtaining permission to make a portrait of Bonaparte, (then First Consul,) and afterwards portraits of his generals; the whole of which were concentrated in one grand

picture, of the size of life, and exhibited in this country as "Bonaparte Reviewing the Consular Guard." It appears that Masquerier, through the interest of a friend acquainted with Josephine, got permission to be present at the Tuilleries, where he saw Bonaparte in the *grey great-coat*, which has since been so well-known throughout Europe. Masquerier remarked that Bonaparte's appearance in this costume was so different from all portraits which he had seen, that he resolved to fix him in his sketch-book in this identical surtout, the French thinking that the portrait of a great man must necessarily be tricked out in finery. He sketched him just as he saw him, and carried him to England; placing him upon a grey horse, his usual charger, and surrounding him with his staff. The picture told in all respects. The Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) and Tallien, then in London on his return from Egypt, were among the twenty-five or thirty-thousand visitors who went to see it. Tallien left in the exhibition-room the following testimony to the likeness of the First Consul:—

"*J'ai vu le portrait du General Buonaparte fait par M. Masquerier, et je l'ai trouvé tres resemblant.*" Tallien, *Londres, ce* 24 *Mars*, 1801."

There is a print of this picture, which is scarce. The original was afterwards sold, to be taken to America. Masquerier netted about 1000*l.* by this speculation, but the remuneration did not overpay the toil. Such was the reaction, from incessant application and anxiety, that the artist was confined to his room several weeks afterwards.

LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF CURRAN.

One of Lawrence's most remarkable male portraits is that of Curran: under mean and harsh features, a genius of the highest order lay concealed, like a sweet kernel in a rough husk; and so little of the true man did Lawrence perceive in his first sittings, that he almost laid down his palette in despair, in the belief that he could make nothing but a common or vulgar work. The parting hour came, and with it the great Irishman burst out in all his strength. He discoursed on art, on poetry, on Ireland; his eyes flashed, and his colour heightened; and his rough and swarthy visage seemed, in the sight of the astonished painter, to come fully within his own notions of manly beauty. "I never saw you till now," said the artist, in his softest tone of voice; "you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran, the orator." Curran complied, and a fine portrait, with genius on its brow, was the consequence.

Allan Cunningham, whose Memoir of Lawrence we quote, states how he gradually raised his prices for portraits as he advanced to fame. In 1802, his charge for a three-quarter size was thirty guineas; for a half-length, sixty guineas; and for a whole-length, one hundred and twenty guineas. In 1806, the three-quarters rose to fifty guineas; and the whole length to two hundred. In 1808, he rose the smallest size to eighty guineas, and the largest to three hundred and twenty guineas; and in 1810, when the death of Hoppner swept all rivalry out of the way, he increased

the price of the heads to one hundred, and the full-lengths to four hundred guineas. He knew—none better—that the opulent loved to possess what was rare, and beyond the means of poorer men to purchase; and the growing crowds of his sitters told him that his advance in price had not been ill received.

OPIE AND NORTHCOTE.

It was the lot of Northcote to live long in something like a state of opposition to Opie. They were both engaged in historical pictures, by the same adventurous alderman, (Boydell,) and acquitted themselves in a way which, with many, left themselves in a balance. In after life, when Opie had ceased to be in any one's way, Northcote would recal, without any bitterness, their days of rivalry. "Opie," said he to Hazlitt, "was a man of sense and observation: he paid me the compliment of saying, that we should have been the best of friends in the world if we had not been rivals. I think he had more feeling than I had; perhaps, because I had most vanity. We sometimes got into foolish altercations. I recollect, once in particular, at a banker's in the City, we took up the whole of dinner-time with a ridiculous controversy about Milton and Shakspeare. I am sure neither of us had the least notion which was right; and when I was heartily ashamed of it, a foolish citizen added to my confusion by saying, 'Lor! what I would give to hear two such men as you talk every day!' On another occasion, when on his way to Devonport, Opie parted with him where the road branches off for Cornwall. He

said to those who were on the coach with him, "That's Opie, the painter.' 'Is it, indeed!' they all cried, and upbraiding Northcote for not informing them sooner. Upon this, he contrived, by way of experiment, to try the influence of his own name; but his fame had not reached the enlightened 'outsides;' and the painter confessed he felt mortified."—*Cunningham.*

ORIGIN OF KIT-KAT PICTURES.

In Shire-lane, Temple Bar, is said to have originated the famous Kit-Kat Club, which consisted of thirty-nine distinguished noblemen and gentlemen zealously attached to the protestant succession of the house of Hanover. The club is supposed to have been named from Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, who kept the house where the members dined; and who excelled in making mutton-pies, which were always in the bill of fare, these pies being called kit-kats. Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was secretary to the club. "You have heard of the Kit-Kat Club," says Pope to Spencer. Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanburgh, Manwaring, Stepney, and Walpole, belonged to it.

Tonson, whilst secretary, caused the club meetings to be transferred to a house belonging to himself at Barn Elms, and built a handsome room for the accommodation of the members. The portrait of eac member was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; but, the apartment not being sufficiently large to receive half-length pictures, a shorter canvas was adopted; and hence the technical term of kit-kat size. Garth

wrote the verses for the toasting-glass of this club, which, as they are preserved in his works, have immortalized four of the reigning beauties at the commencement of the last century—Lady Carlisle, Lady Essex, Lady Hyde, and Lady Wharton.

In 1817, the club-room was standing, and was the property of Mr. Hoare, the London banker. Sir Richard Phillips visited it at this date, when it was sadly in decay. It was 18 feet high, and 40 feet long, by 20 wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of the last century; but the whole was falling to pieces from the effects of dry-rot. There was the faded cloth-hanging of the walls, whose red colour once set off the famous portraits of the club that hung around it. Their marks and sizes were still visible, and the numbers and names remained as written in chalk for the guidance of the hanger! "Thus," says Sir Richard, "was I, as it were, by these still legible names, brought into personal contact with Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and Garth, and Dryden, and with many *hereditary* nobles, remembered only because they were patrons of those *natural* nobles!—I read their names aloud!—I invoked their departed spirits!—I was appalled by the echo of my own voice! The holes in the floor, the forests of cobwebs in the windows, and a swallow's nest in the corner of the ceiling, proclaimed that I was viewing a vision of the dreamers of a past age—that I saw realized before me the speaking vanities of the anxious career of man! The blood of the reader of sensibility will thrill as mine thrilled! It was

feeling without volition, and therefore incapable of analysis!"

Not long after this the club-room was united to a barn, to form a riding-house. The kit-kat pictures were painted early in the eighteenth century, and about the year 1710, were brought to this spot; but the club-room was not built till ten or fifteen years afterwards. The paintings were forty-two in number, and were presented by the members to the elder Tonson, who died in 1736. He left them to his great nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in 1767. They were then removed from the building at Barn-Elms, to the house of his brother, at Water-Oakley, near Windsor; and on his death, to the house of Mr. Baker, of Hertingfordbury, where they were splendidly lodged, and in fine preservation. We are not aware if the collection has been dispersed.

COPLEY'S LARGE PICTURE.

Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, painted a vast picture of the Relief afforded to the Crew of the Enemy's Gun-boats on their taking fire at the Siege of Gibraltar. The painting was immense, and it was managed by means of a roller, so that any portion of it, at any time, might be easily seen or executed. The artist himself was raised on a platform. The picture was at length completed, and a most signal mark of royal favour was granted the painter, by his receiving permission to erect a tent in the Green Park for its exhibition. It attracted thousands. Beneath the principal subjects, in small, was painted

Lord Howe's relief of the garrison of Gibraltar; and the portraits of Lords Heathfield and Howe, (heads only,) occupied each one side of this smaller subject.

When Copley's magnificent picture, now hanging up in the Egyptian darkness of the Council-room in Guildhall, was first exhibited, Dr. Dibbin one day placed himself in front of it, and was sketching the portrait of Lord Heathfield with a pencil on the last blank page of the catalogue, when some one to his right exclaimed, "Pretty well, but you give too much nose." The Doctor turned round—it was the artist himself, who smiled, and commended his efforts.

SIR ROBERT KERR PORTER'S PANORAMA.

Mr. (subsequently Sir) Robert Kerr Porter, at the age of nineteen produced a performance at once inconceivable and unparalleled—the panorama of *the Storming and Capture of Seringapatam.* It was not the very first thing of its kind, because there had been a panorama of London exhibited in Leicester Fields by Mr. Barker; but it was the very first thing of its kind, if artist-like attainments be considered. The learned, (says Dr. Dibdin,) were amazed, and the unlearned were enraptured. I can never forget its impression upon my own mind. It was a thing dropt from the clouds—all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. You looked a second time; the figures moved, and were commingled in hot and bloody fight. You saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion. You longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird,

who is hallooing the men on to victory! Then again, you seemed to be listening to the groans of the wounded and the dying—and more than one female was carried out swooning. The oriental dress, the jewelled turban, the curved and ponderous scimitar—these were among the prime objects of favouritism with Sir Robert's pencil: and he touched and treated them to the very spirit and letter of the truth. The colouring, too, was good and sound throughout. The accessories were strikingly characteristic—rock, earth, and water, had its peculiar and happy touch; and the accompaniments about the sally-port, half choked up with the bodies of the dead, made you look on with a shuddering awe, and retreat as you shuddered. The public poured in by hundreds and by thousands for even a transient gaze—for such a sight was altogether as marvellous as it was novel. You carried it home, and did nothing but think of it, talk of it, and dream of it. And all this by a young man of nineteen.

Miss Jane Porter, Sir Robert's sister, wrote for Dr. Dibdin a very interesting narrative of this extraordinary work.

"It was two hundred and odd feet long," says Miss Porter; "the proportioned height I have now forgotten. But I remember, when I first saw the vast expense of vacant canvas stretched along, or rather in a semicircle, against the wall of the great room in the Lyceum, where he painted it, I was terrified at the daring of his undertaking. I could not conceive that he could cover that immense space with the subject he intended, under a year's time at least, but—and it is indeed marvellous!—he did it in SIX WEEKS! But he worked on it every day (except Sundays) during those weeks, from sunrise until dark. It was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were sitting at Somerset House, respecting

the hanging of the pictures there for that year's exhibition; therefore it must have been towards the latter end of April. No artist had seen the painting of Seringapatam during its progress; but when it was completed, my brother invited his revered old friend, Mr. West, (the then President of the Royal Academy,) to come and look at the picture, and give him his opinion of it, ere it should be opened to the public view. * * * Mr. West went over from the Lyceum, on the morning on which he had called to see my brother and his finished painting, to Somerset House, where the Committee had been awaiting his presence above an hour. 'What has detained our President so long?' inquired Sir Thomas Lawrence of him, on his entrance. 'A wonder!' returned he, 'a wonder of the world!—I never saw anything like it!—a picture of two hundred feet dimensions, painted by that boy KERR PORTER, in six weeks! and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical painter amongst us in as many months!' You, my dear Sir, need no description of this picture; you saw it; and at the time of its exhibition you also must have heard of, and probably also saw, some of the affecting effects the truth of its pictorial war-tale had on many of the female spectators.

"After its exhibition closed, it was deposited, packed upon a roller, in a friend's warehouse. Thence, some circumstances caused it to be removed successively to other places of supposed similar security, but in one of which I believe it finally perished by the accidental burning down of the premises. The original sketches of this 'noble and stupendous effort of art,' as you so truly call it, are now in my own possession; and you may believe I value them as the apple of my eye. I must not forget to mention, with regard to Seringapatam, that had our British government, at the time of my brother's ardour for these paintings, possessed a building large enough for the purpose, he would have presented his country with that picture, and three others on British historical subjects, to form a perpetual exhibition for the benefit of its military and naval hospitals. Mr. Pitt lamented to him the impossibility then, of commanding such a building; so the project fell to the ground. The last of these intended four pictures was that of '*The Battle of Agincourt*,' which my brother afterwards presented to the city of London, where it was hung up in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. Some alterations in the room occasioned its being taken down for a temporary purpose; but it never saw the light again until *last year*, when (after above a dozen years '

oblivion in—nobody knew where), it was accidentally found in one of the vaulted chambers under Guildhall. When disentombed, it was hastily spread out against one of the walls of the great hall itself, and announced, in the newspapers, as a picture of *unknown antiquity*, of some also unknown but evidently distinguished artist; and most probably it had been deposited in those vaults for security, at the *great fire of London*, and had remained there, unsuspected, ever since! The hall was thronged, day after day, to see it; and Sir Martin Shee told me, that so great was the mysterious valuation the discovery had put on it, that he heard he had been quoted as having passed his opinion on it, that 'it was a picture worth £15,000!' Without proper safeguards behind the canvas, a long exposure on the wall would have injured the picture; and it was taken down again before I came to London, after having heard of the discovery of the '*Agincourt*' — for I immediately recognised what, and whose, the picture was—and hastened to inform the present gentlemen of the city corporation accordingly."

Such is the affectionate narrative from the pen of the youthful painter's sister.

ZOFFANI AND GEORGE III.

Zoffani was employed by George III. to paint a scene from Reynolds's *Speculation*, in which Quick, Munden, and Miss Wallis were introduced. The King called at the artist's to see the work in progress; and at last it was done, "all but the *coat*." The picture, however, was not sent to the palace, and the King repeated his visit. Zoffani, with some embarrassment, said, "It is all done but the goat." "Don't tell me," said the impatient monarch; "this is always the way. You said it was done all but the coat the last time I was here." "I said the goat, and please your Majesty," replied the artist. "Ay!" rejoined the King; "the goat or the coat, I care not which you call it; I say I will not have the picture," and was about to leave

the room, when Zoffani, in agony, repeated, "It is the *goat* that is not finished," pointing to a picture of a goat that hung up in a frame, as an ornament to the scene at the theatre. The King laughed heartily at the blunder, and waited patiently till "the goat" was finished.

THE TRUE FORNARINA.

In the year 1644, Cosmo, the son of Ferdinand II. de Medici, undertook a journey, an account of which was written at the time by Philipe Pizzichi, his travelling chaplain. This work was published at Florence, in 1829. It contains some curious notices of persons and things, and, among others, what will interest every lover of the fine arts. Speaking of Verona, the diarist mentions the Curtoni Gallery of Paintings, in which "the picture most worthy of attention is the Lady of Raffaello, so carefully finished by himself, and so well preserved, that it surpasses every other." The editor of these travels has satisfactorily shown that Raffaello's lady here described is the true Fornarina; so that of the three likenesses of her said to be executed by this eminent artist, the genuine one is the Veronese, belonging to the Curtoni Gallery, now the property of a Lady Cavalini Brenzoni, who obtained it by inheritance.

HOGARTH AND BISHOP HOADLY.

Upon pulling down the Bishop's palace at Chelsea, many years ago, a singular discovery was made. In a small room near the north front were found, on the

plaster of the walls, nine figures as large as life, three men and six women, drawn in outline, with black chalk, in a bold and animated style. Of these correct copies have been published. They display much of the manner of Hogarth, who, it is well known, lived on intimate terms with Bishop Hoadly, and frequently visited his lordship at this palace; and it is supposed that these figures apply to some incident in the Bishop's family, or to some scene in a play. His lordship's partiality for the drama is well known. His brother, who resided in Chelsea, at Cremorne House, wrote one of the best comedies in the English language—*The Provoked Husband.*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PALETTE.

Mr. Cribb, of King-street, Covent-Garden, has, in his collection of memorials of men of genius, a palette which belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds. It descended to Mr. Cribb from his father, who received it from Sir Joshua's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. It is of plain mahogany, and measures 11 inches by 7 inches, oblong in form, with a sort of loop handle.

Cunningham tells us that Sir Joshua's sitters' chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor a foot and a half. He *held his palettes by a handle*, and the sticks of his brushes were 18 inches long. The following memoranda are dated 1755:—"For painting the flesh, black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow ochre, ultramarine, and varnish. To lay the palette: first lay, carmine and white in different

degrees; second lay, orpiment and white ditto; third lay, blue-black and white ditto. The first sitting, for expedition, make a mixture as like the sitter's complexion as you can."

PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON.

David's portrait of Napoleon is considered the most accurate likeness extant: it hangs in the museum belonging to the East India Company, in Leadenhall-street. Napoleon sat only twice, to David and Girard.

In 1828, the Hon. Mrs. Damer bequeathed to the British Museum a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and ornamented with a miniature of Napoleon, which the lady received from the emperor's own hands. The bequest was made to the British Museum on condition that the miniature should never be copied; but nothing is said in the will to prohibit the exhibition of the portrait. Why, then, should it be buried among the unexplored and almost inaccessible treasures of the coin and medal room?

A TRIUMPH OF PAINTING.

The anecdotes of the dog which menaced a goat depicted by the faithful pencil of Glover, and of the macaw, which, with beak and wings, attacked the portrait of a female servant painted by Northcote, are well known. Two family portraits, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, were one day sent home, when they were instantly recognised with great joy by a spaniel which had been a favourite with the originals. On being taken into the room, and perceiving the canvas thus stamped

with identity even to illusion, the faithful dog endeavoured, by every demonstration of affection, to attract the notice of her former friends; and was with difficulty withheld by one of the bystanders from leaping upon them, and overwhelming them with her caresses. This interesting recognition continued for many minutes, and was repeated on the next and following days; until finding, doubtless, that the scent was wanting, poor "Flossy" slunk away abashed, in evident mortification that her well-known playfellows were so regardless of her proffered kindness. Yet, turning upon them both alternately many a wistful look, she seemed unwilling to be convinced, even by experience, that she had thus mistaken the shadow for the substance.

MORLAND AT KENSAL-GREEN.

The Plough public-house at Kensal-green, on the road to Harrow, was a favourite resort of George Morland. Here this errant son of genius was wont to indulge in deep potations. He lodged hard by, and was frequently in company with Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. While at Kensal-green, Morland fell in love with Miss Ward, a young lady of beauty and modesty, and soon afterwards married her; she was the sister of his friend, the painter; and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it.

Morland's courtship and honeymoon drew him

from the orgies at the Plough, but on returning to the metropolis, he betook himself to his former habits. Yet, with all his dissipation, Morland was not indolent; as is attested by four thousand pictures, most of them of great merit, which he painted during a life of forty years.

Among Morland's portraits is one which has become of peculiar historical interest: it is a small whole-length of William the Fourth when a midshipman. The sailor-prince is looking wistfully upon the sea, which he loved far dearer than the cumbrous splendour of a crown.

ORIGIN OF THE TAPESTRY IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

Henry Cornelius Vroom, the Dutchman, having painted a number of devout subjects, started for Spain to sell them; but was cast away upon a small island near the coast of Portugal. The painter and some of the crew were relieved by monks, who lived among the rocks, and they conducted them to Lisbon, where Vroom was engaged by a picture-dealer to paint the storm he had just escaped. In this picture he succeeded so well, that the Portuguese dealer continued to employ him. He improved so much in sea-pieces that he saved money, returned home, and applied himself exclusively to that class of painting. He then lived at Haerlem, where he was employed to design the suite of tapestry representing the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, which hung for many years upon the walls of the House of Lords, at Westminster. It

had been bespoken by Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of the English Fleet, which engaged the Armada; it was sold by him to James the First. It consisted originally of ten compartments, forming separate pictures, each of which was surrounded by a wrought border, including the portraits of the officers who held command in the English fleet. This tapestry was woven, according to Sandrart, by Francis Spiering: it was destroyed in the fire which consumed the two Houses of Parliament, in 1834. Fortunately, engravings from these hangings were executed by Mr. John Pine, and published in 1739, with illustrations from charters, medals, &c.

MELANCHOLY OF PAINTERS.

The following summary of the fortunes of painters is at once curious and interesting:—

"One must confess that if the poets were an order of beings of too great sensibility for this world, the painters laboured still more under this malady of genius. Zoppo, a sculptor, having accidentally broken the *chef d'œuvre* of his efforts, destroyed himself. Chendi poisoned himself, because he was only moderately applauded for the decorations of a tournament. Louis Caracci died of mortification because he could not set right a foot in a fresco, the wrong position of which he did not perceive till the scaffolding was taken away. Cavedone lost his talent from grief at his son's death, and begged his bread from want of commissions. Schidone, inspired with the passion of

play, died of despair to have lost all in one night. There was one who languished, and was no more, from seeing the perfection of Raphael. Torrigini, to avoid death at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition, put an end to himself, having broken to pieces his own statue of the Virgin, an avaricious hidalgo, who had ordered it, higgling at the price. Bandinelli died, losing a commission for a statue; Daniel de Volterra, from anxiety to finish a monument to Henry IV. of France. Cellini frequently became unwell in the course of his studies, from the excitement of his feelings. When one sums up the history of painters with the furious and bloody passions of a Spagnoletto, and Caravaggio, Tempeste, and Calabrese, one must suppose all their sensibilities much stronger than those of the rest of mankind."—*The Real and the Ideal.*

THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

This far-famed picture was bought at the sale at Stowe, in the autumn of 1848, by the Earl of Ellesmere, for 355 guineas; and it will form, it is said, the gem of the Shakspeare Closet, in the new Bridgewater House. Its history, as stated in the *Athenæum*, is shortly this:—"The Duke of Chandos obtained it by marriage with the daughter and heiress of a Mr. Nicholl, of Minchenden House, Southgate; Mr. Nicholl obtained it from a Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, who gave (the first and best) Mrs. Barry, the actress, as Oldys tells us, forty guineas for it. Mrs. Barry had it from Betterton, and Betterton had it from Sir William

Davenant, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, and not unwilling to be thought his son. Davenant was born in 1605, and died in 1668; and Betterton, (as every reader of Pepys will recollect,) was the great actor, belonging to the Duke's Theatre, of which Davenant was the patentee. The elder brother of Davenant, (Parson Robert,) had been heard to relate, as Aubrey informs us, that Shakspeare had often kissed Sir William when a boy.

"Davenant lived quite near enough to Shakspeare's time to have obtained a genuine portrait of the poet whom he admired—in an age, too, when the Shakspeare mania was not so strong as it is now. There is no doubt that this was the portrait which Davenant believed to be like Shakspeare, and which Kneller, before 1692, copied and presented to glorious John Dryden, who repaid the painter with one of the best of his admirable epistles.

"The Chandos Shakspeare is a small portrait on canvas, 22 inches long by 18 broad. The face is thoughtful, the eyes are expressive, and the hair is of a brown black. The dress is black, with a white turn-over collar, the strings of which are loose. There is a small gold ring in the left ear. We have had an opportunity of inspecting it both before and after the sale, and in the very best light, and have no hesitation in saying that the copies we have seen of it are very far from like. It agrees in many respects—the short nose especially—with the Stratford bust, and is not more unlike the engraving before the first folio—or the Gerard Johnson bust on the Stratford monument

—than Raeburn's Sir Walter Scott is unlike Sir Thomas Lawrence's—or West's Lord Byron unlike the better known portrait by Phillips. It has evidently been touched upon; the yellow oval that surrounds it has a look of Kneller's age.

The opinion of the writer in the *Athenæum* is, that the Chandos picture is not the original for which Shakspeare sat, but a copy made for Sir William Davenant from some known and acknowledged portrait of the poet.

COSTUME OF REYNOLDS'S PORTRAITS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has done more than any one else to vindicate the art of portrait-painting as indigenous to our country—he has started it afresh from its lethargy and recovered it from its errors—placed himself at once above all his countrymen who had preceded him, and has remained above all who have followed. Like Holbein and Vandyke, Sir Joshua put his stamp upon the times; or rather, like a true artist and philosopher, he took that aggregate impression which the times gave. Each has doubtless given his sitters a character of his own; but this is not our argument. Each has also made his sitters what the costume of the time contributed to make them. If Vandyke's women are dignified and lofty, it is his doing, for he was dignified and lofty in all his compositions; if they are also childish and trivial, it is the accident of the costume; for he was never either in his other pictures. If Reynolds's sitters are all simple, earnest, and sober, it is because he was the artist, for he was so in all he touched; if they are

also stately, refined, and intellectual, it was the effect of the costume, for he was not so in his other conceptions. For instance, Lady St. Asaph, with her infant, lolling on a couch, in a loose tumbled dress, with her feet doubled under her, is sober and respectable looking—in spite of dress and position. Mrs. Hope, in an enormous cabbage of a cap, with her hair over her eyes, is blowsy and vulgar in spite of Reynolds.

To our view, the average costume of Sir Joshua was excessively beautiful. We go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction, that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and withal so becomingly. Not a bit of the costume appeals to any of the baser instincts. There is nothing to catch the vulgar, or fix the vicious. All is pure, noble, serene, benevolent. They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them like Satan before Eve, "stupidly good," ready to abjure all the fallacies of the Fathers, all the maxims of the moderns—ready to eat our own words if they disapproved them—careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures—yea, careless of their very beauty, for the *soul* that shines through it. And then to think that they are all dead!—*Quarterly Review.*

Savill & Edwards, Printers, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden.



THE LONDON ANECDOTES

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS



LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

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LONDON ANECDOTES.

Popular Superstitions.

THE BODACH GLAS.

[*See the Frontispiece.*]

Among the warnings or notices of death to be found in the dark chronicle of superstition, the Omens peculiar to certain families are not the least striking. Pennant tells us, that many of the great families in Scotland had their demon, or genius, who gave them monitions of future events. Thus the family of Rothmurchan had the Bodac au Dun, or Ghost of the Hill; and Kinchardines, the Spectre of the Bloody Hand. Gartnibeg House was haunted by Bodach Gartin, and Tulloch Gorus by Manch Monlach, or the Girl with the Hairy Left Hand.

The Bodach* Glas is introduced in the novel of "Waverley," as the family superstition of the Mac Ivors, the truth of which has been proved by three hundred years' experience. It is thus described to Waverley, by Fergus Mac Ivor:

"You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was appointed with him in the expedition, a sort of Southland chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the

* Bodach, from the Saxon, Bode, a messenger; a tydings-bringer.

great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds, by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time, his spirit has crossed the Vich Ian Vohr of the day, when any great disaster was impending. My father saw him twice; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir; another time on the morning of the day on which he died.'

Fergus then relates to Waverley the appearance of the Bodach:

"'Last night,' said Fergus, 'I felt so feverish that I left my quarters, and walked out, in hopes the keen frosty air would brace my nerves—I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However, I crossed a small foot-bridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear moonlight, a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me.'

"'You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably.'

"'No; I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart; and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still, and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass. By heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me, (for I cannot say he walked,) until he reached the foot-bridge; there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either wade the river, or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered, 'In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place!' 'Vich Ian Vohr,' it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, 'beware of to-morrow.' It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage.'" *

* See "Waverley," chapter xxx. vol. ii.; edit. 1829.

THE WILL-WITH-A-WISP.

[*See the Vignette.*]

This phenomenon, known also as "Jack-with-a-Lantern," and "Ignis fatuus," has terrified many a simple-minded rustic; whereas, it is simply the phosphuretted hydrogen gas which rises from stagnant waters and marshy ground, its origin being, probably, in the decomposition of animal substances. It is not a whit more wonderful than the gas we may see burning in the streets of any large town; except that the Will-with-a-Wisp rises of itself, while man obtains or manufactures the gas from coal, by half burning it.

At Bologna, in 1843, the painter Onofrio Zanotti saw this phenomenon in the form of globes of fire, issuing from between the paving-stones in the street, and even among his feet. They rose upwards, and disappeared; he even felt their heat when they passed near him. According to the general opinion, this luminous appearance is witnessed more frequently in the autumn than at any other season; perhaps, on account of the rapid changes of the atmospheric pressure, which allows the gases inclosed in the earth to escape more easily, by favouring their natural electricity.

Collins has left us some fine lines upon this phenomenon, beginning:

"Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er loose,
Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in murky night o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy willow brake!"

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

Aubrey tells us, in his "Miscellanies," that "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden, at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit, and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Thynne, saw the like of herself also, before she died. *This account I had from a person of honour.*"

A WIFE RETURNED.

We find the annexed story gravely recorded in *Dodsley's Annual Register*:—"The following extraordinary affair happened at Ferrybridge, in 1767. The wife of one Thomas Benson being suddenly taken ill, she, to all appearance, expired, and continued without any symptoms of life the whole day, and every proper requisite was ordered for her funeral; but the husband, hoping for consolation in his distress, by some money which he had reason to believe she had secreted from him in her life-time, began a rummage for it, and found seven pounds ten shillings in crown pieces concealed in an old box; but, upon his attempting to take it away, he was surprised by his wife, who was just then recovered, and met him, and terribly frightened him, by appearing as if nothing had happened."

ARAB CHARMS.

The Arabs have many family nostrums, and are implicit believers in the efficacy of charms and other mystic arts. No species of knowledge is more highly venerated by them than that of the occult sciences, which afford maintenance to a vast number of quacks and impudent pretenders. The science of *Isen Allah* (or Name of God) enables the possessor to discover what is passing in his absence, to expel evil spirits, cure diseases, and dispose of the winds and seasons as he chooses. Those who have advanced far in this study, pretend to calm tempests at sea by the rules of art, or say their prayers at noon in Mecca, without stirring from their own houses in Bagdad. The *Simia* is not quite so sublime a science, as it merely teaches the feats and illusions of jugglers. Dervises and mollahs practise it, and appear to the astonished spectators to pierce the bodies with lances, strike sharp-pointed instruments into their eyes, or leap from the roofs of houses upon a pole shod with iron, which seems to run through their body, while they are carried like spitted victims about the streets. The *Kurra* is the art of composing billets or amulets, which secure the wearer from the power of enchantments, and all sorts of accidents. They are also employed to give cattle an appetite for food, and clear houses from flies or other vermin. The practice of fortune-telling, which they call *ramle*, is very common. The natives of Oman are peculiarly skilled in sorcery (*sihr*); they are inferior, however,

to the witches and wizards of Europe, as they know nothing about the art of riding through the air on broomsticks, sailing to India in cockle-shells, or holding nocturnal revelries in their mosques, under the visible presidency of Satan.—*History of Arabia, by A. Crichton.*

CAUSES OF DREAMS.

Macnish, in his curious work entitled "The Philosophy of Sleep," relates:

"I believe that dreams are uniformly the resuscitation or re-embodiment of thoughts which have formerly, in some shape or other, occupied the mind. They are old ideas revived, either in an entire state, or heterogeneously mingled together. I doubt if it be possible for a person to have, in a dream, any idea whose elements did not, in some form, strike him at a previous period. If these break loose from their connecting chain, and become jumbled together incoherently, as is often the case, they give rise to absurd combinations; but the elements still subsist, and only manifest themselves in a new and unconnected shape. As this is an important point, and one which has never been properly insisted upon, I shall illustrate it by an example:—

"I lately dreamed that I walked upon the banks of the Great Canal in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. On the side opposite to that on which I was, and within a few feet of the water, stood the splendid portico of the Royal Exchange. A gentleman, whom I knew, was standing upon one of the steps, and we spoke to each other. I then lifted a large stone, and poised it in my hand, when he said that he was certain I could not throw it to a certain spot which he pointed out. I made the attempt, and fell short of the mark. At this moment, a well-known friend came up, whom I knew to excel at *putting* the stone; but, strange to say, he had lost both his legs, and walked upon wooden substitutes. This struck me as exceedingly curious; for my impression was that he had only lost one leg, and had but a single wooden one. At my desire he took up the stone, and, without difficulty, threw it beyond the point indicated by the gentleman upon the opposite side of the canal.

The absurdity of this dream is extremely glaring; and yet, on strictly analyzing it, I find it to be wholly composed of ideas, which passed through my mind on the previous day, assuming a new and ridiculous arrangement. I can compare it to nothing but to cross readings in the newspapers, or to that well-known amusement which consists in putting a number of sentences, each written on a separate piece of paper, into a hat, shaking the whole, then taking them out one by one as they come, and see what kind of medley the heterogeneous compound will make when thus fortuitously put together. For instance, I had, on the above day, taken a walk to the canal along with a friend. On returning from it, I pointed out to him a spot where a new road was forming, and where, a few days before, one of the workmen had been overwhelmed by a quantity of rubbish falling upon him, which fairly chopped off one of his legs, and so much damaged the other that it was feared amputation would be necessary. Near this very spot there is a park, in which, about a month previously, I practised throwing the stone. On passing the Exchange on my way home, I expressed regret at the lowness of its situation, and remarked what a fine effect the portico would have were it placed upon more elevated ground. Such were the previous circumstances, and let us see how they bear upon the dream. In the first place, the canal appeared before me. 2. Its situation is an elevated one. 3. The portico of the Exchange, occurring to my mind as being placed too low, became associated with the elevation of the canal, and I placed it close by on a similar altitude. 4. The gentleman I had been walking with was the same whom, in the dream, I saw standing upon the steps of the portico. 5. Having related to him the story of the man who lost one limb, and had a chance of losing another, this idea brings before me a friend with a brace of wooden legs, who, moreover, appears in connexion with putting the stone, as I know him to excel at that exercise. There is only one other element in the dream which the preceding events will not account for, and that is, the surprise at the individual referred to having more than one wooden leg. But why should he have even one, seeing that in reality he is limbed like other people? This, also, I can account for. Some years ago, he slightly injured his knee while leaping a ditch, and I remember of jocularly advising him to get it cut off. I am particular in illustrating this point with regard to dreams, for I hold that if it were possible to analyze them all, they would invariably be found to stand in the same relation to the waking state as the above specimen. The more diversified

and incongruous the character of a dream, and the more remote from the period of its occurrence the circumstances which suggest it, the more difficult does its analysis become; and, in point of fact, this process may be impossible, so totally are the elements of the dream often dissevered from their original source, and so ludicrously huddled together."

POETRY OF OMENS.

Omens constitute the poetry of history. They cause the series of events which they are supposed to declare to flow into epical unity, and the political catastrophe seems to be produced, not by prudence or by folly, but by the superintending destiny. The numerous tokens of the death of Henry IV. are finely tragical. Mary of Medicis, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown change into pearls, the symbol of tears and mourning. An owl hooted until sunrise at the window of the chamber to which the king and queen retired at St. Denis, on the night preceding her coronation. During the ceremony, it was observed, with dread, that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchre, beneath the choir, were gaping and expanded. The flame of the consecrated taper held by the queen was suddenly extinguished, and twice her crown nearly fell to the ground. The prognostications of the misfortunes of the Stuarts have equally a character of solemn grandeur; and we are reminded of the portraits of Rome, when we read how the sudden tempest rent the royal standard on the Tower of London. Charles—yielding to his destiny, was obstinate in the signs of evil death. He refused to be clad in the garments of Edward the Confessor, in which all his predecessors

had been arrayed, and he would be attired in white velvet. Strongly did the Earl of Pembroke attempt to dissuade him—for the prophecy of the misfortunes of the *white king* had long been current; but his entreaties were in vain, and Charles was crowned invested with the raiment which indicated his misfortunes.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE WHITE-BREASTED BIRD.

In Devonshire, the appearance of a white-breasted bird has long been considered an omen of death. This belief has been traced to a circumstance stated to have happened to the Oxenham family in that county, and related by Howell, in his "Familiar Letters;" wherein is the following monumental inscription: "Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird, with a white breast, was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished." The same circumstance is related of his sister Mary, and two or three others of the family.

THE SHAKING ASPEN.

The aspen is popularly said to have been the tree which formed the Cross upon which our Saviour was crucified; and thenceforth its boughs have been filled with horror, and trembled ceaselessly. Unfortunately for the probability of this story, the shivering of the aspen in the breeze may be traced to other than a supernatural cause. The construction of its foliage is particularly

adapted for motion: a broad leaf is placed upon a long footstalk, so flexible, as scarcely to be able to support the leaf in an upright posture; the upper part of this stalk, on which the play or action seems mainly to depend, is contrary to the nature of footstalks in general, being perfectly flattened, and, as an eminent botanist, Dr. J. Stokes, observes, is placed at a right angle with the leaf, being thus particularly fitted to receive the impulse of every wind that blows. The stalk is furnished with three strong nerves, placed parallel, and acting in unison with each other; but towards the base, the stalk becomes round, and then the nerves assume a triangular form, and constitute three distinct supports and counteractions to each other's motions.*

OVERTURNING THE SALT.

The popular superstition of this accident being unlucky, is said to have originated in the celebrated picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

* An example which, in these days, would be considered ludicrous, of the manner in which our ancestors made external nature bear witness to our Lord, occurs in what is called the Prior's Chamber, in the small Augustinian house of Shubbrede, in the parish of Linchmere, in Sussex. On the wall is a fresco of the Nativity; and certain animals are made to give their testimony to that event in words which somewhat resemble, or may be supposed to resemble, their natural sounds. A cock, in the act of crowing, stands at the top, and a label, issuing from his mouth, bears the words, *Christus natus est.* A duck inquires, *Quando, quando?* A raven answers, *In hâc nocte.* A cow asks, *Ubi, ubi?* And a lamb bleats out, *Bethlehem.—The Unseen World.*

A GHOST STORY.—BY WALPOLE.

Horace Walpole relates the following remarkable story, originally narrated by Lord Ashburnham. During the hot weather, "his lordship's very old uncle, the Bishop of Chichester, was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning, by his bedchamber being opened, when a female figure all in white entered and sat down near him. The prelate, who protested he was not frightened, said, in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration, 'Who are you?' Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The bishop rang the bell, but the servants were so sound asleep that nobody heard him. He repeated his question; still no answer, but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of the ghost of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the bishop had continued to ring, and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did, at length, appear, the bishop cried, 'Well, what have you seen?' 'Seen, my lord!' 'Ay, seen! or who—what is the woman that has been here?' 'Woman, my lord!' (I believe one of the fellows smiled.) In short, when my lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his lordship had been dreaming, and so did his whole family the next morning; for in this, our day, even a bishop's household does not believe in ghosts; and yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story

circulated, and diverted the ungodly at the prelate's expense, it came at last to the ears of a keeper of a mad-house in the diocese, who came and deposed that a female lunatic, under his care, had escaped from his custody, and finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my lord's chamber. The deponent further said, that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers. I have known stories of ghosts, solemnly authenticated, less credible; and I hope you will believe this, attested by a father of our own church."

UNLUCKY STUMBLING.

When Mungo Park took his leave of Sir Walter Scott, prior to his second and fatal expedition to Africa, his horse stumbled on crossing a ditch which separated the moor from the road. "I am afraid," said Scott, "this is a bad omen." Park answered, smiling, "Omens follow them who look to them," and striking spur into his horse, galloped off. Scott never saw him again.

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING BEES.

Mr. Jesse has gleaned the following curious evidence:—The lower orders of people in some parts of England have curious superstitions respecting the bee. A poor old widow once complained to me that all her stocks of bees had died, and on inquiring the cause, she informed me that on the death of her husband, a short time before, she had neglected to *tap* at each of the

hives, to inform the bees of the circumstance; that, in consequence of this omission, they had been gradually getting weaker and weaker, and that now she had not one left. This may be supposed to have been a solitary instance of superstition, but such is by no means the case; and I believe it will be found that very generally, on the death of a cottager who has kept bees, some ceremonious observance takes place. Mr. Loudon mentions, that when he was in Bedfordshire, he was informed of an old man who sang a psalm in front of some hives which were not doing well, but which he said would thrive in consequence of that ceremony. This may be a local or individual superstition, but the announcement to the bees of the death of the owner is certainly a more general one. A correspondent of Mr. Loudon's mentions, that in Norfolk, at places where bees are kept, it is an indispensable ceremony, in case of the death of any of the family, to put the bees in mourning, or the consequence would be that all of them would die. The person who made the assertion mentioned a case in point, where, from the neglect of the custom, every bee in the apiary had perished. The method of putting them in mourning is by attaching a piece of black cloth to each of the hives. Another correspondent also says, that in the neighbourhood of Coventry, in the event of the death of any of the family, it is considered necessary to inform the bees of the circumstance, otherwise they will dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community, is, with due form and ceremony, to take the key of the house, and knock

with it three times against the hive, informing the inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, as the case may be, is dead. A similar custom prevails in Kent, and in some places it is considered expedient to communicate any great event that may take place to these industrious insects.

APPARITION AT STARR CROSS, DEVON, JULY 23, 1823.

The following narrative, the writer of which evidently lay under the ban of melancholy, was communicated to the *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1823 :—

"Actuated by the disheartening dulness of a wet July, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day, and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no further notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined

it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence: I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

"There was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognised the apparition of my

friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair! It is easy to be courageous in theory, and not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

"Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm; yet it was incontestible that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished. I returned therefore with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immoveably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turning back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there in the full glare of day did I again clearly and vividly

behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having his eyes closed!

"My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—'In the name of Heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?'—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—'A leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me.' 'Good heaven!' I ejaculated, 'what can this mean? Are you not really dead?' 'No more than you are,' replied the figure. 'Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter.'

"The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Starr Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

"In the preceding narrative much remains unexplained and unaccounted for, notwithstanding the principal circumstances are developed."

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

Mistaking the meaning of some medical writers, who, from a supposition of its utility in hypochondriacal disorders, have given St. John's Wort the fanciful name of *fuga dæmonium*, (devils' flight,) the common people in France and Germany gather it with great ceremony on St. John's day, and hang it in their windows as a charm against storms, thunder, and evil spirits. In Scotland, also, it is carried about as a charm against witchcraft and enchantment; and the people fancy it cures ropy milk, which they suppose to be under some malignant influence. As the flowers, rubbed between the fingers, yield a red juice, it has also obtained the name of *sanguis hominis*, (human blood,) among other fanciful medical writers.

OLD GRIMALDI'S DEATH.

Grimaldi, the father of the celebrated "Joe," the clown, had a vague and profound dread of the 14th day of the month. At its approach, he was always nervous, disquieted, and anxious; directly it had passed, he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for anoder month." If this circumstance were unaccompanied by any singular coincidence, it would be scarcely worth mentioning; but it is remarkable that Grimaldi actually died on the 14th day of March, and that he was born, christened, and married on the 14th of the month.—*Dickens's Life of Grimaldi*, vol. i. p. 6.

NOISES AT ABBOTSFORD.

Sir Walter Scott relates a striking occurrence of this kind, which happened to him at the time Abbotsford was in the course of erection. Mr. Bullock was then employed by him to fit the castle up with all proper appurtenances, when, during this gentleman's absence in London, the following extraordinary circumstance took place:—In a letter written to Mr. Terry, in the year 1818, Scott says: "The night before last, we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the same noise recurred; Mrs. S., as you know, is rather *timbersome;* so up got I, with Beardy's broad-sword under my arm—

> "So bolt upright
> And ready to fight."

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." Now, strangely enough, on the morning that Mr. Terry received this letter, he was breakfasting with Mr. Erskine, (afterwards Lord Kinneder,) and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of Mr. Bullock, which, on comparing dates, must have happened on the same night, and as nearly as could possibly be ascertained, at the same hour, the disturbance occurred at Abbotsford. One might be induced to say, that some drunken workmen, or other disorderly persons,

were on the premises; but this method of accounting for the coincidence will at once be exploded on reading the following passage from another letter written by Scott to the same gentleman: "Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbance at Abbotsford, with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you that the noise resembled half a dozen men hard at work pulling up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time."

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING GEMS.

The Arabs, in general, still believe in the foolish old superstitions respecting their gems and precious stones; and are more apt to wonder at their miraculous virtues than to turn them to account in the way of commerce. In ancient times, they were used as antidotes, to which the wearer piously ascribed his safety when surrounded with invisible danger. Among other absurdities, it is recorded of the Caliph Soliman, that he wore constantly round his arm a bracelet composed of ten of these magical stones, which never failed to strike one against the other, and make a slight noise, when any poison was near.* The carbuncle was believed to possess many wonderful qualities. It was supposed to be an animal substance formed in the serpent, which had a most ingenious method of preserving it from the song of the charmer. The distinction of sex was also ascribed to it; the females

* Marigny, Hist. des Arab. tome ii.

threw out their radiance, while the males appeared within like brilliant and burning stars.

It was customary with the Arabian physicians, during the highest era of Saracen learning, to administer precious stones in the way of medicine, as remedies for certain diseases; but their miraculous properties have mostly been long since exploded. To this day, however, on a mountain near Damar, is found a stone, which the Arabs call *ayek yemani*, and which they hold in the highest estimation. It is of a red, or rather, a light brown colour, and seems to be a cornelian. The natives set it in rings or bracelets, and ascribe to it the talismanic virtue of healing wounds, and stanching blood when instantly applied.

The historian, De Thou, mentions a marvellous carbuncle that was brought by an Eastern merchant to Bologna. Among its surprising properties, he states, "That being most impatient of the earth, if it was confined, it would force its way, and immediately fly aloft. Certain shape, it had none, for its figure was inconstant, and momentarily changing; and though, at a distance, it was beautiful to the eye, it would not suffer itself to be handled with impunity, but hurt those who obstinately struggled with it, as many persons, before many spectators, experienced. If by chance any part of it was broken off—for it was not very hard—it became nothing less." (*Thuanus*, lib. viii. ix.) Besides the power of charming against spells, some of them were believed to have the virtue of rendering their possessor invisible or invulnerable, of enabling him to see through rocks, and to discover

hidden treasures. Of their medicinal properties, we are told that the *amethyst* could remove the effects of intoxication; "for, being bound on the navel, it restrains the vapours of the wine, and so dissolves the inebriety." The *borax*, or *crapodinus*, was reckoned of unfailing efficacy in poisons. It was said to be extracted from a dead toad, and described as of a black or dun colour, with a cerulean glow, having in the middle the similitude of an eye. The *kinocteus* was employed to cast out devils; and the *corvina*, a stone of a reddish colour, found in crows' nests, was supposed to make boiled or addled eggs fresh and prolific; besides having the virtue "to increase riches, bestow honours, and foretell many future events." The *alectoria*, a stone of a darkish crystalline colour, was said to be found in the intestines of capons that had lived seven years. Its size was no bigger than a bean; but its qualities are represented as of a very potent and miscellaneous nature. "It could render the person who carried it invisible; being held in the mouth, it allays thirst, and therefore is proper for wrestlers; it makes a wife agreeable to her husband; bestows honours, and preserves those already acquired; it frees such as are bewitched; it renders a man eloquent, constant, and amiable; it helps to regain a lost kingdom, and acquire a foreign one." (*Mirrour of Stones.*) "In the countrey called Panten, or Tathalamasin, there be canes, called cassan, which overspread the earth like grasse, and out of every knot of them spring foorth certaine branches, which are continued upon the ground almost for the space of a mile. In the sayd canes there are found

certaine stones, one of which stones whosoever carryeth about him cannot be wounded with any yron; and by the vertue of these stones, the people aforesaid doe for the most part triumph both on sea and land." (*Odoricus, in Hakluyt.*) This evidently refers to the *Tabasheer*, a silicious substance found in the joints of the bamboo, and to which great virtues are attributed in India.

Crystal likewise played an important part in the superstitious practices of our ancestors. By means of the Crystal, or Beryl, the earliest astrologers "consulted spirits." The dupe looked into the crystal, wherein he saw the answer, represented either by types or figures, and "sometimes, though very rarely, he heard the angels or spirits speak articulately." Aubrey devotes four pages of his *Miscellanies* to "Visions in a Beril or Crystal," with an engraving of one, "now in the possession of Sir Edward Harley, Knight of the Bath, which he keeps, in his closet at Brampton Bryan, in Herefordshire, amongst his cimelia, which (says Aubrey) I saw there. It came first from Norfolk—a minister had it there, and a call was to be used with it. Afterwards, a miller had it, and both did work great cures with it, (if curable;) and in the berill they did see, either the receipt in writing, or the herb. To this minister the spirits or angels would appear openly; and because the miller (who was his familiar friend) one day happened to see them, he gave him the aforesaid berill and call; by these angels, the minister was forewarned of his death. This account I had from Mr. Ashmole. Afterwards, this

berill came into somebody's hands in London, who did tell strange things by it; insomuch, that at last he was questioned for it, and it was taken away by authority, about 1645.

"The berill is a perfect sphere; the diameter of it I guess to be something more than an inch; it is set in a ring, or circle of silver, resembling the meridian of a globe; the stem is about ten inches high, all gilt. At the four quarters of it are the names of four angels —viz., Uriel, Raphael, Michael, Gabriel; on the top is a cross-patée.

"Sam. Boisardus hath writ a book, *De Divinatione per Crystallum*."*

APPARITION OF CÆSAR.

Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," thus explains this event. He doubts not, that "the apparition of Cæsar, which appeared to Brutus, and declared it would meet him at Philippi, was either a dream or a spectral illusion—probably the latter. Brutus, in all likelihood, had some idea that the battle which was to decide his fate would be fought at Philippi; probably it was a good military position, which he had fixed upon as a fit place to make a final stand; and he had done enough to Cæsar to account for his own mind being painfully and constantly engrossed with the image of the assassinated dictator. Hence the verification of this supposed warning—hence the easy explanation of a supposed supernatural event."

* Aubrey's Miscellanies, p. 167.

LOVE CHARMS.

THEOCRITUS AND VIRGIL both introduce women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. Shakspeare represents Othello as accused of winning Desdemona "by conjuration and mighty magic."

> "Thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
> Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
> That waken motion.
> She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
> By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks."

In Gay's "Shepherd's Week," these are represented as country practices:

> "Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
> And in love-powder all my money spent,
> Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
> When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
> These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
> And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow."

In "Love and Melancholy," by Dr. Ferrand, 8vo, Oxford, 1640, it is said: "We have sometimes among our silly wenches, some that, out of a foolish curiosity they have, must needs be putting in practice some of those feats that they have received by tradition from their mother, perhaps, or nurse, and so, not thinking forsooth to doe any harme, as they hope to paganize it to their own damnation. For it is most certain that botanomancy, which is done by the noise or crackling that kneeholme, box, or bay-leaves make when they are crushed betwixt one's hands, or cast into the fire, was of old in use among the Pagans, who were wont to bruise poppy-flowers betwixt their hands, by this meanes thinking to know their loves; and for this cause

Theocritus calls this hearb Τηλιφιλον, quasi Δηλιφιλον, as if we should say tel-love." Speaking of the ancient love charmes, characters, amulets, charters, or such like periapses, Dr. Ferrand says, they are "such as no Christian physician ought to use; notwithstanding that the common people do to this day too superstitiously believe, and put in practice, many of these Pagan devices."

Miss Blandy, who was executed for poisoning her father, persisted in affirming that she thought the powder, which her villanous lover, Cranston, sent her to administer to him, was a "love-powder," which was to conciliate her father's affection to the captain. She met her death with this asseveration; and her dying request, to be buried close to her father, seems a corroborating proof, that though she was certainly the cause of his premature death, yet she was not, in the blackest sense of the word, his wilful murderer.

The following is found in Herrick's Hesperides:

A charm or an allay for love.

"If so be a toad be laid,
In a sheep-skin newly flay'd,
And that ty'd to a man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever."

TWELFTH-NIGHT OMENS.

At Bayeux, in Normandy, if any of the family be absent when the cake is cut on Twelfth Night, his share is carefully put by; if he remains well, it is believed that the cake continues fresh; if ill, it begins to be moist; if he dies, the cake spoils.

OMENS TO THE STUARTS.

We fall upon some striking prophecies, not verbal, but symbolic, if we turn from the broad highway of public histories to the by-paths of private memoirs. Either Clarendon it is, in his Life, (not his public history,) or else Laud, who mentions an anecdote connected with the coronation of Charles I., (the son-in-law of the murdered Bourbon,) which threw a gloom upon the spirits of the royal friends, already saddened by the dreadful pestilence which inaugurated the reign of this ill-fated prince, levying a tribute of one life in sixteen from the population of the English metropolis. At the coronation of Charles, it was discovered that all London would not furnish the quantity of purple velvet required for the royal robes and the furniture of the throne. What was to be done? Decorum required that the furniture should be all *en suite*. Nearer than Genoa no considerable addition could be expected. That would impose a delay of 150 days. Upon mature consideration, and chiefly of the many private interests that would suffer amongst the multitudes whom such a solemnity had called up from the country, it was resolved to robe the king in *white* velvet. But this, as it afterwards occurred, was the colour in which victims were arrayed. And thus, it was alleged, did the king's council establish an augury of evil. Three other ill omens, of some celebrity, occurred to Charles I., *viz.*, on occasion of creating his son Charles a knight of the Bath; at Oxford, some years after; and at the bar of that tribunal which sat in judgment upon him.

The reign of his second son, James II., the next reign that could be considered an unfortunate reign, was inaugurated by the same evil omens. The day selected for the coronation (in 1685) was a day memorable for England — it was St. George's day, the 23rd of April, and entitled, even on a separate account, to be held a sacred day as the birthday of Shakspeare in 1564, and his deathday in 1616. The king saved a sum of 60,000*l.* by cutting off the ordinary cavalcade from the Tower of London to Westminster. Even this was imprudent. It is well known that, amongst the lowest class of the English, there was an obstinate prejudice (though unsanctioned by law) with respect to the obligation imposed by the ceremony of coronation. So long as this ceremony was delayed, or mutilated, they fancied that their obedience was a matter of mere prudence, liable to be enforced by arms, but not consecrated either by law or by religion. The change made by James was, therefore, highly imprudent; shorn of its antique traditionary usages, the yoke of conscience was lightened at a moment when it required a double ratification. Neither was it called for on motives of economy, for James was unusually rich. This voluntary arrangement was, therefore, a bad beginning; but the accidental omens were worse. They are thus reported by Blennerhassett, ("History of England to the End of George I.," vol. iv. p. 1760, printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1751.) "The crown, being too little for the king's head, was often in a tottering condition, and like to fall off." Even this was observed attentively by

spectators of the most opposite feelings. But there was another simultaneous omen, which affected the Protestant enthusiasts, and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly. "The same day, the king's arms, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause, and broke to pieces, whilst the rest of the window remained standing." Blennerhassett mutters the dark terrors which possessed himself and others. "These," says he, "were reckoned ill omens to the king."

SUDDEN DEATH OF JOHN PALMER.

The tragedian, John Palmer, died on the stage, at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly Palmer's shade glide through the shop, open the door, and step into the street. This, an hour or two after, he mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there.

THE SOLDIER SLAIN.

The father of Dr. Blomberg, clerk of the closet to George IV., was a captain in the army, serving in America. We are told by Dr. Rudge, that six officers, three hundred miles from his position, were visited one day after dinner by this modern Banquo, who sat down in a vacant chair. One said to him, "Blomberg, are you mad?" He rose in silence, and slowly glided out at the door. He was slain on that day and hour.

LADY DAVIES.

Lady Davies, the wife of Sir John Davies, a very able and learned lawyer of the seventeenth century, was a very singular character, and dealt much in prophecies. An account of her predictions was published in 1649, in 4to, under the title of "Strange and Wonderful Prophecies." She was reported to have foretold the death of her husband. Anthony Wood, speaking of the time of Sir John Davies's death, says, "it was then commonly rumoured, that his prophetical lady had foretold his death in some manner, on the Sunday going before. For, while she sat at dinner by him, she suddenly burst out into tears; whereupon he asking her what the matter was, she answered, 'Husband, these are your funeral tears;' to which he made reply, 'Pray, therefore, spare your tears now, and I will be content that you shall laugh when I am dead.'"

Lady Davies also foretold the death of Archbishop Laud; but appears to have been mistaken as to the time. She had before spoken something unluckily of the Duke of Buckingham, importing that he should not live till the end of August, which raised her to the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the ignorant people; and now she prophesied of the new Archbishop, that he should live but few days after the fifth of November; for which, and other prophecies of a more mischievous nature, she was brought into the Court of High Commission. Much pains were taken by the court to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do, till Lamb, then Dean of the Arches, shot her

through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.

This was certainly the most sensible way of animadverting on the poor lady's infirmities; but to this course unfortunately her judges did not confine themselves. She was prosecuted in the High Commission Court, particularly for what was called "an enthusiastical petition to King Charles;" and was treated with great rigour and cruelty. She was fined three thousand pounds, and closely imprisoned three years in the Gate-house, Westminster. She is also said to have been confined several years in Bethlem Hospital, and in the Tower of London; and she complained that, during part of her imprisonment, she was not allowed the use of a Bible, nor permitted to have the attendance of a female servant.—*Biographia Britannica*, vol. iv.

"THIRTEEN TO DINNER."

THERE is a prejudice existing generally, on the pretended danger of being *the thirteenth at table*. If the probability be required, that out of thirteen persons, of different ages, one of them, at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death, at least, will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.—*M. Quetelet, on the Calculation of Probabilities.*

DAY FATALITY.

Mr. John Gibbon, who, in 1678, published a work upon Day Fatality, was of opinion that his birthday, the 3rd of November, was of an uncommon character, and fatal to himself. The Emperor Constantine had died on that day; so had the Earl of Salisbury, a famous commander in the reign of Henry VI.; so had Cardinal Borrhomeo and Sir John Perrot! The long parliament had signalized the day by the commencement of its proceedings, and so had the parliament which dissolved the religious houses in England. But how was it fatal to Gibbon himself? Look and see. It was the date of the inundation which, in 1099, had destroyed Earl Godwin's estate in Kent, and produced what are called the Godwin Sands. Now, Gibbon had inherited a piece of marsh land on the Kent coast, which was overflowed by the sea, and rendered a source, rather of loss than of profit, "So that I often think," says he, "this day being my birthday, hath the same influence upon me that it had six hundred years since upon Earl Godwin, and others concerned in low lands." The complete irrelativeness of this supposition is highly characteristic of the age.

LOOKING BACK.

The superstition of the ill-luck of looking back, or returning, is nearly as old as the world itself; having, doubtless, originated in Lot's wife "having looked back from behind him," when he was led, with his family

and cattle, by an angel outside the doomed City of the Plain.* "Whether walking or riding, the wife was behind her husband, according to a usage still prevalent in the East, where no woman goes before or beside her husband." Mr. Roberts, in his curious "Oriental Illustrations," remarks, that "it is considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindostan for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out, and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact. If we mistake not, a similar feeling is entertained in some parts of England, though not carried so far into operation."†

A DETECTIVE DREAM.

Honest Isaac Walton makes Sir Henry Wotton a dreamer in the family line; for, just before his death, he dreamed that the University treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five. He then wrote to his son Henry at Oxford, inquiring about it, and the letter reached him the morning after the night of the robbery. "Henry," says the account, "shows his father's letter about, which causes great wonderment, especially as the number of thieves was exactly correct."

* Genesis, chap. xix. ver. 26.
† Notes to the Pictorial Bible, p. 50.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

At Bayeux, in Normandy, a strong belief exists among the people, of some hidden treasure in the ground beneath the ruined churches and castles so abundant in the neighbourhood; but they are supposed to be guarded by supernatural means. Even so late as 1827, persons were found credulous enough to follow the directions of a Douster-swivel, and employ much time and labour uselessly in searching after imaginary riches beneath the stones in front of the cathedral.—*Summer amongst the Bocages, &c.* By Miss Costello. vol. i. p. 31.

A shrewd writer, the author of "The Doctor," observes:—"The popular belief that places are haunted where money has been concealed, (as if, where the treasure was and the heart had been, there would the miserable soul be also,) or where some great and undiscovered crime has been committed, shows how consistent this is with our natural sense of likelihood and fitness."

CUTTING TIMBER BY THE MOON.

Columella, Cato, Vitruvius, and Pliny, all had their notions of the advantage of cutting timber at certain ages of the moon; a piece of mummery which is still preserved in the royal ordonnances of France to the conservators of the forests, who are directed to fell oaks only "in the wane of the moon," and "when the wind is at north."

DOUBLE APPARITION.

In a letter of Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, it is related, that "on a morning in 1652, the Earl saw an object in white, like a standing sheet, within a yard of his bed-side. He attempted to catch it, but it slid to the foot of the bed, and he saw it no more. His thoughts turned to his lady, who was then at Networth, with her father, the Earl of Northumberland. On his arrival at Networth, a footman met him on the stairs, with a packet directed to him from his wife, whom he found with Lady Essex, her sister, and Mr. Ramsey. He was asked why he had returned so suddenly. He told his motive; and on perusing the letters in the packet, he found that his lady had written to him, requesting his return, for she had seen an object in white, with a black face, by her bed-side. These apparitions were seen by the Earl and Countess *at the same moment*, when they were forty miles asunder!"

CAPTAIN KIDD'S VISION.

Lord Byron used to mention a strange story, which the commander of a packet related to him. This officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs; and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the same service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the

senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued; and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch the figure, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, *dripping wet.* On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but, in a few months after, Captain Kidd received the startling intelligence, that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

FELLING OAKS.

In the "Magna Britannia," the author, in his "Account of the Hundred of Croydon," says, "Our historians take notice of two things in this parish, which may not be convenient to us to omit—viz., a great wood called Norwood, belonging to the archbishops, wherein was anciently a tree, called the Vicar's Oak, where four parishes met, as it were in a point. It is said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he

was warned against it, upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks hath long been counted fatal, and such as believe it, produce the instance of the Earl of Winchilsea, who, having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea, by a cannon ball."

DEATH FORETOLD.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1840, gives the following copy of a letter addressed to the Duke of C——; it was given to one of his family by the brother, who calls it his late brother B——'s letter. It runs thus:—"The Hawk being on her passage from the Cape of Good Hope towards the island of Java, and myself having the charge of the middle watch, between one and two in the morning I was taken suddenly ill, which obliged me to send for the officer next in turn; I then went down on the gun-deck, and sent my boy for a light. In the meanwhile, I sat down on a chest in the steerage under the after-grating, when I felt a gentle squeeze by a very cold hand; I started, and saw a figure in white; stepping back, I said, 'God's my life, who is that?' It stood and gazed at me a short time, stooped its head to get a more perfect view, sighed aloud, repeated the exclamation 'Oh!' three times, and instantly vanished. The night was fine, though the moon afforded through the gratings but a weak light, so that little of feature could be seen; only

a figure rather tall than otherwise, and white-clad. My boy returning now with a light, I sent him to the cabins of all the officers, when he brought me word that not one of them had been stirring. Coming afterwards to St. Helena, homeward bound, hearing of my sister's death, and finding the time so nearly coinciding, it added much to my painful concern, and I have only to thank God, that when I saw what I now verily believe to have been her apparition, (my sister Ann,) I did not then know the melancholy occasion of it."

MURDER DETECTED BY THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

The superstitious feeling, that there is ever present a persecuting witness of murder, that will in his own time bring it to light, may be a set-off against the absolution; and so strong is this feeling, that the murderer himself sometimes cannot bear it, but gives himself up to justice, rather than endure his misery. Then there is the touching of the body, as a test of guilt or innocence, whether Providence choose to mark the criminal by miraculous change, if that change in the bleeding body be not some natural sympathy, we know not how elicited, but called miraculous because we understand not the operation; or whether the illusion is only in the mind's eye of the guilty, who sees gushing the blood that he has once shed, (as Shakspeare finely conceives in Lady Macbeth in vain washing that little hand,) and confesses the deed; the ordeal may have prevented many

a murder, by the notoriety of the discovery. Take an example from the "State Trials."

"On the trial of Philip Standsfield for the murder of his father, is the following extraordinary evidence, (in Scotland, Edinburgh.) Deposition of Humphrey Spurway—viz.

"When the chirurgeons had caused the body of Sir James to be, by their servants, sewen up again, and his grave-cloathes put on, a speech was made to this purpose :—'It is requisite now, that those of Sir James Standsfield's relations and nearest friends should take him off from the place where he now lies, and lift him into his coffin.' So I saw Mr. James Rowe at the left side of Sir James' head and shoulder, and Mr. Philip Standsfield at the right side of his head and shoulder; and, going to lift off the body, I saw Mr. Philip drop the head of his father upon the form, and much blood in hand, and himself flying off from the body, crying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' or 'upon us,' wiping off the blood on his clothes, and so laying himself over a seat in the church; some, supposing that he would swaiff or swoon away, called for a bottle of water for him."

Sir George M'Kenzie takes this notice of the above evidence, in his speech to the inquest. "But they, fully persuaded that Sir James was murdered by his own son, sent out some chirurgeons and friends, who, having raised the body, did see it bleed miraculously upon his touching it. In which God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies

which we produce: that Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case."

DANCING FURNITURE.

Sir Walter Scott relates a story of a rich libertine who, whenever he was alone in his drawing-room, was so haunted by a spectral *corps de ballet,* that the very furniture was, as it were, converted into phantoms. To relieve himself from this unwelcome intrusion, he retired to his country-house, and here for awhile obtained the quiet which he sought. But it chanced that the furniture of his town-house was sent to him in the country, and on the instant that his eyes fell on the drawing-room chairs and tables, the illusion came afresh on his mind. By the influence of association, the green figurantes came frisking and capering into his room, shouting in his unwilling ears, "Here we are! here we are!"

DIGGING FOR WATER.

The divining rod is not the only superstition connected with digging for water. In the country of the Damazas, in South Africa, before they dig, the natives offer an arrow, or a piece of skin or flesh, to a large red man with a white beard, who is supposed to inhabit the place; at the same time they repeat a prayer for success in hunting. To dig for water without this ceremony, they say, occasions sickness and death.

LORD BYRON'S DOUBLE.

"In 1811," writes Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, "my old school and form fellow Peel, the Irish secretary, told me he saw me in St. James's-street—I was then in Turkey. A day or two afterwards, he pointed out to his brother a person across the way, and said, 'There is the man I took for Byron; his brother answered, 'Why, it is Byron, and no one else.' I was at this time *seen* to write my name in the Palace Book. I was then ill of a malaria fever. If I had died, here would have been a ghost-story."

DEATH-WARNING TO ROBERT LINDSAY, ESQ.

The following narrative, communicated by David Laing, Esq., of Edinburgh, appears in Dr. Hibbert's "Philosophy of Apparitions:"—

"Robert Lindsay, grandchild or great grandchild to Sir David Lindsay of the Mouth, Lyon-King-at-Arms, &c., being intimate, even disciple with A. P., they bargained, anno 1675, that whoever died first should give account of his condition, if possible. It happened that he died about the end of 1675, while A. P. was at Paris; and the very night of his death, A. P. dreamed that he was at Edinburgh, where Lindsay attacked him thus:—'Archie, said he, 'perhaps ye heard I'm dead?'—'No, Robin.' 'Ay, but they bury my body in the Greyfriars. I am alive, though, in a place whereof the pleasures cannot be expressed in Scotch, Greek, or Latin. I have come with a well-sailing small ship to Leith Road, to carry you thither.'—

'Robin, I'll go with you, but wait till I go to Fife and East Lothian, and take leave of my parents.' 'Archie, I have but the allowance of one tide. Farewell, I'll come for you at another time.' Since which time A.P. never slept a night without dreaming that Lindsay told him he was alive. And having a dangerous sickness, anno 1694, he was told by Robin that he was delayed for a time, and that it was properly his task to carry him off, but was discharged to tell when."

FAMILY TALISMANS.

In Scotland, there are still preserved certain relics of antiquity, with which the fortunes of families were, till a period by no means remote, supposed to be bound up. The Robertsons of Struan have a precious stone about the size of a pigeon's egg, which they used to carry at the top of their standard for luck in battle; whence it was called *Clach-na-brattich*, or the stone of the standard. When the poet Robertson, the representative of this family, fled to France on account of his concern in Dundee's rebellion, he carried the Clach-na-brattich along with him, in the gold box which was its usual receptacle. Being, like many other Scottish Jacobite exiles, reduced to the greatest straits for subsistence, he was obliged to sell the box; but nothing on earth could have induced him to part with the stone. The luck of the family of Coalstoun in East Lothian rested in like manner with a pear, which was supposed to be invested with magical properties. The family of Graham of Inchbrakie, in Perthshire, possess a small blue stone, set in a ring, of which the following

story is told:—Some time probably in the century before the last, as the laird of Inchbrakie was passing the Knock [hill] of Crieff, he found a large crowd, headed by Campbell of ——, preparing to execute a witch. On going near, he discovered, in the victim, his nurse, Catherine Niven, who had latterly resided in a rocky cave (still shown) near the place where she was about to suffer. Whether this aged female had become liable to the charge of witchcraft through the workings of a disordered mind, or had nefariously endeavoured to practise upon the credulity of the people, Graham felt interested in her behalf, and used all his eloquence to save her life, but without avail. In gratitude for his generous intercession, the poor woman threw from her mouth a small blue stone like a bead, which she desired her foster-child to keep for her sake; further telling him that, as long as it remained with the Grahams of Inchbrackie, good fortune should attend them, while to the Campbells of —— there should never be born a male heir—predictions which are said to have alike held true. The stone has been pronounced by a competent judge to be a sapphire. Other families preserve similar relics, supposed to have a power of healing. A small red precious stone, which a crusading ancestor of the Locharts of Lee, in Lanarkshire, is said to have obtained in the East, and which exists to this day, set within an old English shilling, was held to cure cattle, and even to be of some efficacy in cases of hydrophobia. The Marischal family also possessed, in 1624, "ane jasper stane for steiming of blood, estimat to 500 French crownes."

THE ROSE AT MIDSUMMER.

The gathering of a rose on Midsummer Eve was once superstitiously associated with the choice of a husband or wife. The custom is stated to be a relic of Druidical times, and is thus mentioned in the *Connoisseur*, No. 50: "Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backward, without speaking a word, into the garden, upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." We have also heard the condition related—that the rose is to be gathered and sealed up while the clock is striking twelve at midday."

AN EXPLAINED MYSTERY.

The president of a literary club at Plymouth being very ill during the session, the chair, out of respect, was left vacant. One evening, while the members were seated, his apparition, in a white dress, glided in, and took formal possession of the chair. His face was wan; he bowed in silence to the company, carried his empty glass to his lips, and solemnly retired. They went to his house, and learned that he had just expired! The strange event was kept a profound secret, until the nurse confessed, on her death-bed, that she had fallen asleep, that the patient had stolen out, and, having the pass-key of the garden, had returned to his bed by a short path, before the deputation arrived, and died a few seconds after."—*Dendy's Philosophy of Mystery.*

PHANTASY FROM MENTAL ASSOCIATION.

A VERY fertile source of spectral illusion is the devotion to peculiar studies, and deep reflection on interesting subjects. M. Esquirol records the hallucination of a lady who had been reading a terrific account of the execution of a criminal. Ever after, in all her waking hours, and in every place, she saw above her left eye the phantom of a bloody head, wrapped in black crape—a thing so horrible to her that she repeatedly attempted the commission of suicide. Another lady had dipped so deeply into a history of witches, that she became convinced of her having, like Tam O'Shanter's lady of the "cutty sark," been initiated into their mysteries, and officiated at their "Sabbath" ceremonies.

We quote these instances from Dendy's "Philosophy of Mystery." We remember a parallel case in 1839. A young man, approaching the last stage of consumption, insisted upon reading Ainsworth's mischievous novel of *Jack Sheppard*, then just published. His friends remonstrated, but the patient implored. The incidents of this melodrama of crime were constantly before his eyes, and one afternoon he became so impressed with the reality of Jonathan Wild's burning house in the Old Bailey, that his terrors were distressing to witness.

"Intense feeling," says Mr. Dendy, "especially if combined with apprehension, often raises a phantom. The unhappy Sir Richard Croft, on being summoned to attend the Princess Charlotte of Wales, saw her

form, robed in white, distinctly glide along before him, as he sat in his carriage."*

Not long after the death of Byron, Sir Walter Scott was engaged in his study during the darkening twilight of an autumnal evening, in reading a sketch of his form and habits, his manners and opinions. On a sudden he saw, as he laid down his book and passed into his hall, the *eidolon* of his departed friend before him. He remained for some time impressed by the intensity of the illusion, which had thus created a phantom out of skins, and scarfs, and plaids, hanging on a screen in the gothic hall, at Abbotsford.

UNLUCKY FRIDAY.

Friday has, from time immemorial, been superstitiously considered an unlucky day; because, probably, of the crucifixion of our Saviour on Friday—a day of fear and trembling, of darkness and earthquake; and the fast ordained by the church contributes to perpetuate these mournful associations.

The Romans had their *lucky* and *unlucky* days, and on the latter would not undertake any business, for fear it should have a bad conclusion; they considered them as unhappy and of ill omen. The French have, also, an unlucky or unfortunate day, and this is Friday. On this day they will not undertake any business of importance, for fear of its turning out badly; or a

* The melancholy fate of the lamented Princess has, from circumstances which transpired in 1848, been inferred to have been caused by the impurity of the supply of water to Claremont.

long journey, lest it abound with distressing accidents; a marriage is seldom contracted on this day, lest it should prove unhappy. Leigh Hunt tells us that "Lord Byron believed in the *ill-luck* of Friday, and was seriously disconcerted if anything was to be done on that frightful day in the week."

APPARITIONS RECORDED IN BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

Talking of ghosts, Dr. Johnson said he knew one friend who was an honest man, who had told him he had seen a ghost; old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer, at St. John's Gate. He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned. Boswell said, "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance." *Johnson.*—"Why, sir, something of a shadowy being." Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Pendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that, after it was over, and Pendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now? Pendergast gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the

following solemn entry:—(here the date) "Dreamt or was told by an apparition Sir John Friend meets me" —(here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned.) Pendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel. *Boswell.*—"Was there not a story of the ghost of Parson Ford having appeared?" *Johnson.*—"Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing Ford was dead; going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some of the people of the house what Ford could be doing there? They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay some time; when he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but, somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him; he came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone!' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped); I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first, they were unwilling to tell her; but, after they had talked to her, she came away

satisfied that it was true. To be sure the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it; but if the message to the women, and their behaviour upon it were true, as related, there was something supernatural; that rests upon his word, and there it remains."

THE LETICHE.

At Bayeux, in Normandy, relates Miss Costello, "one of the superstitions still current relates to a being called a *letiche*. It is an animal whose form is scarcely defined, of dazzling whiteness, which is only seen in the night-time, and disappears the moment any one attempts to touch it." These *letiches* "are believed to be the souls of infants dead without baptism. Most probably this pretty little spirit was no other than the agile and timid ermine of Normandy and Britanny."—*Summer amongst the Bocages, &c.*, vol. i. p. 36.

LUCK OF LOCALITIES.

Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, enumerates many places in England which were believed to be lucky and the reverse to their proprietors. He speaks particularly of Stourton, Hungerford, and Norrington, in Wilts; of Clavel, in Dorsetshire; and of Hampden and Pen, in Buckinghamshire, as estates which had been fortunate to their possessors, continuing in one line since before the Conquest. On the other hand, Charterhouse, in Somersetshire, and Butleigh, near Glastonbury, had been unlucky, never yet having been possessed by three generations of one family. The Fleece Tavern

in Covent-garden had been unlucky for homicides, of which three cases had occurred in the house during his own time. He speaks of a handsome house in Clerkenwell, which had been so unlucky for forty years, that nobody would now venture to occupy it. According to Aubrey, a gentleman named Wild had had more deodands from his manor of Totham, in Essex, than from all his estates besides. Two mischiefs had happened there in one field.

HOUSE-CRICKETS.

It is singular that the house-cricket should by some weak persons be considered an unlucky, and by others a lucky, inmate of a dwelling; those who hold the latter opinion consider its destruction the means of bringing misfortune on their habitations. "In Dumfries-shire," says Sir William Jardine, "it is a common superstition, that if crickets forsake a house which they have long inhabited, some evil will befall the family; generally, the death of some member is portended. In like manner, the presence or return of this cheerful little insect is lucky, and portends some good to the family."

WOLF SUPERSTITIONS.

In Normandy, a phantom in the form of a wolf is believed to wander about at night amongst the graves. The chief of the band of phantoms is a large black wolf, who, when approached, rises on his hind legs and begins to howl, when the whole party disappear, shrieking out, "Robert is dead!—Robert is dead!"

The famous superstition of the loup-garou is not yet worn out in Normandy and Britanny. It is possible that the legend arose from the fact of certain crimes being denounced in the ancient laws of Normandy, and the punishment commanded thus expressed: The guilty shall be looked upon as a wolf—*i. e.*, pursued, and killed if found, as any dangerous beast might be. Allegory in law matters seems to have been rather dangerous amongst so imaginative a people; and for ages the horrible loup-garou has maintained his fearful existence.

CORAL AND BELLS.

The soothsayers attributed many mystic properties to the coral; and it was believed to give protection against the influence of the evil eyes: it was even supposed that coral would drive away devils and evil spirits; hence arose the custom of wearing amulets composed of it around the neck, and of making crowns of it. Pliny and Dioscorides are very loud in their praises of the medicinal properties of this substance; and Paracelsus says that it should be worn around the necks of infants, as an admirable preservative against fits, sorcery, charms, and even against poison. It is a curious circumstance that the same superstitious belief should exist among the negroes of the West Indies, who affirm that the colour of coral is always affected by the state of health of the wearer, it becoming paler in disease. In Sicily it is also commonly worn as an amulet by persons of all ranks.

In addition to the supposed virtues of the coral,

usually suspended around the necks of children in our own country, it may be remarked, that silver bells are generally attached to it, which are regarded as mere accompaniments to amuse the child by their jingle; but the fact is, they have a very different origin, having been designed to frighten away evil spirits. For the same superstitious objects were bells introduced into our churches, as a species of charm against storms and thunder, and the assaults of Satan. —*Dr. Paris.*

LEGEND OF THE LAMBTONS OF DURHAM.

THERE is an ancient but long exploded county legend, that a Lambton was never known to die in his bed: the origin of which is thus related in Surtees's "History of Durham:"

"The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear, on a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation; and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the river, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled up round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, (the *Worm Hill,*) where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country; and amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the *Green Hill*, and in default of which, it devoured man and beast.

"Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effect of his youthful imprudences, and immediately undertook to exterminate the worm. After several fierce combats, in which the Crusader was foiled by his enemy's

power of self-union, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and waited the monster's arrival. At the usual time, the Worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream, washing away the several parts, prevented a possibility of their re-union.

"There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he should slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed, that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that *no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven* (*or as some accounts say, for nine*) *generations*—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing, probably, very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

BERNINI'S BUST OF CHARLES I.

VANDYCK having drawn the king in three different faces, a profile, three-quarters, and a full-face, the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. Bernini was unaccountably dilatory in the work; and upon this being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features of the face, that he was shocked every time that he examined it, and forced to leave off the work; observing, that if any

stress was to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented was destined to a violent end. The bust was, at last, finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the Thames, the King, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be taken immediately to Chelsea; it was accordingly carried thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the King went, with a train of nobility, to inspect the work. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads, with a partridge in his claws, which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge's blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the King's closet, at Whitehall, and remained there till the palace was destroyed by fire. — *D. Zachary Grey.*

MAJOR BLOMBERG AND THE GOVERNOR OF DOMINICA.

Early in the American war, Major Blomberg, the father of Dr. Blomberg, was expected to join his regiment, which was at the time on service in the island of Dominica. His period of absence had expired, and his brother officers, eagerly anticipating his return, as vessel after vessel arrived from England without conveying the looked-for passenger, declared one to another, "Well, at all events, he must come in the next." His presence in the island now became indispensable; and the governor, impatient of so long an absence, was on the point of writing a remonstrance on the subject

to the authorities in England, when, as he was sitting at night in his study with his secretary, and remarking on the conduct of the absentee, with no very favourable or lenient expressions, a step was heard to ascend the stairs, and walk along the passage without. "Who can it be," exclaimed the governor, "intruding at so late an hour?" "It is Blomberg's step," replied the secretary. "The very man himself," said the governor; and, as he spoke, the door opened, and Major Blomberg stood before them. The major advanced towards the table at which the gentlemen were sitting, and flung himself into a chair opposite the governor. There was something hurried in his manner; a forgetfulness of all the ordinary forms of greeting; and abruptly saying, "I must converse with you alone:" he gave a sign for the secretary to retreat. The sign was obeyed. There was an air of conscious superiority about the manner of the visitor that admitted no dispute. "On your return to England," he continued, as soon as the apartment was cleared of the objectionable witness—"on your return to England, you will go to a farm house, near the village of ——, in Dorsetshire; you will find there two children; they are mine; the offspring and the orphans of my secret marriage. Be a guardian to those parentless infants. To prove their legitimacy, and their consequent right to my property, you must demand of the woman, with whom they are placed at nurse, the red morocco case which was committed to her charge. Open it; it contains the necessary papers. Adieu! you will see me no more." Major Blomberg instantly withdrew. The

governor of Dominica, surprised at the commission, at the abrupt entrance, and the abrupt departure, rang the bell to desire some of his household to follow the major and request his return. None had seen him enter: none had witnessed his exit. It was strange! it was passing strange! There soon after arrived intelligence that Major Blomberg had embarked on board a vessel for Dominica, which had been dismasted in a storm at sea, and was supposed to have subsequently sunk, as she was never more heard of, about the time in which the figure had appeared to the governor and his secretary.

All that Major Blomberg had communicated was carefully stamped in the memory of his friend. On his return to England, which occurred in a few months after the apparition above described had been seen by the governor, he immediately hastened to the village in Dorsetshire, and to the house in which the children were resident.

He found them; he asked for the casket; it was immediately surrendered. The legitimacy and the claims of the orphans of Blomberg were established, and they were admitted to the enjoyment of their rights without any controversy or dispute.

This tale was related to Queen Charlotte, and so deeply interested her, that she immediately adopted the son as the object of her peculiar care and favour. He was brought to Windsor, and educated with the Prince of Wales, of whom he was through life the favourite, the companion, and the friend.

OMENS OF OUR OWN TIME.

When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown: America was lost in his reign. When Charles X. was crowned at Rheims, he accidentally dropped his hat: the Duc d'Orléans (Louis-Philippe) picked it up, and presented it to him. On the Saturday preceding the promulgation of the celebrated *ordonnances* by Charles X.'s ministers, the white flag which floated on the column in the Place Vendome, and which was always hoisted when the royal family was in Paris, was observed to be torn in three places: the tricolor waved in its stead the following week. On the morning of the rejection, by the House of Lords, of the first Reform Bill, "the dawn" was, indeed, overcast with storm. At the period of Napoleon's dissolution, on the 4th of the month in which he expired, the island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempest, and at about six in the evening, Napoleon pronounced "*tête d'armée*," and expired.

THE MANDRAKE.

This extraordinary root is named from the German *mandragen*, resembling man, it being often in form like the lower half of the human figure; and if the plant be pulled when the fruit is ripe, one of the berries may be supposed to represent the head, and then the whole figure will be tolerably complete. Superstition soon filled up the outline; certain healing

and defensative properties were attributed to the root, and it was credulously believed that to pull up the mandrake would be followed by the instantaneous death of the perpetrator; that it shrieked, or groaned, when separated from the earth; and that whoever was unfortunate enough to hear the shriek, died shortly after, or became afflicted with madness:

> " torn out of the earth,
> That living mortals hearing them, run mad."
> SHAKSPEARE'S *Romeo and Juliet.*

And in Henry the Sixth, Part 2, Suffolk says:

> " Would curses *kill* as doth the bitter Mandrake's groan,
> I would invent as bitter, searching terms,
> As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear."

Still, if the root could be dislodged from its place of growth, the danger ceased, and it became the good genius of its possessor. The reported mode of uprooting it was, to fasten the tail of a dog, by cords, to the bottom of the stem, and then the animal was whipped, until, by its struggles, the plant was dragged from the earth; while the persons who directed this operation had their ears filled with pitch, lest they should hear the fatal shriek or groan. The dog, *of course*, fell dead at the same time, or soon after. A root of the mandrake, three feet long, was dug up among some ancient remains at Brighton, many years since.*

* The imaginary malignant and fatal influence of this plant is frequently alluded to by our elder dramatists; and with one of the greatest of them, Webster, it is an especial favourite for illustration. But none have plunged so deeply into the disquisition of the supposititious virtues of the Mandrake, as the learned and profound Sir Thomas Browne. He tears up the fable, root and branch. Concerning the danger ensuing from the eradication of the Mandrake, he thus writeth:—" The last assertion is, that there follows a hazard of life to them that

THE PHYSICIAN'S SYMBOL.

De Paris tells us that the physician of the present day continues to prefix to his prescriptions the letter ℞, which is generally supposed to mean *Recipe;* but which is, in truth, a relic of the astrological symbol of Jupiter, formerly used as a species of superstitious invocation.

"CRAMPE RINGS, AND CREEPINGE TO THE CROSSE."

On Good Friday, formerly, the kings of England hallowed rings, to protect the wearers from the falling-sickness; a ring, which has been long preserved in Westminster Abbey, being supposed to have great efficacy against the cramp and falling-sickness, when touched by those who were afflicted with either of these disorders. This ring is reported to have been brought from Jerusalem.

The hallowing of these rings was an imposing cere-

pull it up, that some evil fate pursues them, and that they live not very long hereafter. Therefore, the attempt hereof among the ancients was not in ordinary way; but, as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the wind thereof, and with a sword, describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking toward the west. A conceit not only injurious unto truth, and confutable by daily experience, but somewhat derogatory unto the Providence of God—that is, not only to impose so destructive a quality on any plant, but to conceive a vegetable, whose parts are so useful unto many, should, in the only taking up, prove mortal unto any. This were to introduce a second forbidden fruit, and enhance the first malediction, making it not only mortal for Adam to taste the one, but capital for his posterity to eradicate, or dig up the other."—*Vulgar Errors*, book ii. c. vi.

mony, and Dr. Percy has printed, at the end of his notes on the "Northumberland Household Book,"

"*The ordre of the Kinge on Good Friday, touchinge the cominge to service, hallowinge of the* CRAMPE RINGS, *and offering and* CREEPINGE TO THE CROSS."

"Firste, the Kinge to come to the chappell or closset, withe the Lords and Noblemen waytinge upon him, without any sword borne before hime as that day, and ther to tarrie in his travers until the Byshope and the Deane have brought in the Crucifixe out of the vestrie, and layd it upon the cushion before the highe alter. And then the Usher to lay a carpet for the Kinge to *creepe to the crosse* upon; and that done, ther shall be a forme sett upon the carpett before the crucifix, and a cushion laid upon it for the kinge to kneale upon. And the Master of the Jewell house ther to be ready with the crampe rings in a bason of silver, and the Kinge to kneale upon the cushion before the forme. And then the Clerke of the Closett be redie with the booke concerninge the halowinge of the crampe rings, and the Aumer must kneele on the right hand of the Kinge, holdinge the sayd booke. When that is done, the Kinge shall rise and go to the alter, wheare a Gent. Usher shall be redie with a cushion for the Kinge to kneale upon; and then the greatest Lords that shall be ther, to take the bason with the rings, and beare them after the King to offer. And thus done, the Queene shall come downe out of her closset or traverse into the chappell, with ladyes and gentlewomen waitinge upon her, and *creepe to the crosse*, and then goe agayne to her closett or traverse. And then the ladyes to *creepe to the crosse* likewise, and the Lords and Noblemen likewise."

Dr. Percy adds, that, in 1536, when the convocation under Henry VIII. abolished some of the old superstitious practices, this of *creeping to the cross* on Good Friday, &c., was ordered to be retained as a *laudable* and *edifying* custom. (See Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII.") It appears, in the "Northumberland Household Book," to have been observed in the Earl's family, the value of the offerings then made by himself, his lady, and his sons, being there severally ascertained.

"Crampe Rings" are also mentioned by Lord Berners; and in our times, jet rings are believed by weak persons to be singularly efficacious. The "Galvanic Ring" was an imposition of the same class, but savouring of the scientific pretension of the present age.

LAST HOURS OF LORD LYTTLETON.

The subject of this narrative was the son of George Lord Lyttleton, and was alike distinguished for the raciness of his wit and the profligacy of his manners. The latter trait of his character has induced many persons to suppose the apparition which he asserted he had seen, to have been the effect of a conscience quickened with remorse for innumerable vices and misgivings. The probability of the narrative has, consequently, been much questioned; but in our own acquaintance we chance to know two gentlemen, one of whom was at Pitt Place, the seat of Lord Lyttleton, and the other in the immediate neighbourhood, at the time of his lordship's death; and who bear ample testimony to the veracity of the whole affair.

The several narratives correspond in material points; and we shall now proceed to relate the most circumstantial particulars written by a gentleman who was on a visit to his lordship:—

"I was at Pitt Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttleton died; Lord Fortesque, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttleton had not long been returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits: he was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding

month, while he was at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird; and afterwards that a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die, you will not exist three days.'* His lordship was much alarmed, and called to a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration: the circumstance had a considerable effect all the next day on his lordship's spirits. On the third day, while his lordship was at breakfast with the above personages,

* According to the narrative of a relative of Lady Lyttleton, the following is the version of the circumstances as related by Lord Lyttleton:—

Two night before, on his retiring to his bed, after his servant was dismissed and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention to the spot; when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed—the room was preternaturally light—the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible—raising her hand, and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man, that, at that very hour, on the third day after the visitation, his life and his sins would be concluded, and nothing but their punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received. The eye of Lord Lyttleton glanced upon the dial—the hand was on the stroke of twelve: again the apartment was involved in total darkness—the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away at her departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit, ready flow of wit, and vivacity of manner, which had formerly been the pride and ornament of the unhappy being to whom she had delivered her tremendous summons.

he said, 'If I live over to-night, I shall have jockied the ghost, for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Pitt Place, where they had not long arrived, before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits: after a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint-water; but his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a toothpick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him go and fetch a teaspoon: but, on the man's return, he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck, when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship, on the instant, from his perilous situation, ran, in his fright, and called out for help, but on his return, he found his lordship dead."

In explanation of this strange tale, it is said, that Lord Lyttleton acknowledged, previously to his death, that the woman he had seen in his dream was the 'mother' of the two Misses Amphletts, mentioned above; whom, together with a third sister, then in Ireland, his lordship had seduced, and prevailed on to leave their parent, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. It is further stated, that Mrs. Amphlett died of grief, through the desertion of her children, at the precise time when the female vision appeared to his lordship. The most surprising part of the story, because the most difficult of explanation, yet remains to be related. On the second day, Miles Peter Andrews, one of Lord Lyttleton's most intimate friends, left the dinner party at an early hour, being called

away upon business to Dartford, where he was the owner of certain powder-mills. He had all along professed himself one of the most determined sceptics as to the vision, and, therefore, ceased to think of it. On the third night, however, when he had been in bed about half an hour, and still remained, as he imagined, wide awake, his curtains were suddenly pulled aside, and Lord Lyttleton appeared before him in his robe-de-chambre and nightcap. Mr. Andrews gazed at his visitor for some time in silent wonder, and then began to reproach him for so odd a freak, in coming down to Dartford Mills, without any previous notice, as he hardly knew how, on the emergency, to find his lordship the requisite accommodation. "Nevertheless," said Andrews, "I will get up and see what can be done for you." With this view he turned aside to ring the bell, but, on looking round again, he could see no signs of his strange visitor. Soon afterwards, the bell was answered by his servant, and upon his asking what had become of Lord Lyttleton, the man, who was evidently much surprised at the question, replied that he had seen nothing of him since they had left Pitt Place. "Psha, you fool!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews, "he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant, more astonished than ever, declared that he did not well understand how this could be, since he must have seen him enter: whereupon Mr. Andrews rose, and having dressed himself, searched the house and grounds, but Lord Lyttleton was nowhere to be found. Still, he could not help believing that his friend, who was fond of practical jokes, had

played him this trick for his previously expressed scepticism in the matter of the dream. But he soon viewed the whole affair in a different light: about four o'clock, on the same day, an express arrived from a friend, with the news of Lord Lyttleton's death, and the whole manner of it, as related by the valet to those who were in the house at the time. In Mr. Andrews's subsequent visits to Pitt Place, no solicitations could ever induce him to sleep there; but he would invariably return, however late, to the Spread Eagle Inn, at Epsom, for the night.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his Memoirs, has the following passage relative to this affair:—

"Dining at Pitt Place, about four years after the death of Lord Lyttleton, in the year 1783, I had the curiosity to visit the bedchamber, where the casement window, at which Lord Lyttleton asserted the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and at his stepmother's, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton's, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, I have frequently seen a painting which she herself executed, in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event: it hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord Lyttleton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed, after the description given to her by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances."

An engraving, copied from this picture, has been published, and is still frequently to be met with in the collections of printsellers.

LORD BACON'S DREAM.

When Lord Bacon, as he himself records, dreamt in Paris, that he saw "his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar," his feelings were highly wrought upon, the emotions under which he laboured were of a very apprehensive kind, and he made no doubt that the next intelligence from England would apprize him of the demise of his father. His apprehensions, the sequel proved to be well grounded; for his father actually died the same night in which he had his remarkable dream.

PICTURE OMENS.

Archbishop Laud, not long before the disastrous circumstances happened which hastened his tragical end, on entering his study one day, found his picture at full length on the floor, the string which held it fastened to the wall, having snapped. The sight of this struck the prelate with such an awing sense of the probability of his fate, that from that moment he never enjoyed a moment's peace. It moreover brought back to his mind a disaster that had occurred to one of his boats on the very day of his translation to the see of Canterbury, which sank with his coaches and horses into the Thames.

The Duke of Buckingham was struck by an occurrence of a similar kind: he found his picture in the Council chamber fallen out of its frame. This accident, in that age of omens, was looked upon with a considerable degree of awe.

"THE LIGHTNESS BEFORE DEATH."

The brightening up of the mind previously to dissolution, or, to use the common expression, "the Lightness before death," has led to a notion that dying people are favoured beyond others with a spiritualized conception of things not only relating to time, but likewise to eternity; or, in other words, that they have visions of angelic consolation. This lighting up of the mind is stated by Mr. Madden to amount to "nothing more than a pleasurably excited condition of the mental faculties, following, perhaps, a state of previous torpor, and continuing a few hours, or oftentimes moments, before dissolution. This rousing up of the mind is probably produced by the stimulus of dark venous blood circulating through the arterial vessels of the brain, in consequence of the imperfect oxygenation of the blood in the lungs, whose delicate air-cells become impeded by the deposition of mucus on the surface, which there is not sufficient energy in the absorbents to remove; and hence arises the rattling in the throat which commonly precedes death."

SAILORS' WHISTLING.

Our sailors, or the vulgar sort of them, have a strange opinion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds, and this is the reason that they so seldom whistle on ship-board, esteeming that to be a *mockery*, and consequently, an enraging of the devil. This error is of high antiquity: even Zoroaster himself imagined there was an evil spirit that could excite violent storms of wind.

JOHN HUNTER'S PREDICTION OF HIS DEATH.

The death of this distinguished surgeon took place under the following very melancholy circumstances. Early in the year 1793, a dispute arose between Hunter and his colleagues at St. George's Hospital, in consequence of the election of a Mr. Keate to a vacancy which then happened, in opposition to the man of Mr. Hunter's choice, Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home, his brother-in-law. This led to recriminatory acts (or what were looked on in that light) on both sides, among which was an order on the part of the Hospital Governors, that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland, of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself; but two young men having come up who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board. Accordingly, on the proper day, October 16, Hunter prepared to fulfil his promise; though he was so well aware of the risk he incurred in undertaking a task which he felt would agitate him, that on mentioning the circumstance to a friend who called upon him in the morning, he expressed his apprehension lest some unpleasant dispute should occur, and his conviction that if it did, *it would certainly prove fatal to him.* At his accustomed hour, he left his house to commence his morning rounds, and by accident forgot to take with him his list of appointments; he had left the house but a few minutes when it was discovered, and Mr. Clift, the present Curator of the

College of Surgeons, who then resided with Hunter, hastened with it to York-street, St. James's, the first place on the list, where he found the carriage of his illustrious master waiting. Hunter soon made his appearance, took the list, and in an animated tone desired the coachman to drive to St. George's. Arrived at the Hospital, he found the Board already assembled; and, entering the room, he presented the memorial of the young men, and proceeded to urge the propriety, under the circumstances stated therein, of their being admitted. In the course of his remarks, he made some observation which one of his colleagues thought it necessary instantly and flatly to contradict. Hunter immediately ceased speaking, retired from the table; and, struggling to suppress the tumult of his passion, hurried into the adjoining room, which he had scarcely reached, when, with a deep groan, he fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians of the hospital, who chanced to be present. Dr. Baillie had immediately followed him into the board-room, and Mr. Home, who was in the house, was summoned to his assistance. Attempts were made for upwards of an hour to restore animation, in the hope that the attack might prove to be a fainting fit, such as he had before experienced, but in vain—*life had fled*, and all their efforts proving useless, his body was placed in a sedan-chair, and conveyed to Leicester-square, followed by his now vacant carriage. We may imagine the feelings of all parties at the Hospital, as they gazed upon each other, and acknowledged that John Hunter was dead, and that such had been the occasion.

THE GHOST OF SPEDLINS.

The tower of Spedlins, the scene of one of the best accredited and most curious ghost stories perhaps ever printed, adorns the south-west bank of the Annan, in Dumfriesshire. The ghost story, according to Mr. Sharp, in his introduction to Law's "*Memorialis*," is simply this—Sir Alexander Jardine, of Applegirth, in the time of Charles II., had confined in the dungeon of his tower of Spedlins, a miller named Porteous, suspected of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. Sir Alexander being soon after suddenly called away to Edinburgh, carried the key of the vault with him, and did not recollect or consider his prisoner's case till he was passing through the West Port, where, perhaps, the sight of the warder's keys brought the matter to his mind. He immediately sent back a courier to liberate the man; but Porteous had, in the meantime, died of hunger.

No sooner was he dead, than his ghost began to torment the household; and no rest was to be had within the tower of Spedlins, by day or by night. In this dilemma, Sir Alexander, according to old use and wont, summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid; and by their strenuous efforts, Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where, however, he continued to scream occasionally at night, "Let me out—let me out, for I'm deean o' hunger!" He also used to flutter like a bird against the door of the vault, and was always sure to remove the bark from any twig that was sportively thrust

through the key-hole. The spell which thus compelled the spirit to remain in bondage, was attached to a large black-letter Bible, used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone niche, which still remains in the wall of the staircase; and it is certain that, after the lapse of many years, when the family repaired to a newer mansion, (Jardine Hall,) built on the other side of the river, the Bible was left behind to keep the restless spirit in order. On one occasion, indeed, the volume requiring to be re-bound was sent to Edinburgh; but the ghost getting out of the dungeon and crossing the river, made such a disturbance in the new house, hauling the baronet and his lady out of bed, &c., that the Bible was recalled before it reached Edinburgh, and placed in its former situation. The good woman who told Grose this story, in 1788, declared that should the Bible again be taken off the premises, no consideration whatever should induce her to remain there a single night. But the charm seems to be now broken, or the ghost must have become either quiet or disregarded, for the Bible is at present kept at Jardine Hall.

TWOFOLD APPARITION.

Mrs. Mathews relates, in the memoirs of her husband, the celebrated comedian, that he was one night in bed and unable to sleep from the excitement that continues some time after acting; when, hearing a rustling by the side of the bed, he looked out and saw his first wife, who was then dead, standing by the bedside, dressed as when alive. She smiled and bent for-

ward, as if to take his hand; but in his alarm, he threw himself out on the floor to avoid the contact, and was found by the landlord in a fit. On the same night, and at the same hour, the present Mrs. Mathews, who was far away from her husband, received a similar visit from her predecessor, whom she had known when alive! She was quite awake, and in her terror seized the bell-rope to summon assistance, which gave way, and she fell with it in her hand to the ground.

CHARMS FOR WARTS AND WENS.

The belief in charming away certain affections of the body is ridiculed by many who are ignorant of the cause. Dr. Burrowes considers the *charming* of warts to be the result of the action of the mind upon the body; and he attributes the rapid change of the hair to white, to the same cause. The very temperature of the body is changed; but heats, fear, and aversion, cool. The *mal-de-pays* arises from a moral source, producing, on the evidence of physicians, positive organic effects; the lungs are found adhering to the pleura, &c.

A strange practice was common to all executions at Newgate, until within comparatively few years. A number of persons were, at each execution, "rubbed for wens," as it was called. Men, women, and children afflicted with them, were introduced within the body of the vehicle of death, and elevated so as to be seen by the populace, within a few minutes after the convicts had been turned off. The patients were then indulged with a choice of the individual culprit, from

those who had suffered, whose touch was to be applied to the part affected. The hands of the corpse selected were untied by the executioner, and gently moved backwards and forwards for about two minutes, which was supposed to be sufficient to effect a cure. The custom has now ceased; it having been abolished, as a piece of contemptible superstition, the continuance of which it would be disgraceful to permit. The executioner was deprived of this lucrative part of his business, without receiving for it any compensation but the approval of persons of sense. Nevertheless, Dr. Burrowes's explanation of the charming of warts may in some degree be applied to this case.

CHARM FOR THE CRAMP.

"When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, (says Coleridge,) there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time of Edward VI. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus:—

> "Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
> Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:
> Crosses three we make to ease us,
> Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!"

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

> "The devil is tying a knot in my leg!
> Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg!—
> Crosses three, &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot

on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds. I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side; but I cannot say I ever tried it for *that*."

MERLIN, THE ENCHANTER.

MERLIN, the enchanter, is the great hero of the Bretons, as he is of the Welsh; the same legends being common to both people. Among other lays respecting him is the following:—

"Merlin! Merlin! whither bound,
With your black dog by your side?" *
"I seek until the prize be found,
Where the red egg loves to hide.

"The red egg of the sea-snake's nest,†
Where the ocean caves are seen,
And the cress that grows the best
In the valley fresh and green.

* At the foot of Mont St. Michel extends a wide marsh. If the mountaineer sees in the dusk of the evening a tall man, thin and pale, followed by a black bitch, whose steps are directed towards the marsh, he hurries home, shuts and locks the door of his cottage, and throws himself on his knees to pray, for he knows that the tempest is approaching. Soon after, the winds begin to howl, the thunder bursts forth in tremendous peals, the mountain trembles to its base,—that is the moment when the magician evokes the souls of the dead.—VILLEMARQUE: *Barzas Breiz.*

† The red egg of the sea-snake was a powerful talisman, whose virtue nothing could equal; it was to be worn round the neck. The golden herb is a medicinal plant; the peasants of Bretagne hold it in great esteem, and say that it shines at a distance like gold. If any one tread it under foot, he falls asleep, and can understand the language of dogs, wolves, and

"I must find the golden herb,
And the oak's high bough must have,*
Where no sound the trees disturb
Near the fountain as they wave."

"Merlin! Merlin; turn again!
Leave the oak-branch where it grew,
Seek no more the cress to gain,
Nor the herb of gold pursue.
Nor the red egg of the snake,
Where amid the foam it lies,
In the cave where billows break;
Leave those fearful mysteries.
Merlin, turn! to God alone
Are such fatal secrets known!"

THE GLASTONBURY THORN, AND WATERS.

The tradition of the Holy Thorn is briefly, that when Joseph of Arimathea came to Britain, to preach Christianity, A.D. 63, Arviragus, then king, gave him the Isle of Avalon, in Somerset, afterwards called by the Saxons, Glastonbury. On Joseph's arrival, having a hawthorn-stick in his hand, he stuck it into the ground, where it grew, and blossomed on Christmas-day, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants. Several thorns of the kind were in after ages planted in the

birds. This simple is supposed to be rarely met with, and only at daybreak. In order to gather it, a privilege only granted to the devout, it is necessary to be *en chemise*, and with bare feet. It must be torn up, not cut. Another way is to go with naked feet, in a white robe, fasting, and, without using a knife, gather the herb by slipping the right hand under the left arm, and letting it fall into a cloth, which can only be used once.

* The high oak bough is, perhaps, the mistletoe. The voice which warns Merlin may be intended for that of Saint Colombar, who is said to have converted Merlin. The poem is of high antiquity.

neighbourhood, which budded and blossomed in the depth of winter. Now, the blossoming on Christmas-day has generally been doubted; but a year or two since, a thorn of this kind, which was observed not to have a single blossom on it on Christmas Eve, was seen in blossom next day.

There was another vegetable wonder peculiar to Glastonbury. Collinson, in his "History of Somersetshire," states that, "besides the holy thorn, there grew in the abbey churchyard of Glastonbury, on the north side of St. Joseph's Chapel, a miraculous walnut-tree, which never budded forth before the feast of St. Barnabas (June 11); but on that very day shot forth leaves, and flourished like its usual species. This tree," continues our authority, "is gone, and in the place thereof stands a very fine walnut-tree of the common sort. It is strange to say how much this tree was sought after by the credulous; and, though not an uncommon walnut, Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original."

The Mineral Waters of Glastonbury must not be forgotten. Holinshed tells us, that "King Arthur being wounded in battle, was brought to Glastonbury to be healed of his wounds, by the healing waters of Glastonbury." Now, we do not impugn the chronicler: the fame of the waters may have been forgotten for ages, and a lucky accident revived it about a century since; for, in 1751, at Glastonbury, a man, who had been for thirty years afflicted with asthma, dreamed

that a person told him, if he drank of certain waters, near the Chain Gate, seven Sunday mornings, he should be cured; which he accordingly did, and was well, and attested it upon oath. This *miracle* was soon rumoured abroad, and it was computed that 10,000 persons shortly afterwards visited Glastonbury to drink the waters there for "various distempers;" but the popular delusion did not last for more than a twelvemonth.

WITCHCRAFT CHARMS.

The charms by which witches worked were short rhymes at the different stages. Several of them have been preserved; one of which sets the whole affair in a ludicrous light. In the fifteenth century, an old dame was tried for using witchcraft in curing diseases, when the judges offered to liberate the accused, if she would divulge her charm. This she readily did, and informed the court that the charm consisted in repeating the following words, after the stipulated pay, a loaf of bread, and a penny:

"My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better,
And I am never the worse."

Here are two "Charmes for a Thorne":—

"Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn;
It neither wealed, nor belled, rankled nor boned;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this."

Or thus:

"Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn;
And it did neither bell, nor swell;
And I trust in Jesus this never will."

For "A Burning":—

"There came three angels out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire—in frost,
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy
Ghost. Amen."

APPARITION TO LADY FANSHAW.

A most remarkable instance of presentiment of death occurs in the MS. memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight, she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near re-

lative of my family," said he, "expired last night in the castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying; and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

LUCK OF HORSE-SHOES.

Butler, in *Hudibras*, says of his conjuror, that he could

> "Chase evil spirits away by dint
> Of sickle, *horse-shoe*, hollow flint."

Aubrey tells us, in his *Miscellanies*, that "it is a thing very common to nail horse-shoes on the thresholds of doors; which is to hinder the power of witches that enter the house. Most houses of the west end of London have the horse-shoe on the threshold. It should be a horse-shoe that one finds." He adds: "Under the porch of Stanfield Church, in Suffolk, I saw a tile with a horse-shoe upon it, placed there for this purpose, though one would imagine that holy water alone would have been sufficient. I am told there are many other similar instances."

In Gay's fable of "The Old Woman and her Cats," the supposed witch complains—

> "Straws laid across my path retard,
> *The horse-shoe's nail'd, each threshold's guard.*"

In Monmouth-street, probably the part of London alluded to by Aubrey, many horse-shoes nailed to the thresholds were to be seen in 1797. On April 26, 1813, Sir Henry Ellis counted seventeen horse-shoes in Monmouth-street nailed against the steps of doors; but, in 1841, only five or six remained. In Aubrey's time, by the way, Monmouth-street was a fashionable neighbourhood.

It was lucky to find old iron, but more especially a horse-shoe. This notion has been current in our time, as well as the nailing of the shoes beneath the sill, and *over* the door, in Sussex; where, in childhood, we have accounted ourselves lucky in finding a horse-shoe.

Nelson, who was of a superstitious turn, had great faith in the luck of a horse-shoe, and one was nailed to the mast of the ship "Victory." The inventor of the "Fever Powder," "Lucky Dr. James," used to attribute his prosperity to his good fortune in finding a horse-shoe; hence his *sobriquet*.

SUSSEX SUPERSTITION.

At Portslade, near Brighton, there has, from time immemorial, been entertained a notion that a dying person can be recovered if thrice carried round, and thrice bumped against a thorn of great antiquity, which stands on the Downs, ever ready to dispense its magic power to all true believers. Many years ago, a medical attendant in the place gave up all hope of one of his patients; when the goodies of the village obtained the doctor's and the man's consent to restore him to health—and having carried him round the tree,

bumped the dying man, and had the mortification of carrying him back a corpse, much to their astonishment at the ill-success of the specific!

"HELL-STONES."

THERE were vast stones formerly used for covering graves, *Helicin* being the Saxon for "to cover," or conceal. In Dorsetshire is one of these stones; and the tradition is, that the devil flung it from Portland Pike to its present situation, as he was playing at quoits.

PRESENTIMENT.

MRS. CROWE, in her *Nightside of Nature*, relates as one of the most extraordinary cases of presentiment, that which occurred, not very long since, on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess-table, a young Lieutenant R. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first, Mr. R. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression, that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No argument could overthrow this conviction, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise period mentioned.

THE BUCHANITES.

The Buchanites were a class of enthusiasts named from their founder, Elspath Buchan, or "Luckie Buchan in the West," as Scott calls her, the only alewife that he ever heard of turning preacher. Elspath's parents kept a small way-side public-house, between Banff and Portsoy, where she was born, in the year 1738. When a child, she herded her master's cows; she was taught to sew and read by a relative; but, when a mere girl, she fell into idle company at Greenock, and there "contracted those depraved habits which she afterwards inculcated respecting matrimony." She trepanned, at Ayr, a working potter, named Robert Buchan, to be her husband, according to report; but her licentious conduct induced him to leave her with one son and two daughters. She then neglected everything else to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission: this was in 1774, when Elspath so overcame the flesh as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks, and many came to hear her speak "all about God's love to mortals." She attended the "fellowship meetings" regularly, disputed fiercely on religious subjects, and made several converts, notwithstanding the clergy raised the populace against her doctrines. In 1783, Mr. Andrew Innes, of Crocketford, formed an unalienable attachment to Elspath's person and pretensions: in 1784, he aided in forming a Buchanite society, of which he remained an effective member to the last; and, in right of survivorship, he became possessed of all the property that pertained

to that body. Another of Elspath's influential friends was Mr. Hugh White, the most popular preacher of his sect in the west of Scotland; but he was dismissed from the ministry for embracing Elspath's visionary doctrines, and the people of Irvine maltreated her for bewitching the minister, whilst White proclaimed her to be the woman mentioned in the Revelation of St. John. Their several journeys, and encounters with infuriated mobs, their blasphemous pretensions—their circumstantial description of the end of the world, their mid night manifestations, their great fast of forty days, (in which several converts nearly died,) their visions, and Elspath's attempt to scale the sky—all form interesting chapters of accidents and adventures. At length, the reaction came: the disappointed expectants of immortality grew disaffected, and published the miseries they had brought upon themselves and their families by listening to Luckie Buchan's irreligious fooleries. The story of a Sunderland tailor, who, with Luckie, held a sheet upon a hill to catch money falling from the skies, is a violent, though not a rare specimen; as is also the making of better broth from a spoonful of butter than a joint of mutton and vegetables. Meanwhile, White, like Ephraim of old, "waxed fat and kicked," taking good care of Number One, and Friend Mother, as Buchan was now styled, died, somewhat suddenly, in 1791, exhorting the bystanders to adhere to her doctrines.

Luckie's funeral was, indeed, a gross exhibition, her disciples asserting the body to have been carried away by angels, through a hole in the roof of the barn, which

the cunning wights had cut!—the place of her actual interment being concealed. One of her last disciples, in 1843, believed that "the second coming" would take place long before the expiry of the Income Tax: he kept old Luckie's bones in a little charnel-house attached to his dwelling, and spent much time in devotion over them, especially towards March 29, 1841, the expiry of the full space within which Mrs. Buchan declared she would return to the world. In this belief he stood alone; he died in January, 1846; and with his remains was interred the chest containing Elspeth's remains.

THE SPIRIT OF DUNDEE.

At the time Viscount Dundee fell in the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, his friend, the Lord Balcarras, was a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, upon a strong suspicion of attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The captive earl was in bed, when a hand drew aside the curtain, and the figure of his friend was revealed to him, armed, as for battle. The spectre gazed mournfully on Lord Balcarras; then passing to the other end of the chamber, leaned some time on the mantelpiece, and then slowly passed out of the door. The Earl, not for a moment supposing that he was looking at an apparition, called out, "Stop;" but the figure heeded him not. Immediately afterwards, the news was conveyed to his Lordship of the battle, and that the gallant Dundee was slain; or, as the song says, that

"Low lay the bonnet of bonny Dundee."

THE ASTROLOGER DEE.

The remains of the impostor Dee lie in Mortlake Church, without any memorial, "He was," says the author of *A Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, "one of the last of the race of those men of science, who made use of his knowledge to induce the vulgar to believe him a conjuror, or one possessed of the power of conversing with spirits. His journals of their pretended intercourse were published after his death, by one of the Casaubons, in two folio volumes. Lilly's Memoirs record many of his impostures, and there is no doubt but in his time the public mind was much agitated by his extravagancies. The mob more than once destroyed his house, for being familiar with their devil; and, what is more extraordinary, he was often consulted and even employed, in negotiations, by Queen Elizabeth. He pretended to see spirits in a stone, which has been preserved with his papers. His spirits appear to have had bodies and garments thick enough to reflect rays of light, (though they passed freely in and out of his stone, and through the walls of his room,) besides organs of articulation which they exercised within the glass! How slight an advance in knowledge exposes all such impostures! In his spiritual visions, Dee had a confederate of the name of Kelly, who, of course confirmed all the oracles of his master. Both, however, in spite of their spiritual friends, died miserably —the man by leaping out of a window, and the master in great poverty. Dee is the less excusable, because he was a man of family and considerable learning, a fellow

of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a good mathematician. But, in an age in which one queen imprisoned him for practising by enchantment against her life, and her successor required him to name a lucky day for her coronation, is it to be wondered at that a mere man, like tens of thousands of other fanatics, persuaded himself that he was possessed of supernatural powers?"

The house in which Dee resided at Mortlake was, a few years since, a ladies' boarding school. In two hundred years it had, of course, undergone considerable alterations; yet parts of it still exhibited the architecture of the sixteenth century. From the front windows might be seen Dee's garden, on the other side of the road, still attached to the house; down the central path of which, through iron gates yet standing, Queen Elizabeth used to walk from her carriage in the Sheen road to consult the wily conjuror on affairs of love and war.*

UNHEEDED WARNING.

In the *Frankfort Journal*, June 25, 1837, the following singular circumstance is related in connexion with an attempt on the life of the Archbishop of Autun. The two nights preceding the attack, the prelate dreamt that he saw a man, who was making repeated efforts to take away his life, and he awoke in extreme terror and agitation from the exertions he had made to escape from the danger. The features and appearance of the man were so clearly imprinted on his memory, that he

* See a sketch of Dee, in "London Anecdotes," Inventors and Discoverers, p. 113.

recognised him the moment his eye fell upon him, which happened as he was coming out of church. The Archbishop hid his face and called his attendants, but the man had fired before he could make known his apprehensions.

THE PLAGUE AND FIRE OF LONDON FORETOLD BY LILLY.

While this impudent cheat is ridiculed for his absurdities, let him have credit for as lucky a guess as ever blessed the pages even of "Francis Moore, physician." In his "Astrological Predictions for 1648," there occurs the following passage, in which we must needs allow that he attained to "something like prophetic strain," when we call to mind that the Great Plague of London occurred in 1665, and the Great Fire in the year following:

"In the year 1656, the aphelium of Mars, who is the general signification of England, will be in Virgo, which is assuredly the ascendant of the English monarchy, but Aries of the kingdom. When this absis, therefore, of Mars shall appear in Virgo, who shall expect less than a strange *catastrophe* of human affairs in the commonwealth monarchy, and kingdom of England? There will then, either in or about these times, or neer that year, or *within ten years, more or less, of that time*, appear in this kingdom so strange a revolution of fate, *so grand a catastrophe*, and great mutation unto this monarchy and government, as never yet appeared; of which, as the times now stand, I have no liberty or encouragement to deliver any opinion. *Only*,

it will be ominous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffique at land, to her poor, to her rich, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties, BY REASON OF SUNDRY FIRES AND A PLAGUE."

This is the prediction which, in 1666, led to Lilly's being examined by a committee of the House of Commons; not, as has been supposed, that he might "discover by the stars who were the authors of the Fire of London," but because the precision with which he was thought to have foretold the events gave birth to a suspicion that he was already acquainted with them, and privy to the (supposed) machinations which had brought about the catastrophe. Curran says, there are two kinds of prophets—those who are really inspired, and those who prophecy events which they themselves intend to bring about. Upon this occasion, poor Lilly had the ill-luck to be deemed of the latter class.

SELF-VERIFYING PROPHETS.

SOME curious gossip is extant on the delusions which prophets are stated to have practised upon themselves, and the stratagems by which they are said to have contrived to maintain their credit among their dupes. Two notable instances of this kind, however, rest but upon common rumour.

Jerome Cardan, the physician of the sixteenth century, who dealt very extensively in horoscopes, was seldom fortunate in his conjectures; but, in one instance (says the tale) he secured himself being detected in a mistake. De Thou, who knew him personally, and records that he always dressed in a different manner from

the rest of the world, says that it was commonly believed his end arose from starvation, voluntarily undergone, that he might not outlive the time which he had predicted for his own death. This story has been frequently copied, as if the fact had been positively asserted by the historian, whereas he only speaks of a rumour.

Cardan professed to have four gifts—1. The power of throwing his soul out of his body (for his words can mean nothing less); 2. His faculty of seeing whatever he pleased *with his eyes*, "oculis, non vi mentis;" 3. His dreams, which uniformly and on every occasion foretold what was to happen to him; and, 4. His finger-nails, which did the same thing; to say nothing of his astrology, his good demon, &c.

The death of Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, has been similarly misrepresented. He resided chiefly at Oxford; where, in his chamber in Christchurch College, Jan. 25, 1639-40, he died, at or very near the time which he had some years before foretold, from the calculation of his own nativity; and which, says Anthony Wood, "being exact, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves, that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." This, probably, was jocose rather than serious; at least, there is not a particle of evidence to support the conclusion that he hastened his own death, that his astrological skill might not be put to shame, unless importance be attached to an obscure hint in his epitaph, which he wrote a short

time before his death. (The mysterious words are "*cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia.*")

The death of Lord Lyttleton (described in a previous page) has, by some persons, been referred to a similar cause. "I should think," says the author of *The Unseen World*, "more of this story did I not fear that there were grounds for believing that Lord Lyttleton was determined to take poison, and thus had the means of accomplishing a prediction, which he feigned for the purpose of giving his death a kind of notoriety."

OMEN TO THE FERRERS FAMILY.

The park of Chartley, in Staffordshire, is a wild and romantic domain, and was formerly attached to the Royal Forest of Needwood, and the honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which the ancient family of Ferrers were the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrers, after his defeat at Burton Bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, a *black* calf was born; the downfal of the house of Ferrers happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition which, to this day, is current among the common people—that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park, is a sure

omen of death within the same year, to a member of the lord's family; and, by a noticeable coincidence, a calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the late Earl and Countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, and of his daughter, Mrs. William Joliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present nobleman, and his daughter Lady Frances Shirley, have each been preceded by the ominous birth of a calf. In the spring of the present year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe, in the park of Chartley, and it has recently been followed by the death of the amiable Countess.*

THE GHOST OF CARRACCIOLI.

While Lord Nelson was employed on the Neapolitan coasts, Francisco Carraccioli, a nobleman, seceded from his master, the King of Naples, and, joining the Republic, was accordingly tried on board the *Foudroyant*, by order of Lord Nelson, found guilty, and received sentence of death: the same evening, at five o'clock, he was hung at the yard-arm, and the body thrown overboard. This act, which was a very severe one, perhaps necessarily so, or Lord Nelson would not have authorized it, was followed by an incident that could not fail to make a deep impression on superstitious minds. Three weeks after the execution, when the King returned from Palermo, a Neapolitan, who had been fishing in the bay, came one morning to the

* Abridged from the *Staffordshire Chronicle*, July, 1835.

Foudroyant, and assured the officers that Carraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. The story of the fisherman, which at first gave little credit, was soon confirmed; for the same day, Lord Nelson, indulging the King by standing out to sea, the ship had not proceeded far before the officers of the watch beheld a body, upright in the water, directing its course towards them. Captain Hardy soon discovered that this was actually the body of Carraccioli, notwithstanding the great weight which had been attached to it; and it became extremely difficult to decide in what manner the extraordinary circumstance should be communicated to the King. This was performed with much address by Sir W. Hamilton; and with his Majesty's permission, the body was taken on shore by a Neapolitan boat, and consigned to Christian burial. The coxswain of the boat brought back the two double-headed shot, with a portion of the skin still adhering to the rope by which they had been fixed. These were weighed out of curiosity, by Captain Hardy, who ascertained that the body had risen and floated with the immense load of two hundred and fifty pounds attached to it.—*Clarke's Life of Nelson*, vol. 2, p. 189; *from the communication of Captain Hardy.*

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING BELLS.

The baptism of church bells, which dates from the tenth century, probably, first gave them superstitious import; they were exorcised, the Bishop blessed them,

baptized them, and gave them the name of some Saint; when these ceremonies were performed, it was verily believed that they had the power to drive the devil out of the air—to make him quake and tremble—to make him fly at the sound thereof; *Tanquam ante crucis vexillum*—that they had power to calm storms and tempests—to make fair weather—to extinguish fires—to recreate the dead—to restrain the power of the devil over the corpse whilst they rung, which was the reason of ringing bells at funerals.* The dislike of spirits to bells is thus mentioned in the golden legend of Wynken de Worde:—"It is said the evil spirytes, that been in the regon of thayre, dowt much when they hear the bells rongen, an this is the cause why the bells ben rongen when it thondreth, and whanne great tempests and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wyched spirytes shod be abashed, and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste."

Yet, old Thomas Fuller, two centuries ago, quaintly impugned these properties of bells. "They are," he says, "no effectual charm against lightning; the fre-

* The *Passing Bell* was so named from being tolled when any one was passing from life. Hence it was sometimes called the *Soul Bell*, and was rung that those who heard it might pray for the person dying, and who was not yet dead. We have a remarkable mention of the practice in the narrative of the last moments of the Lady Katherine (sister of Lady Jane) Grey, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London, in 1567. Sir Owen Hopton, constable of the Tower, "perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Bockeham, 'Were it not best to send to the church, that the bell may be rung;' and she herself hearing him, said, 'Good Sir Owen, be it so;' and almost immediately died."—*Ellis's Original Letters.*

quent firing of abbey churches by lightning, confuteth the proud motto, commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell entitles itself to a six-fold efficacy, viz. :—

"Men's death I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath, all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I do disperse;
Men's cruel rage I do assuage."

WEIGHING A WITCH.

At Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire, so recently as the year 1759, a case occurred of the old popular witch-craft trial by weighing against the church Bible. One Susannah Hameokes, an elderly woman, was accused by a neighbour of being a witch; the overt act offered in proof was, that she had bewitched this said neighbour's spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it go round either one way or the other! The complaining party offered to make oath of the fact before a magistrate; on which, the husband of the poor woman, in order to justify his wife, insisted that she should be tried by the church Bible, and that the accuser should be present. The woman was, accordingly, conducted by her husband to the ordeal, attended by a great concourse of people, who flocked to the parish church to witness the ceremony. Being stripped of nearly all her clothes, she was put into one scale and the Bible into another, when, to the no small astonishment and mortification of her accuser, she actually outweighed it, and was honourably acquitted of the charge.

SETTLING A DOUBT.

When the fortress of Ismail, upon the Danube, was besieged by the Russians, in 1790, Prince Potyémkin began to grow impatient with its six months' duration, though living in a luxurious camp, surrounded by courtiers and women, who employed luxurious means to amuse him. Madame de Witt, one of these females, pretending to *read the decrees of fate in a pack of cards*, foretold that he would take the town at the end of three weeks. Prince Potyémkin, smiling, answered, that he had a method of divination far more infallible, and that instant sent his orders to Suwarof to take Ismail within three days; the brave but barbarous hero obeyed his orders to the letter.

"THE DEVIL'S BIT SCABIOUS."

Quaint old Gerarde says: "The great part of this root seemeth to be bitten away: old fantasticke charmers report, that the divel did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good virtues, and is so beneficial to mankinde." Upon this, Sir James Smith as quaintly observes: "The malice of the devil has, unhappily, been so successful, that no virtue can now be found in *the remainder* of the root or herb."

HOGARTH'S "TAIL-PIECE," (1764.)

In the last year of his life, Hogarth retired to Chiswick, where he had for many years resided during the summer. A few months before he was seized with the malady which was the immediate cause of his

death, he proposed to paint his "Finis; or, the Tail-piece," the first idea of which was started at a convivial party around his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is your case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be soon finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will be so," answered Hogarth, with a deep sigh, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He, accordingly, began the next day, and prosecuted his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did. The design includes a group of objects characteristic of *the end of all things*—a broken bottle; an old broom, worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern (*the World's End*) tumbling; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses, dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and the last whiff of smoke just going out; a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped at the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far, so good," exclaimed Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of the painter's palette broken, "Finis!" cried he, "the deed is done—*all is over*." Hogarth died about a month

after the completion of this tail-piece, and it is well known that he never afterwards took a pencil in hand. On October 25, 1764, he was conveyed from Chiswick to Leicester-fields, in a very weak condition, but remarkably cheerful; the same night he was taken suddenly ill, and expired in two hours.

It may be added that Churchill, the fierce satirist of Hogarth, in his poem of "Independence," not published till the last week in September, 1764, treats his antagonist as a departed genius:

> "Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
> E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now."

The poet little imagined that the power of pleasing was so soon to cease in both. Hogarth died within four days after the publication of this poem, and Churchill survived him only nine days!

MOZART'S "REQUIEM."

The death of Mozart took place on the 5th of December, 1792, when he had not attained his thirty-sixth year. Indefatigable to the last, he produced in the concluding few months of his life his three *chefs d'œuvres*—"The Enchanted Flute;" "Clemenza di Tito;" and a "Requiem," which latter he had scarcely time to finish.

Before he had completed "The Enchanted Flute," Mozart was seized with a fit of melancholy, and fancied that he should not long enjoy life. A singular incident accelerated the effect of this fatal presentiment. One day, while plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced,

and begged to speak to him; when a middle-aged man, well-dressed, and of noble and imposing mien, was shown into the room. "I am commissioned, sir," said he, addressing Mozart, "by a person of rank, to call on you." "Who is that person?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not choose to be known," replied the stranger. "Very well; what does he wish?" "He has just lost a friend, who was very dear to him, and whose memory he must eternally cherish; and, intending to commemorate her death by a solemn service every year, he wishes you to compose a *Requiem* for the occasion." Mozart was much struck at the grave manner and tone of voice in which this address was pronounced, and with the mystery which appeared to envelop the application. He promised to compose the *Requiem*. The unknown added: "Exert all your genius in this work; you will labour for a connoisseur in music." "So much the better." "How long will you require to do it?" "A month." "Very well. I will return in a month. How much will you charge for the work?" "A hundred ducats." The unknown counted the money upon the table, and withdrew.

Mozart remained for some minutes plunged in profound reflection; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, he began to write. This rage for composing continued for several days: he wrote almost the whole day and night, with increasing ardour, as he advanced; but his health, already feeble, could not long support this enthusiasm, and one morning he fell senseless upon the floor: this compelled him, for a time, to suspend

his labours. Two or three days after, his wife, endeavouring to divert his attention from the melancholy ideas which possessed it, he replied quickly, "I am persuaded that I am composing this *Requiem* for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could dispel this idea from his mind.

As he continued his work, he felt his strength diminish daily, whilst the score of the music advanced but slowly. The month had now expired; when, one morning, the stranger suddenly re-appeared. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "It is of no consequence," replied the stranger; "how much more time do you require?" "A month. The work has become more interesting than I imagined, and I have extended it to a much greater length than I had at first intended." "In that case, it is right to augment the price; here are fifty ducats more." "Sir," said Mozart, more astonished than ever, "who are you, then?" "That has nothing to do with the matter; I shall return within the month." Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and desired him to follow the extraordinary stranger, and find out who he was; but the servant returned, saying, he could not trace his steps.

Poor Mozart now took it into his head that the unknown was not a being of this world, and that he had been sent to warn him of his approaching end. He applied himself with greater diligence than ever to his *Requiem;* during his labours, he frequently fell into fainting-fits. At length, the work was finished before the month had quite expired. The unknown returned

at the stated time, and claimed the *Requiem—Mozart was no more!*

On the day of his death, he desired the *Requiem* might be brought to him. "Was I not right," he said, "when I assured you that I was composing this *Requiem* for myself?" And his eyes became quickly suffused with tears. It was his last farewell to his art; and his widow long preserved the score of the composition as a last memorial of his genius.

EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON PREDICTED.

GREAT alarm was excited throughout the metropolis and its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the year 1761, by two shocks of the earth; the one occurring on the 8th of February, and the other on the 8th of March.

The credulous apprehensions of the people were so awakened by these earthquakes, that the ridiculous predictions of a crazy life-guardsman, named Bell, who prophesied that, "as the second earthquake had happened exactly four weeks after the first, so there would be a third exactly four weeks after the second, which would lay the entire cities of London and Westminster in ruins," spread the greatest consternation and dismay over the whole metropolis. So strong was the panic, that within a few days of the expected time, vast numbers of persons quitted London; and all the principal places within twenty miles' distance were crowded with fugitives. To those whom necessity compelled to remain in the devoted city, the predicted night was a scene of the most dreadful dis-

quietude; some sought refuge in boats upon the river; whilst the adjacent fields were crowded by multitudes who left their houses, lest they should be buried in the ruins, and in the most fearful suspense passed the hours until the dawn of morning restored them to hope and confidence; though the alarm did not entirely subside for some time. Bell, the author of the confusion, was subsequently confined in a madhouse. He afterwards kept a hosier's shop on Holborn Hill, and having acquired a competency, retired to the neighbourhood of Edgware, where he died.

In 1842, a rumour was circulated by the newspapers, that London would be destroyed by an earthquake, on St. Patrick's Day, (March 17.) This was said to be founded upon two prophecies: one professing to have been pronounced in the year 1203; and the other by Dee, the astrologer, in 1598. The story, however, had little effect: the prophecies were stated to be from the Harleian Collection, and from another MS., "in the British Museum;" but we believe them to have existed only in the pericranium of their mischievous inventor.

LORD CHEDWORTH CONVINCED.

Mrs. Crawford, in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for July, 1836, relates the following:—

"Lord Chedworth, (I mean the father of the late lord,) had living with him, the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, whom I have often heard relate this circumstance. Lord Chedworth was a good man, and, anxious to do his duty as a Christian; but,

unfortunately, he had some doubt as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman whom he had known from his boyhood, and who was, like himself, one of those unbelieving mortals that must have ocular demonstration for everything. They often met, and often, too, renewed the subject so interesting to both; but neither could help the other to that happy conviction, honestly (I believe) wished by each.

"One morning, Miss Wright observed on her uncle joining her at breakfast, a considerable gloom of thought and trouble displayed on his countenance. He ate little, and was unusually silent. At last, he said, 'Molly,' (for thus he familiarly called her,) I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend, B——, came to me.'

"'How!' said Miss Wright, 'did he come after I went to bed?'

"'His spirit did,' said Lord Chedworth, solemnly.

"'Oh! my dear uncle, how could the spirit of a living man appear?' said she, smiling.

"'He is dead, beyond doubt,' replied his Lordship; 'listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes, when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him; but he answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night, at eight o'clock; I come to tell you, there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'

"'Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream!' but,

while Miss Wright was thus speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue; and immediately after, delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. Whatever construction the reader may be disposed to put upon this narrative, it is not unimportant to add, that the effect upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent. All his doubts were at once removed, and for ever."

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THUNDER and lightning have been fruitful sources of superstitious terror. The ancients considered lightning as a visible manifestation of Divine wrath; hence, whatever was struck with it, was considered to be accursed, and separated from human uses. The corpse of a person struck by lightning, was never removed from the place where it fell; there it lay, and with everything pertaining to it, was covered with earth, and enclosed by a rail or mound. In some parts of the East, it is however considered a mark of Divine favour to be struck by lightning. In England, formerly, during storms, bells were rung, and the aid of Saint Barnabas was invoked, in abbeys, to drive away thunder and lightning.

The bay-tree was commonly believed to afford protection from lightning; and if houseleek were grown upon a roof, it was thought that the house would never be stricken with lightning. It was, also, believed that if a fir-tree were touched, withered, or burned with lightning, its owner would soon die.

"The thunder has soured the beer," is a common

phrase, which is often founded in error; for, if the atmosphere be heavy without *thunder*, beer is apt to become suddenly sour. Although the effect is so common, the cause is but imperfectly understood; for the suddenness with which beer in corked bottles turns sour, has not been accounted for. In Herefordshire, it was once customary to place a piece of iron upon the barrel, in the expectation that it would keep the beer from souring.

THE FANATICS SHARP, BRYAN, AND BROTHERS.

The first of this trio was William Sharp, one of the greatest masters in the English school of engraving; Bryan was what is termed an irregular Quaker, who had engrafted sectarian doctrines upon an original stock of fervid religious feeling. Sharp, who possessed a fraternal regard for him, had him taught copper-plate printing, and set him up in business; but they soon quarrelled. A strong tide of animal spirits, not unaccompanied by some intellectual pretensions and shrewdness of insight, characterized the mind of Jacob Bryan, which, when religion was launched on it, swelled to enthusiasm, tossed reason to the skies, or whirled her in mystic eddies. Sharp found him one morning groaning on the floor between his two printing-presses, at his workshop in Marylebone-street, complaining how much he was oppressed by bearing, after the pattern of the Saviour, part of the sins of the people; and he soon after had a vision, commanding him henceforth to proceed to Avignon, on a Divine mission. He, accordingly, set out immediately: thus Sharp lost his

printer, but Bryan kept his faith. The issue of this mission was so ambiguous, that it might be construed into an accomplishment of its supposed object, accordingly as an ardent or a cool imagination was employed on the subject; but the missionary (Bryan) returned to England, and then became a dyer, and so much sobered, that a few years after, he could even pun upon the suffering and confession which St. Paul has expressed in his text—"I die daily."

Next, Richard Brothers arose! The millennium was at hand. The Jews were to be gathered together, and were to re-occupy Jerusalem, and Sharp and Brothers were to march thither with their squadrons! Due preparations were accordingly made, and boundless expectations were raised by the enthusiastic engraver. Upon a friend remonstrating that none of their preparations appeared to be of a marine nature, and inquiring how the chosen colony were to cross the seas, Sharp answered: "Oh, you'll see, there'll be an earthquake, and a miraculous transportation will take place." Nor can Sharp's faith or sincerity on this point be in the least distrusted; for he actually engraved *two* plates of the prophet Brothers, having calculated that one would not print the great number of impressions that would be wanted when the important advent should arrive; and he added to each plate the following inscription: "Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God, I engrave his likeness: W. Sharp."

Brothers, however, in his prophecy, had mentioned *dates*, which, although proofs of the prophet's sincerity and boldness, were, in other respects, very stubborn

things. Yet, the failure of the accomplishment of this prophecy, may have helped to recommend the pretensions of "the woman clothed with the sun!" who now arose, as might be thought somewhat *mal-à-propos*, in the West. But miracles are superior to the laws of nature. The low origin of Joanna Southcott could, therefore, form no objection to her divine credentials. The drowning hopes of the confused and favourite faiths of a fanatic will catch at straws; the Scriptures had said, "the sceptre shall not depart from Israel, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him *shall the gathering of my people be*." While Brothers was shut up in a madhouse at Islington, Joanna shone forth at Exeter; and when the day of dread, that was to leave London in ruins, while it ushered forth Brothers and Sharp on their holy errand, passed calmly over, the explicators of divine truth, and seers of coming events, began to look out for new ground, and to prevaricate most unblushingly. The *days* of prophecy, said Sharp, were sometimes weeks or months; nay, according to one text, a thousand years were but as a single day, and one day was but as a thousand years. But he finally clung to the death-bed prediction of Jacob, supported as it was by the ocular demonstration of the coming Shiloh: in vain Sir William Drummond explained, that Shiloh was in reality the ancient Asiatic name of a star in Scorpio; whilst Joanna herself sold for a trifle, or gave away, in her loving-kindness, the impression of a trumpery seal, which, at the great day, was to constitute the discriminating mark between the righteous and the ungodly.

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and bewray'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;"

but battered and bewrayed as Sharp's faith in modern revelation might well be supposed to have become, no new light streamed in at the chinks. It was still the soul's dark cottage when the corpse of the prophetess, Joanna, lay in the neighbourhood of Manchester-square. While the surgeons were proceeding to an anatomical investigation of the causes of her death, and the mob was gathering without doors, in anticipation of a riot or a miracle, Sharp continued to maintain that she was not dead, but entranced! And, at a subsequent period, when he was sitting to Mr. Haydon for his portrait, he predicted that Joanna would reappear in the month of July, 1822." But suppose she should not," said Haydon, archly; "I tell you she will," retorted Sharp; "but if she should not, nothing will shake my faith in her divine mission;" and those who were with Sharp in his last illness, state that in this belief he left this world.

Sharp died of dropsy, at Chiswick, July 25, 1824, and is interred in the churchyard of that hamlet, near De Loutherbourg, the painter, for whom, at one period, he entertained much mystic reverence.

WATCHING FOR THE DEAD, ON ST. MARK'S AND MIDSUMMER EVE..

In Yorkshire, it was formerly customary for persons to sit and watch in the church-porch on St. Mark's Eve, (April 24,) from eleven o'clock at night till one

in the morning. The third year (for it must be done thrice) they were supposed to see the ghosts of all those who were to die the next year pass by into the church. When any one sickened that was thought to have been seen in this manner, it was presently whispered about that he or she would not recover, for that such or such a one, who had watched St. Mark's Eve, said so.

The same custom was observed on Midsummer Eve, (St. John Baptist's.) It is thus noticed in the *Connoisseur*, No. 56: "I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church porch last Midsummer Eve, to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition."

In the *Athenian Oracle*, vol. iii. p. 515, we find: "On last —— Eve, nine others besides myself went into a church porch, with an expectation of seeing those who should die that year; but about eleven o'clock I was so afraid, that I left them; and all the nine did positively affirm to me, that about an hour after, the church-doors flying open, the minister, (who, it seems, was much troubled that night in his sleep,) with such as should die that year, did appear in order, which persons they named to me; and they appeared then all very healthful, but six of them died in six weeks after, in the very same order that they appeared."

Mrs. Bray relates a melancholy instance of the effects of this superstitious credulity, which happened in her neighbourhood, (Tavistock, Devon.) Two brothers of the name of Luggar sat up one Midsummer Eve, in the church porch, from an idea (founded on

ancient custom) that if, at twelve o'clock at night, they looked through the key-hole of the door, they would see all those who were to die that year walk into the church from the opposite door-way. Their imagination was so worked up, that they fancied they saw *themselves* in this funereal procession: certain it is, that they both died within a very short space of time afterwards; were both buried in the same grave; and the inhabitants, by having the bells muffled at their funeral, testified a more than ordinary commiseration of their awful fate.

LUCK OF BIRTHDAYS.

In the west of England, the fortunes of children are believed to be much regulated by the day of the week on which they are born. Here is a rhyming adage on the subject, common about Tavistock:

> "Monday's child is fair in face,
> Tuesday's child is full of grace,
> Wednesday's child is full of woe,
> Thursday's child has far to go,
> Friday's child is loving and giving,
> Saturday's child works hard for its living;
> And a child that's born on a Christmas-day,
> Is fair and wise, good and gay."

DOCTOR LAMB.

This noted sorcerer, "quack, and reputed conjuror," was "a creature" of the Duke of Buckingham, and is suspected of having been his grace's accomplice in poisoning King James I.

Baxter, in his *Certainty of the World of Spirits*, printed in 1691, has recorded a curious instance of

Lamb's miraculous performances. Meeting two of his acquaintance in the street, and they having hinted a desire to witness some example of his skill, he invited them home with him. He then conducted them to an inner room, when presently, to their no small surprise, they saw a tree spring up in the middle of the apartment. In a moment, there appeared three diminutive men, who, with little axes, felled the tree; and the doctor dismissed his guests, fully impressed with the solidity of his pretensions. That very night, however, a tremendous hurricane arose, causing the house of one of the guests to rock from side to side, with every appearance that the building would fall, and bury him and his wife in the ruins. The wife, in great terror, inquired, "Were you not at Doctor Lamb's to-day?" The husband confessed it was true. "And did you not bring away something from his house?" The husband owned that, when the little men felled the tree, he had been idle enough to pick up some of the chips, and put them into his pocket. Nothing now remained to be done but to produce the chips, and get rid of them as fast as they could. This done, the whirlwind immediately ceased, and the remainder of the night was perfectly calm and serene.

Dr. Lamb, at length, became so odious for his infernal practices, that the populace rose upon him, in 1640, and tore him to pieces in the streets; and thirteen years after, a woman, who had been Lamb's servant, was apprehended on a charge of witchcraft, was tried, and found guilty, and in expiation of her crime, was executed at Tyburn.

AN EASTERN STORY.

THERE is a tale in the "Nigaristan," of Kemal-Pascha-Zade, that one of the sultans of Khorassan saw in a dream Mahmoud a hundred years after his death, wandering about his palace, his flesh rotten, his bones carious, but his eyes fully anxious and restless. A dervise who interpreted the dream, said that the eyes of Mahmoud were thus troubled, because the kingdom, his beautiful spouse, was now in the embrace of another.

This was that great Mahmoud the Gaznevide, who was the first Mahommedan conqueror that entered India, and the first who dropped the title of Malek, and assumed that of the Sultan in its stead. He it was who, after having broken to pieces with his own hands the gigantic idol of Sounnerat, put to death fifty thousand of its worshippers, as a further proof of his holy Mahommedan indignation. In the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East, to be displayed before him; the latter being so numerous, that they were arranged in separate cabinets, according to their colour and size. It was in the royal residence that he had built for himself in Gazna, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt

conviction that all is vanity, he wept like a child. "What toils," said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind, have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures, and what cares in preserving them, and now I am about to die, and leave them!" In this same palace he was interred; and there it was that his unhappy ghost, a century afterwards, was believed to wander.*

THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

Superstition has been particularly active in suggesting causes of alarm from the insect world. The yellow and brown-tailed moths, the death-watch, our snails, and many others, have all been the subject of man's fears; but the dread excited in England by the appearance, noises, or increase of insects, are petty apprehensions, when compared with the horror that the presence of the death's head moth occasions to some of the more fanciful and superstitious natives of northern Europe. In German Poland, this insect was very abundant in the year 1824; and our informant collected fifty of them in the potato fields of his village, where they call them "the death's head phantom," "the wandering death bird," &c. The markings on its back represent to very fertile imaginations the head of a perfect skeleton, with the limb bones crossed beneath; its cry becomes the voice of anguish, the moaning of a child, the signal of grief; it is regarded not as the creation of a benevolent being, but the device of evil spirits, spirits enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the

* The Doctor, chap. xcviii.

dark; and the very shining of its eyes is thought to represent the fiery element, whence it is supposed to have proceeded. Flying into apartments in the evening, it at times extinguishes the light, foretelling war, pestilence, hunger, and death, to man and beast. However, these vain imaginings are flitting away before the light of reason and experience.

This insect has been thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice, and squalling like a mouse when handled or disturbed; but, in truth, no insect that we know of, has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice. They emit sounds by other means, probably, all external. The grasshopper and the cricket race effect their chirpings by grating their spiny thighs against their rigid wings; and this death's head moth appears to produce the noise it at times makes, (which reminds one of the spring call of the rail or corncrake,) by scratching its mandible, or the instrument that it perforates with, against its horny chest. Heavy and unwieldy creatures, they travel badly, and from the same cause, fly badly, and with labour; and as they commonly hide themselves deep in the foliage and obscurity, without some such signal of their presence a meeting of the parties would seldom be accomplished.*

Reaumur relates that the entire members of a female convent in France, were once thrown into great consternation at the appearance of a death's head moth, which happened to fly in during the evening at one of the windows of the dormitory.

* Abridged from Mr. Leonard Knapp's "Journal of a Naturalist."

The destructive habits of the insect may have something to do with inspiring terror at its appearance. It is a great enemy to bees, and Huber has occupied a chapter, in his celebrated work, with a very interesting description of the ravages of this moth, which he calls "A New Enemy of Bees." In Germany, as in England, it was first observed on the jasmine, but it is now seen almost exclusively on the potato.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

HERE is a name for a harmless insect—with terror in its very sound. The noise which most of our readers may have heard issuing from old timber, or old books, resembling the ticking of a watch, proceeds from an insect popularly called "the death-watch," from this noise being believed to indicate the approaching death of one of the family in the house.

It has, however, been proved that the above ticking is a call of one insect to another, when spring is far advanced: it is thus produced: raising itself upon its hind legs, with the body somewhat inclined, the insect beats its head with force and agility upon the plane of position; and its strokes are so powerful as to make a considerable impression if they fall upon any substance softer than wood. The general number of distinct strokes in succession is from seven to nine, or eleven. They follow each other quickly, and are repeated at irregular intervals. The noise exactly resembles that produced by tapping moderately with the nail upon a table; and when familiarized, the insect will answer very readily the tap of the nail.

This Death-omen is mentioned by Baxter, in his "World of Spirits," and obtained the currency of belief upwards of a century.

Sir Thomas Browne considered its marvellous fame of great importance, and remarks, that the man "who could eradicate this Error from the minds of the people, would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers;" as such persons are firm in the belief that

"The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death."

Swift endeavoured to perform this useful task by means of ridicule, thus:

"A wood worm
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,
With teeth or with claws it will bite it will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because, like a watch, it always cries click.
Then woe be to those in the house that are sick!
For, sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die, the sick will recover."

LEGENDS OF SPYE PARK.

Half way up Bowden Hill, and between Bowood and Lacock Abbey, stands Spye Park, the seat of the Bayntons, a family of great antiquity, and who formerly made a considerable figure in the county of Wilts. There was a story told (and duly credited by the peasantry) of a knight, clad in armour, haunting one of the chambers, supposed to be the spirit of the gallant Sir Henry Baynton, who was beheaded at

Berwick, in the time of Henry IV., for taking part with the rebel Earl of Northumberland. More modern spectres were also said to trouble the indwellers of Spye Park; for Lady Shrewsbury told Mrs. Crawford that old Sir Edward, the father of the late Sir Andrew Baynton, was continually seen at nightfall in the park and grounds; and that the latter had often (when in company with his mistress) been startled by the apparition of his father.

DEVONSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

Mrs. Bray relates some curious instances current in that part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy, dated 1835.

The very old custom of going into the church at night, whilst the chimes are playing twelve o'clock, in order to creep three times under the communion-table, to be cured of fits, was still held in repute; and the sexton had often been 'applied to in such cases to unlock the church-door. Mrs. Bray considers this practice to be a vestige of the very ancient one of creeping under the Tolmen, to be cured of various disorders.*

* At the time the above was written, Mr. Bray received, as clergyman of the place, the following letter, the name of the writer only being omitted:—"Rev. Sir,—I should take it as a great favour if your Honour would be good enough to let me have the key of the churchyard to-night, to go in at twelve o'clock, to cut off three bits of lead, about the size of half a farthing; each from three different shuts, (meaning, spouts,) for the cure of fits.—Sir, I remain your humbled obedient servant,

"(Signed) J. M.

"Tavistock, Feb, 2, 1835."

"Our terror," says Mrs. Bray, "of meeting a single magpie crossing our path is very great. Sad must be the fortune of any person who has this mishap—sad, I am sure, then, must be mine; for the last I called 'Magpie Year;' never once did we ride, walk, or drive along the Plymouth-road—a favourite ride of ours—without meeting a solitary magpie, strutting or flying most ominously across the road. Now and then, we saw a couple, which is *good* luck; once *three*, a sign of a wedding; and once *four*, a sign of death."

The charms and omens are very numerous. Reading the eighth Psalm over the heads of infants three times three days in the week, for three following weeks, will, it is believed, prevent babes having the thrush. Another very old custom prevails among the poor, that, unlocking their boxes in the house where a friend is dying, they consider it makes the sick person die easy.

Another custom is that of "the Bible and Key." Many old people, when they have lost anything, and suspect it to be stolen, take the fore door-key of their dwelling, and in order to find out the thief, tie this key to the Bible, placing it very carefully on the eighteenth verse of the fiftieth Psalm. Two persons must then hold the book by the bow of the key, and first repeat the name of the suspected thief, and then the verse from the Psalm. If the Bible moves, the suspected person is considered guilty; if it does not move, innocent.

When the poor get a loaf from the flour of *new* corn, the first who gets it, gives a mouthful, as they say, to

his or her neighbour, and they fill their mouths as full as they can, in order not to want bread before the harvest comes round again.

THE CHILD'S CAUL.

The preservative value of the child's caul is hardly worn out. The caul is a kind of skin, which is attached to the heads of some children when they are born. This is thought a good omen to the child itself, and the vulgar opinion is, that whosoever obtains it by purchase will be fortunate, and escape danger. Hence, cauls are frequently advertised in the newspapers for sale, especially to persons going to sea, to save them from drowning; and the price varies from five to twenty guineas. We quote three advertisements:

"A Child's Caul for Sale.—Address, post-paid, to A. B., post-office, Colchester, Essex."—*Times*, Sept. 9, 1834.

"A Child's Caul to be disposed of, a well-known preservative against drowning, &c., price 10 guineas.—Address, post-paid, to A. B. C., to the care of Mr. Evans, Hyde-park newspaper office, 42, Edgeware-road."—*Times*, Tuesday, June 2, 1835.

"To Mariners, &c.—To be sold, a Child's Caul, price 15 guineas. Apply to B. W., at 93, Crawford-street, Wyndham-place, Bryanston-square."

The chief purchasers of cauls are seamen, a class of persons who, as they are more than most others exposed to danger, which human foresight and exertion can hardly avert, so do they remain more than others disposed to trust to supernatural means for their safety. Great stress is laid by the votaries of the caul superstition on the article continuing in a healthy and sound state, which they conceive to be essential to its virtue. When it begins to be otherwise, the first port is the

safest, for then you may be assured that it is not much longer to afford its usual protection. The appearance of spots of mildew upon it may be accepted as a certain prognostication of the loss of its talismanic virtue; for the spots are symptoms of the approaching decease of the person on whom the caul has been born. To prevent accidents, it is always best to have at least a couple of cauls on board at once.

"COOK'S FOLLY," BRISTOL.

THE builder of this tower, (as the tale goes,) was told by one of the divers into futurity that he would die by the bite of a serpent. This prediction haunted his mind so much, that he determined to prevent its accomplishment, if possible, by building a high tower, in which to seclude himself from all the world. Accordingly, workmen were employed to construct the miniature Babel; and there Mr. Cook lived in his lonely elevation. As the seer, however, had not taught him how to dispense with food and fuel, he got an old woman to minister to his wants, by ascending a ladder, and giving him in at the window, (for door there was none,) the necessaries he required. Alas! even this precaution failed to cheat fate of its victim. Amongst some fagot-wood, which his attendant one day brought him, a viper lay cunningly concealed; and, to make our story short, the poisonous reptile, darting from its ambush, attacked and bit the unfortunate hermit; and the prediction was literally fulfilled, to the surprise of the old woman who witnessed it, and of all other old womenwho believe it!—*Mrs. Crawford.*

UNLAWFUL CURES.

Dr. Millingen, in his "Curiosities of Medical Experience," a work of acute and amusing research, has assembled, *inter alia*, the following instances of "Unlawful Cures:"

"Witches and impostors," says Lord Bacon, "have always held a competition with physicians. Galen complains of this superstition, and observes, that patients placed more confidence in the oracles of Æsculapius and their own idle dreams, than in the prescriptions of doctors. The introduction of precious stones into medical practice owed its origin to a superstitious belief that, from their beauty, splendour, and high value, they were the natural receptacles for *good* spirits. One cannot but wonder when we behold men, pre-eminent in deep learning and acute observation, becoming converts to such superstitious practices. Lord Bacon believed in spells and amulets; and Sir Theodore Mayence, who was physician to three English sovereigns, and supposed to have been Shakspeare's *Dr. Caius*, believed in supernatural agency, and frequently prescribed the most disgusting and absurd remedies.

"The ancients firmly believed that blood can be stanched by charms; the bleeding of Ulysses is reputed to have been stopped by this means; and Cato the Censor has given us an incantation for setting dislocated bones. To this day, charms are supposed to arrest the flow of blood:

"'Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his kerchief on the wound,
And with some kind word he stanched the blood.'

"Sir Walter Scott says, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

"'She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.'

"Nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures; a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps; which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven into an oak-tree prevented the toothach. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for headach, when tied round the head; and this affection was

equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried, and pulverized, and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumour of the glands by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed; then interring it in any filth, and as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall.

"The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the nightmare; hence it was called a *hag-stone*, as it prevented the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet tied to the key of a stable-door deterred witches from riding horses over the country.

"Rickety children were cured by being drawn through a cleft tree, which was afterwards bound up, and as the split wood united, the child acquired strength. Creeping through a perforated stone to cure various disorders was a Druidical rite, and is still practised in the East. In the parish of Marden, there is a stone with a hole in it, fourteen inches in diameter, through which children are drawn for the rickets; and in the north, infants are made to pass through a hole cut in a *groaning* cheese the day of their christening."

TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

THE *touching* for disease by the royal hand, seems to have anciently been well known, certainly in the twelfth century, (Peter of Blois); but there was a form of service expressly composed or arranged by the Roman Catholic chaplains of James the Second; and our own Prayer-book, as late as the reign of Queen Anne, at least, has a form for that purpose.

Scot, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," gives the following receipt for the touch: "To heal the King or Queen's Evil, or any other soreness in the throat, first touch the place with the hand of one that died an

untimely death; otherwise, let a virgin, fasting, lay her hand on the sore, &c. and spit three times upon it."

This, however, does not refer to the King's touch; or, as Aubrey says: "the King's Evill, from the King's curing of it with his touch;" of which De Percy, in his Notes on the "Northumberland Household Book," observes, "that our ancient Kings, even in the dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected to cure the *King's Evil;* at least this MS. gives no hint of any such power. This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the *Stuarts;* our ancient *Plantagenets* were humbly content to cure the *cramp.*" Aubrey, in his "Natural History," notes: "Dr. Ralph Bathurst, Dean of Wells, and one of the chaplains to King Charles the First, who is no superstitious man, protested to me that the curing of the King's Evill by the touch of the King doth puzzle his philosophie: for whether they were of the House of Yorke or Lancaster, it did. 'Tis true, indeed, there are prayers read at the touching, but neither the King minds them, nor the chaplains. Some confidently report, that James, Duke of Monmouth, did it."

Then, we read of vervain root, and baked toads, worn in silken bags around the neck, as charms for the Evil.

Touching for the Evil continued in France at least till 1657, when, says *the Publick Intelligencer*, Jan. 5 to 12, "the King touched a great number of people that were sick of the Evill, in the great gallerie at the Louvre."

The solemn words, "I touch, but God healeth," were always pronounced by our sovereigns, when they

"touched," or administered "the sovereign salve," as Bulwer calls it.

The Hon. Daines Barrington tells us of an old man who was witness in a cause, and averred that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, whilst a child, for the Evil. Mr. Barrington asked him whether he was really cured? upon which he answered, with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the Evil, but that "his parents were poor, and had no objection to a bit of gold." This accounts well for the great resort of patients, and the supposed miraculous cures on such occasions.*

In 1795, a man named Innis, in the county of Argyll, touched for the King's Evil: he was a seventh son, and it was firmly believed in the country that he had this gift of curing. He touched, or rubbed over the sore with his hand, two Thursdays and two Sundays successively, in the name of the Trinity, and said: "It is God that cures." He asked nothing for his trouble, and it was believed that if he did, there would be no cure.

Mrs. Bray speaks of the "thousand and one" charms in Devonshire for curing the King's Evil; the least offensive being Queen Anne's farthing, a stale and common charm in many counties.

In 1829, there lived near Sturminster Newton, Dorset, a D. B.——, who had a marvellous cure for the Evil: he held a yearly fair or feast exactly twenty-

* The father of Dr. Johnson, who was a good Latin scholar, and a man of plain sense and skill in his trade as a bookseller, took the doctor, when a boy, from Lichfield to London, to be touched for the Evil, by Queen Anne.

four hours before the new moon, in the month of May; his charm was the hind legs of a toad, worn in a silken bag round the neck, and lotion and salve, applied until the cure was completed, or until the next year's fair. At the above date, persons went from all parts of the west of England for the doctor's "healing art."

THE DIVINING ROD.

The reputation of the Divining Rod has been ruined by American science; but we have respectable evidence stating that it has been used successfully in the discovery of water. There is a long story in the *Quarterly Review*, Part 44, proving that a Lady Noel possessed this faculty. "She took a thin forked hazel twig, about sixteen inches long, and held it by the end, the joint pointing downwards. When she came to the place where water was under the ground, the twig immediately bent, and the motion was more or less rapid as she approached or withdrew from the spring. When just over it, the *twig turned so quick as to snap, breaking near the fingers*, which, by pressing it, were indented, and heated, and *almost blistered;* a degree of agitation was also visible in her face. The exercise of the faculty is independent of any volition." The editors add, that upon the narrator the most implicit confidence may be placed.

THE END.

Savill & Edwards, Printers, 4, Chandos-street.

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